

THE COLLECTED COMIX OF KIM DEITCH



1970-1980

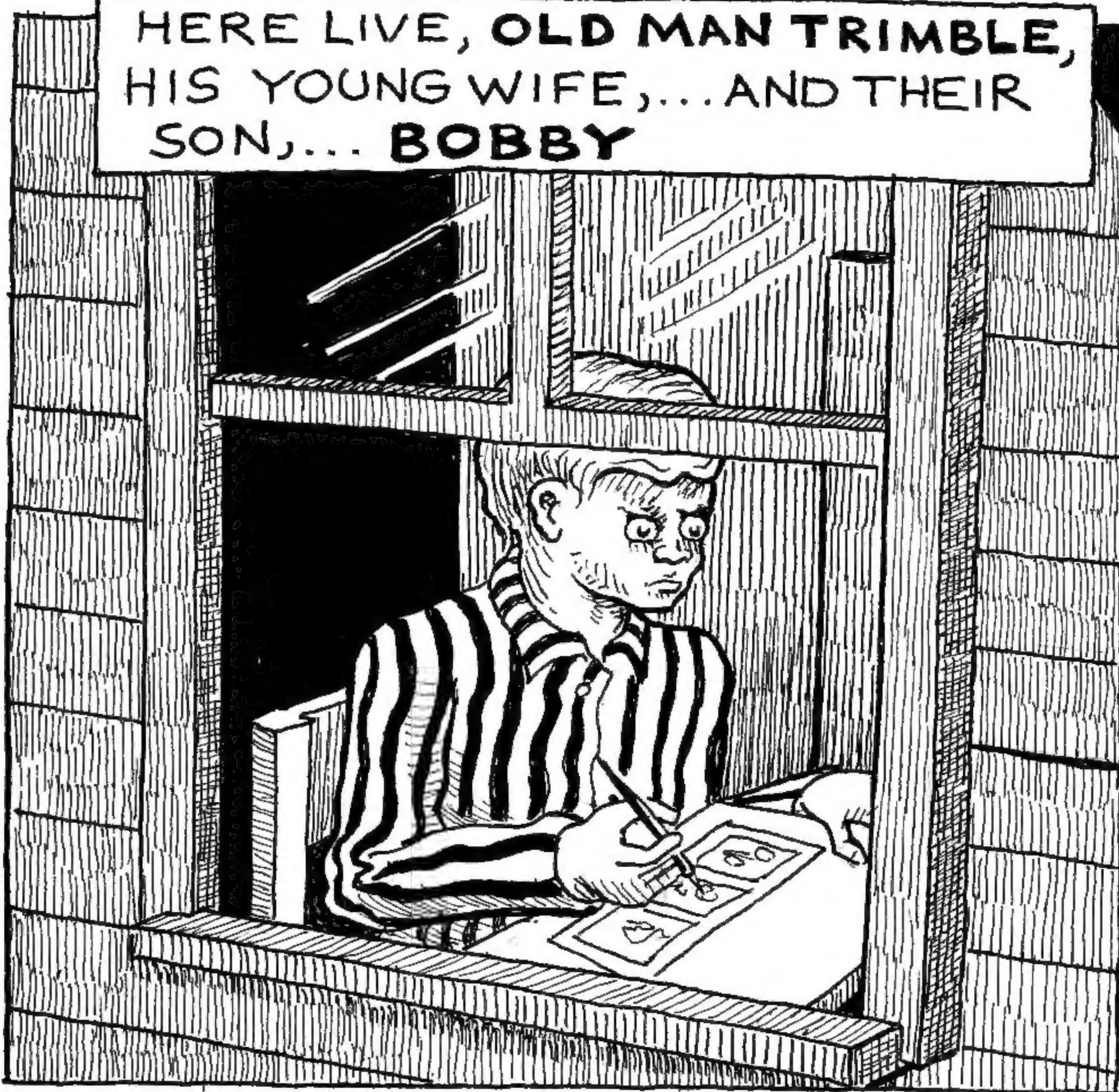
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BEATIFICA SOMNAMBULA

OUR STORY OPENS ON THE
CORNER OF OAK STREET,
JUST BEFORE DAWN.....

HERE LIVE, OLD MAN TRIMBLE,
HIS YOUNG WIFE,...AND THEIR
SON,... **BOBBY**



DAWN



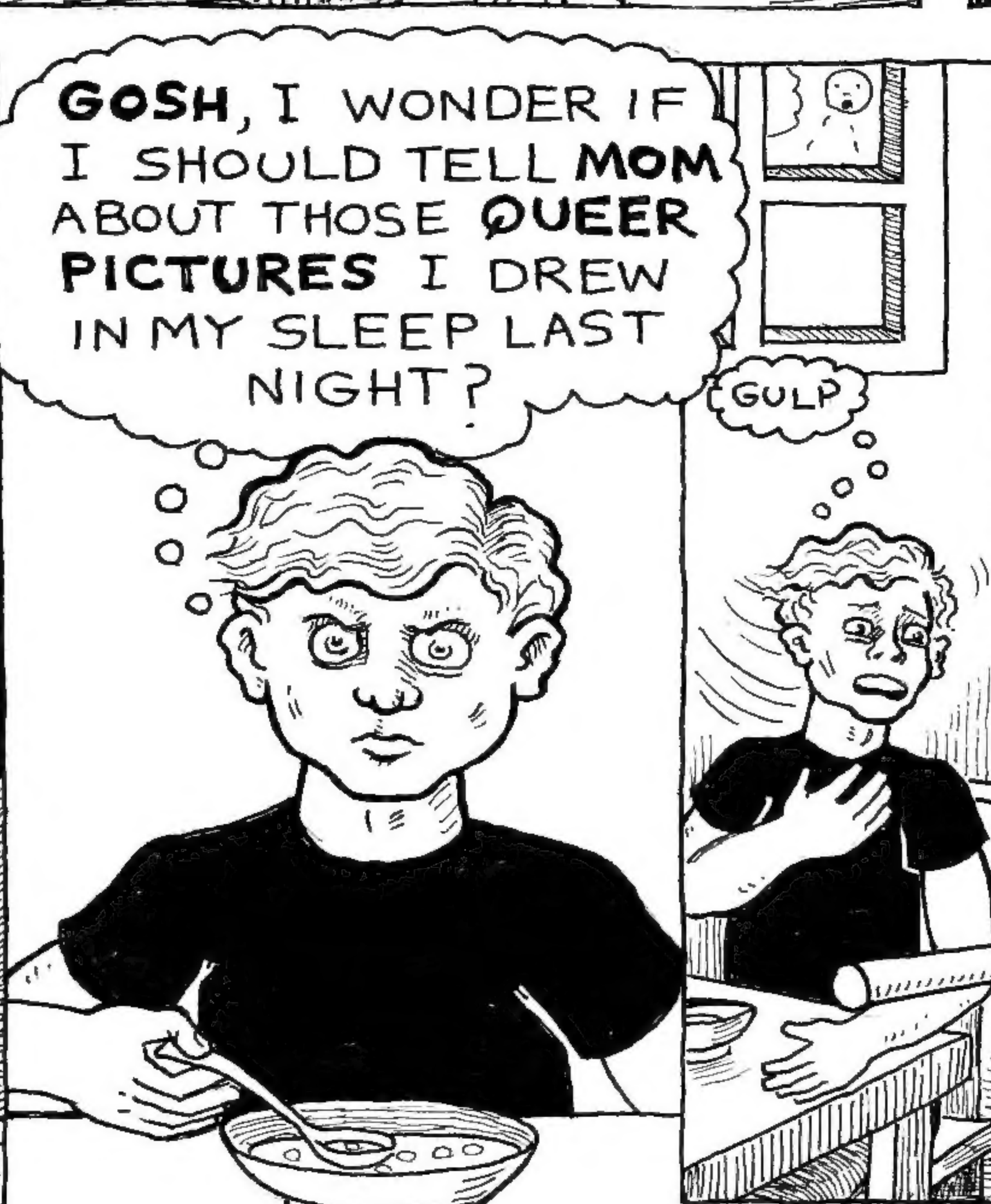
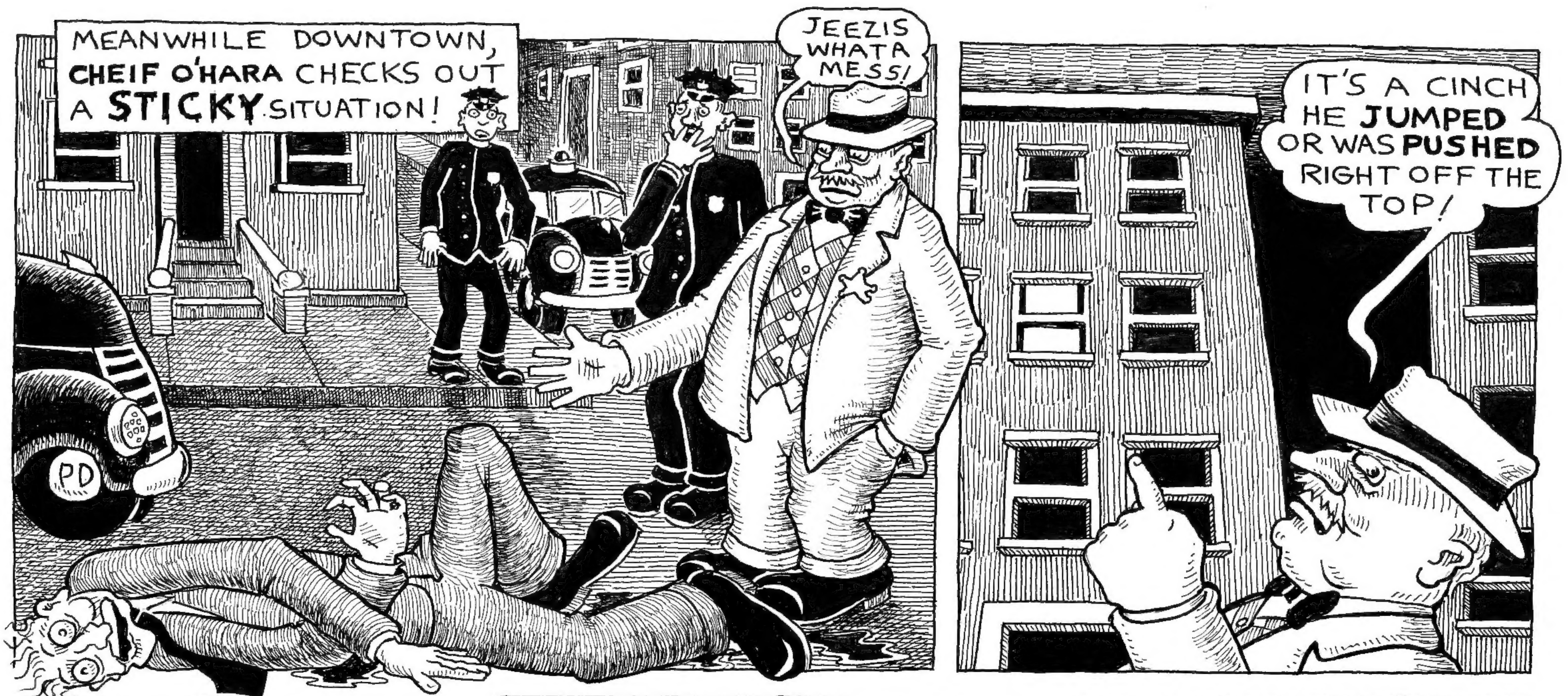
HUH!
W-WHERE
AM I?



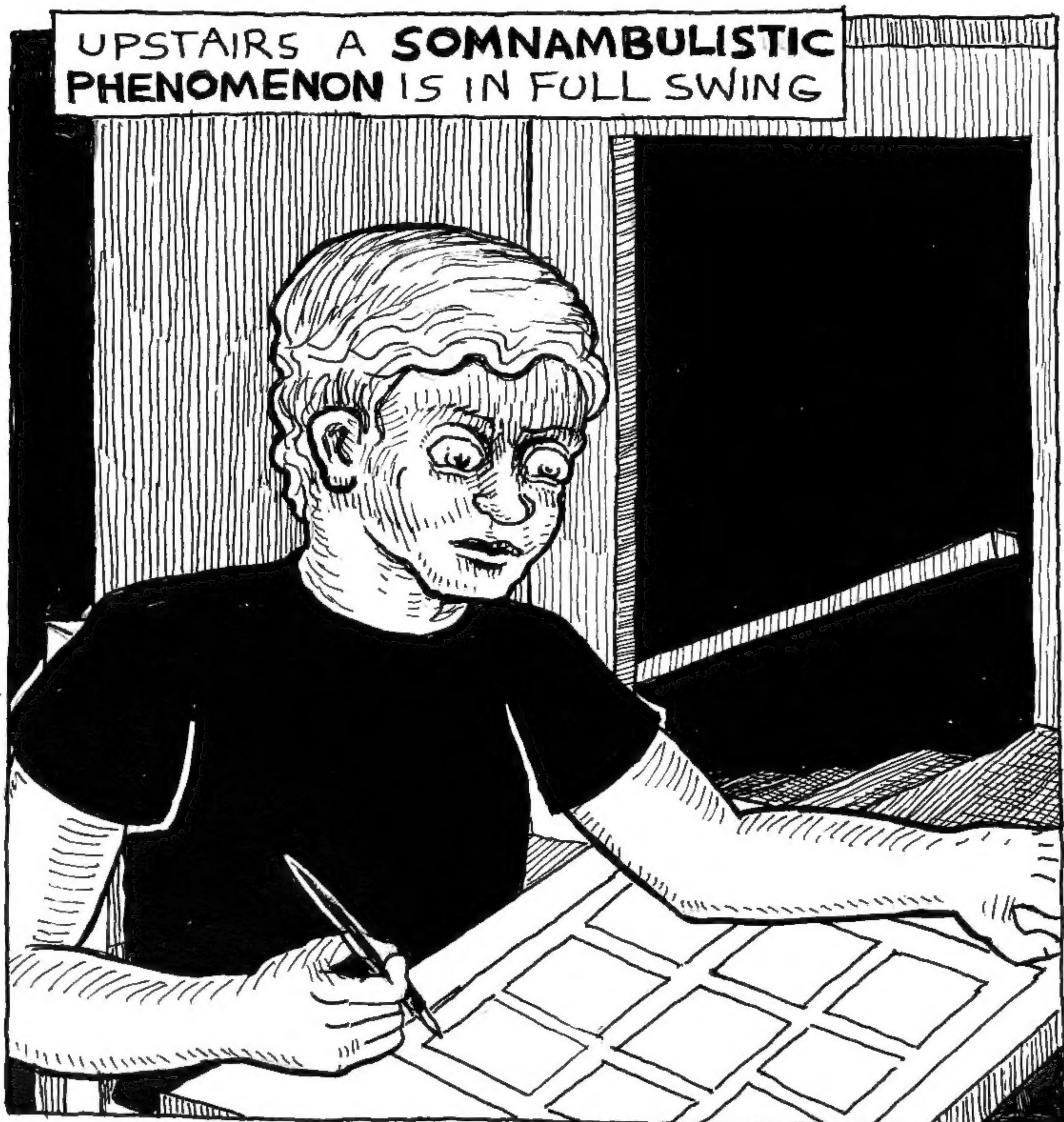
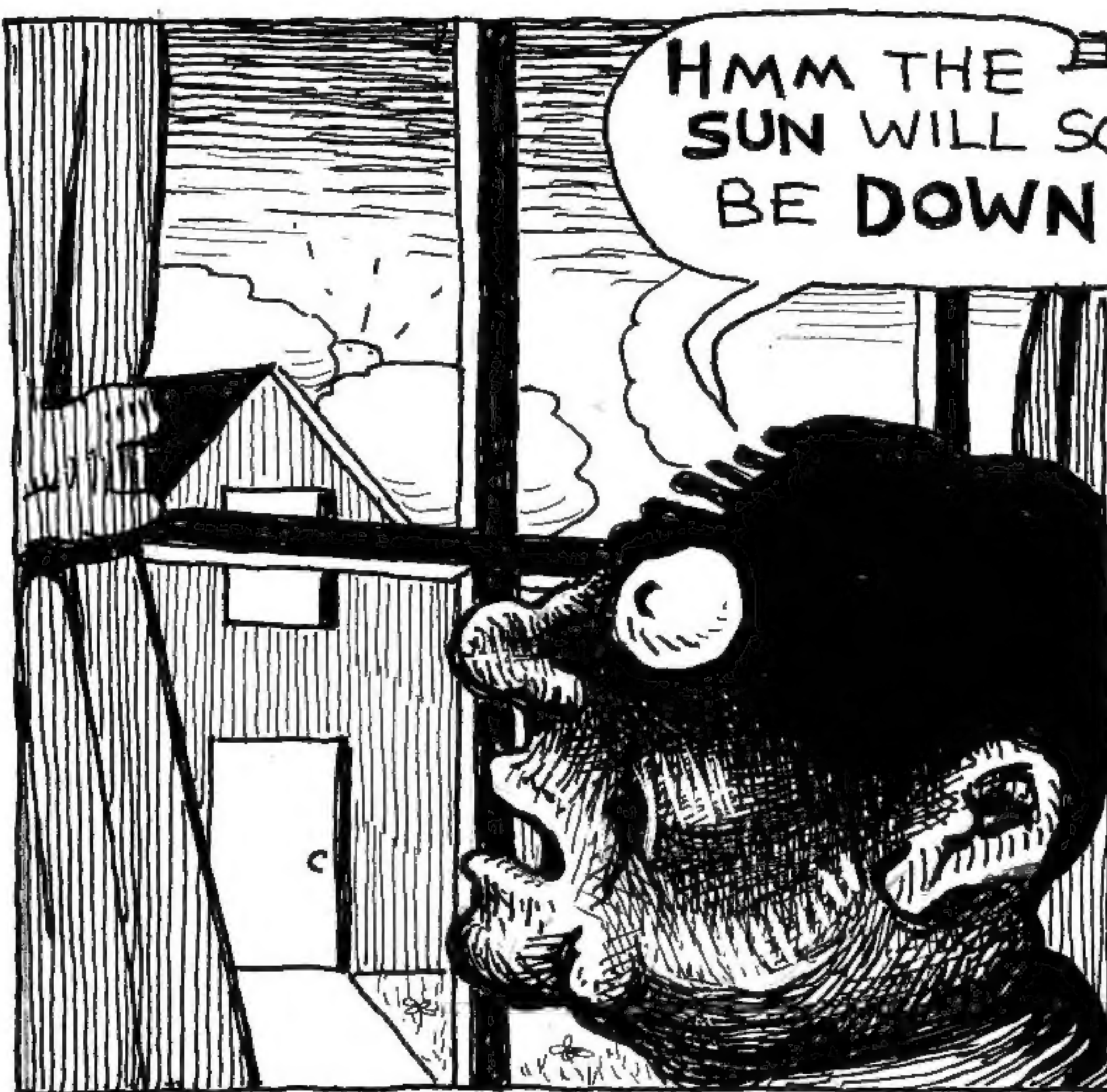
JUMPIN'
JEEHOSIFAT!
WHAT 'VE I DONE?

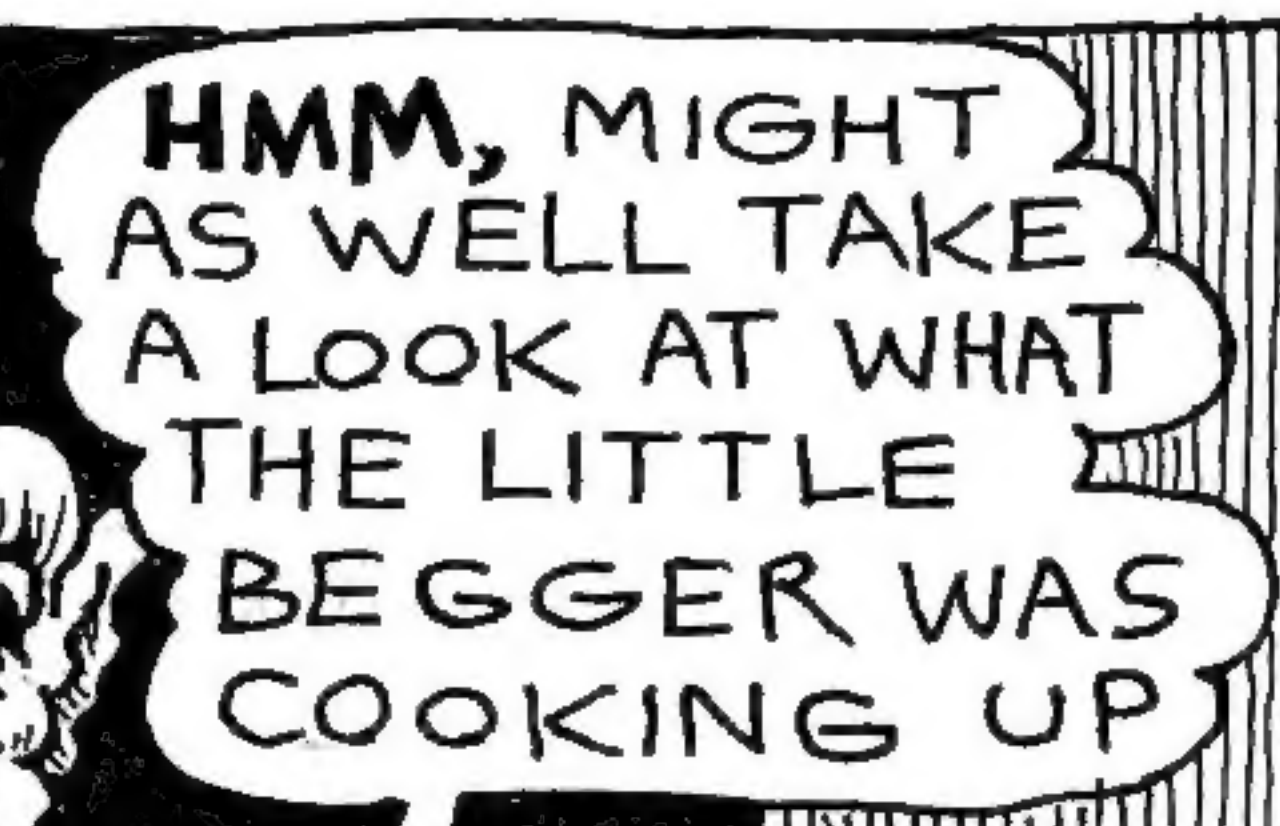
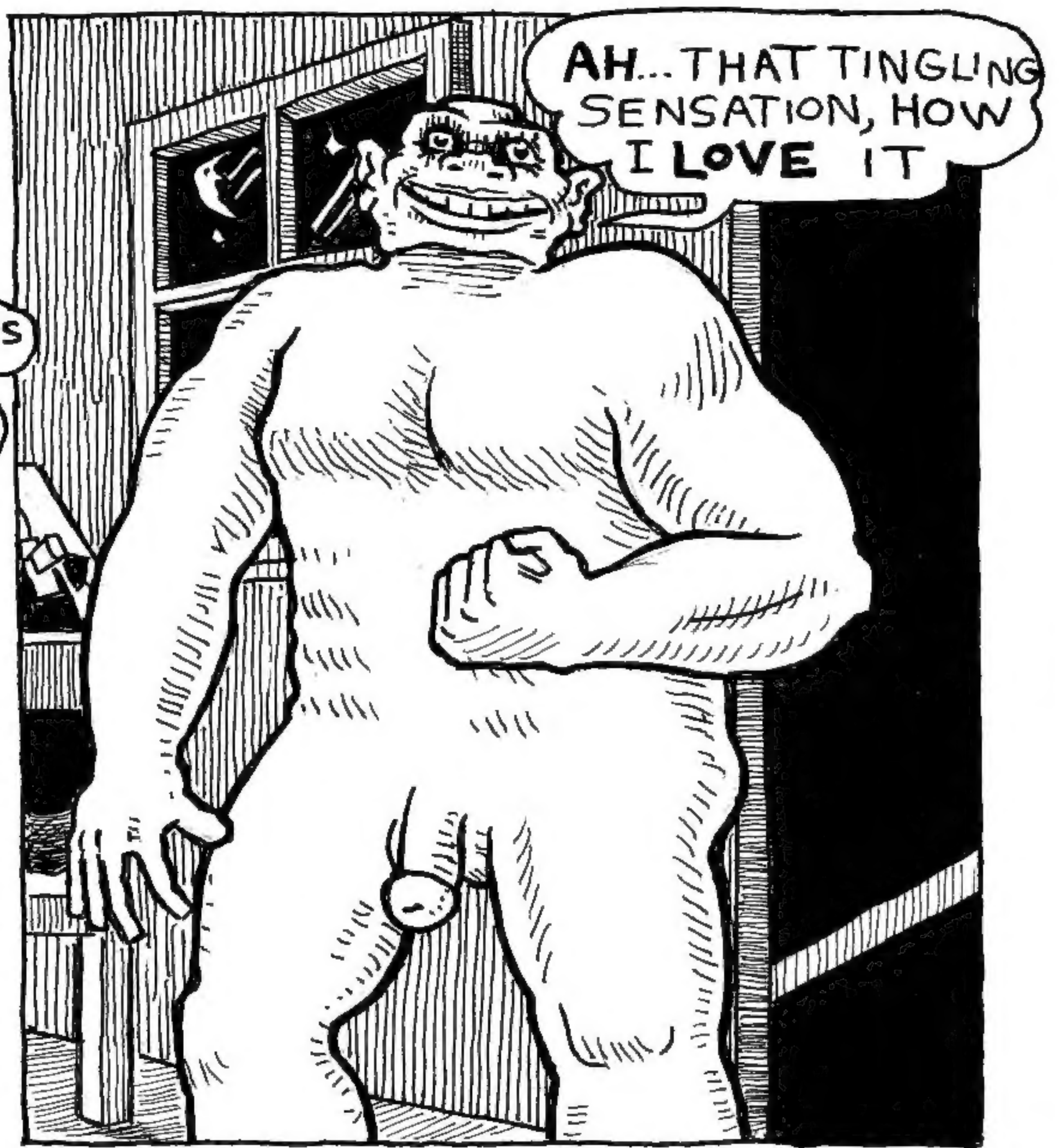
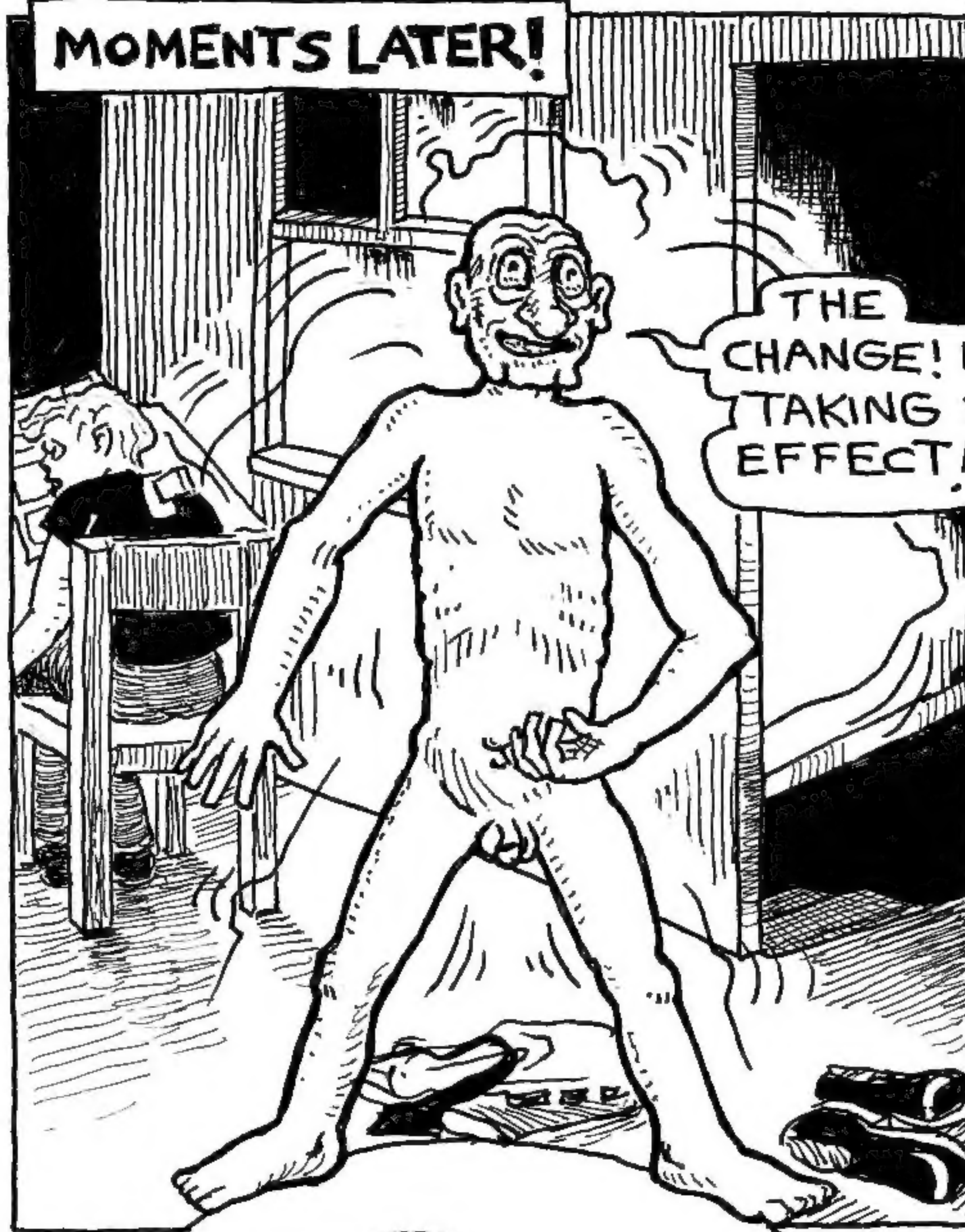
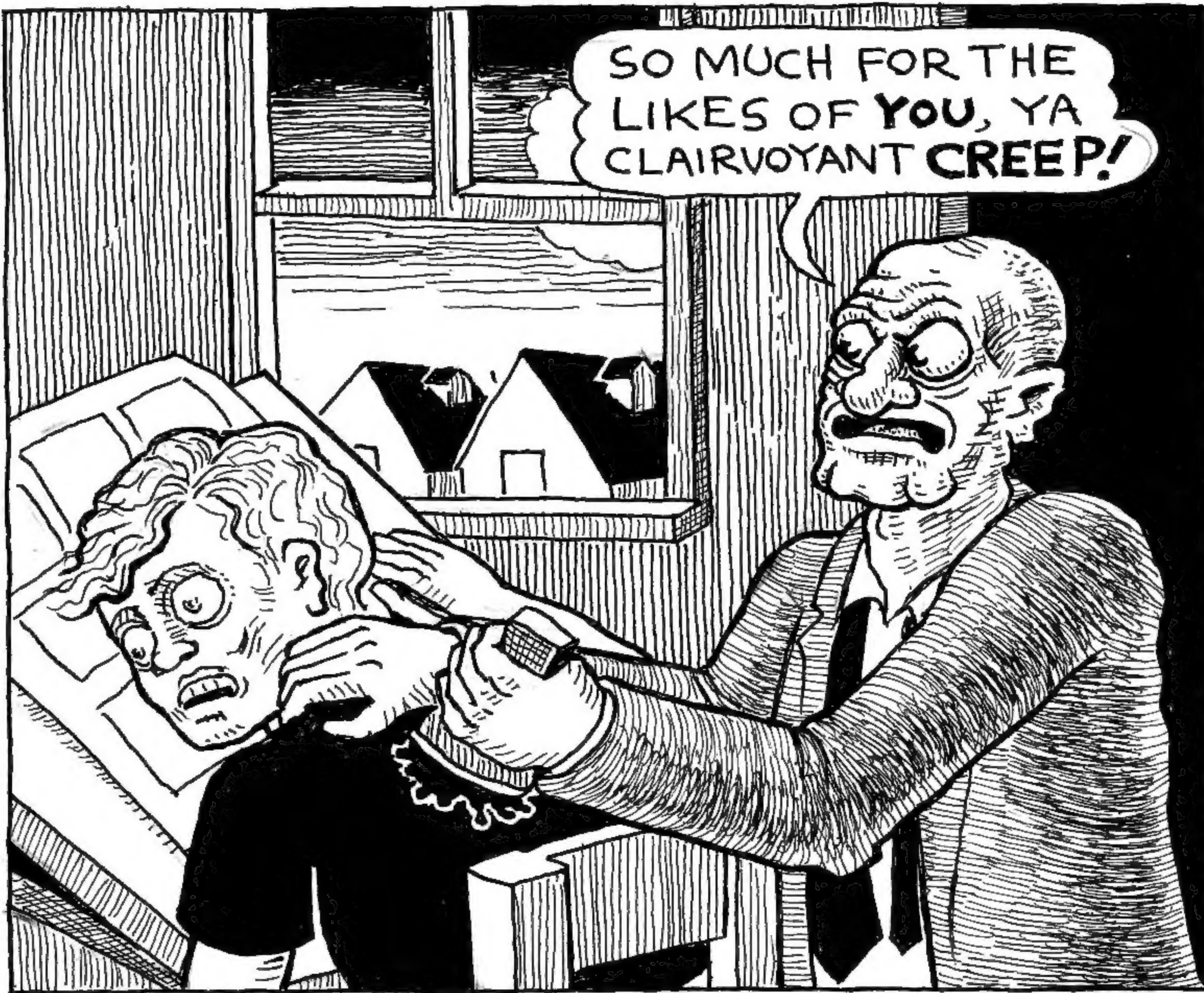


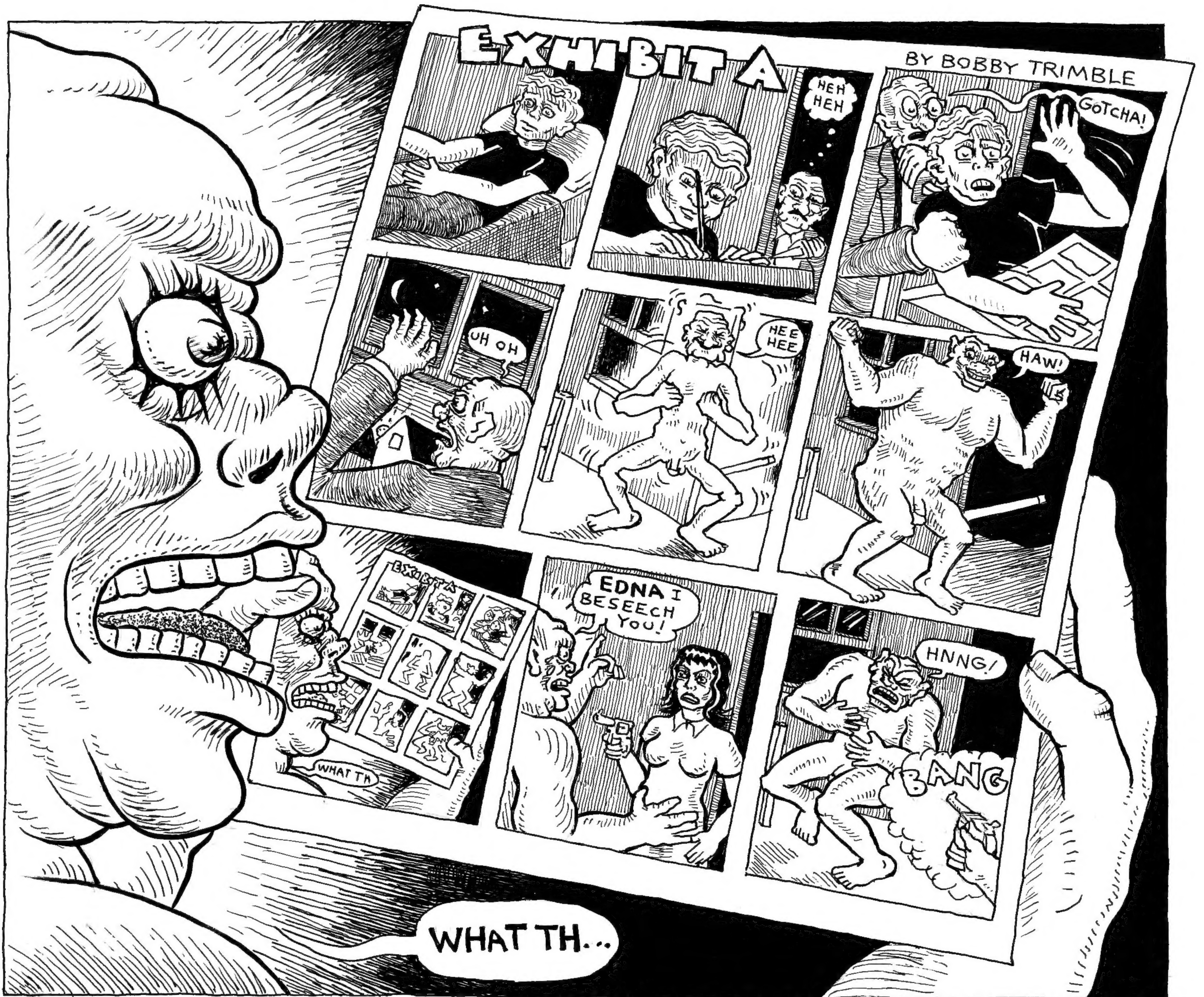
INK

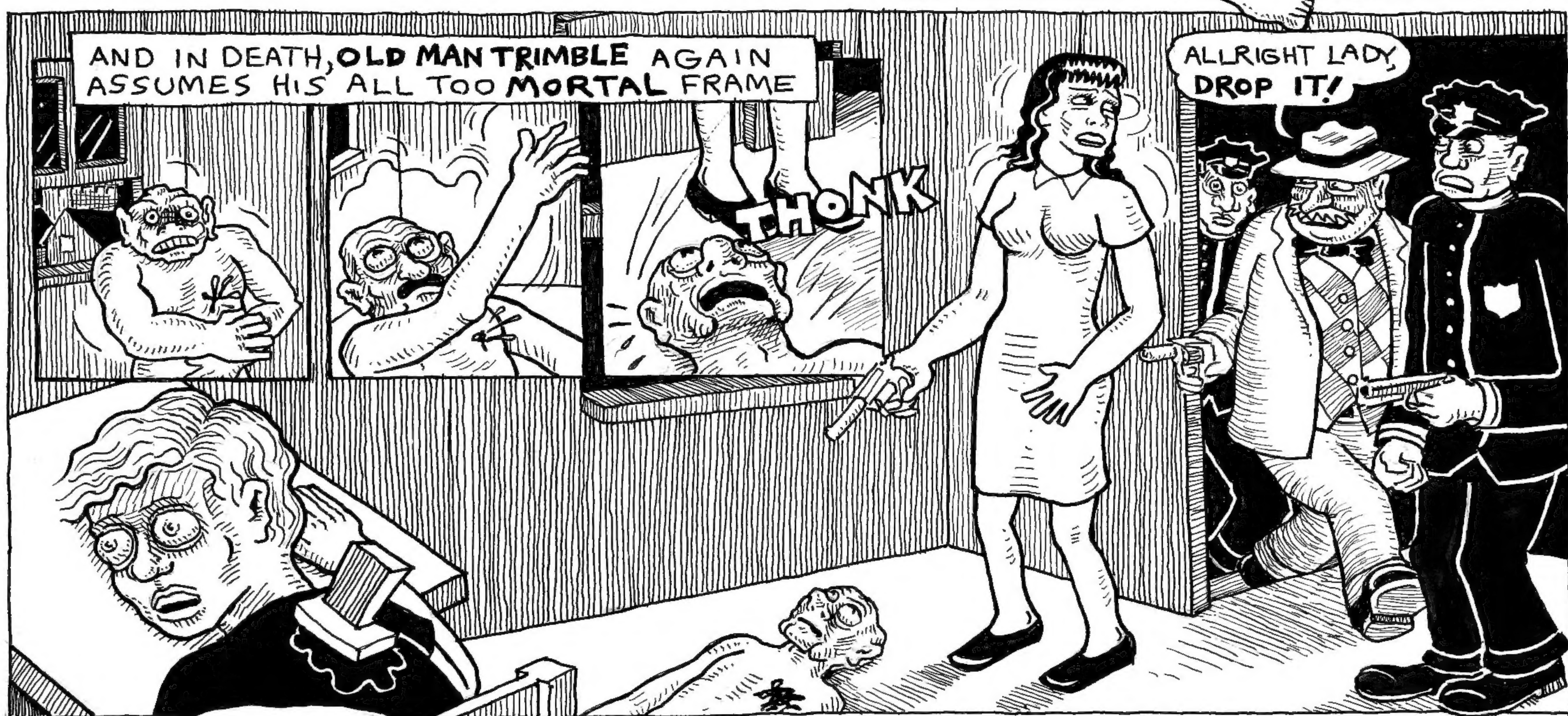












IF THE EVIDENCE IS ACCU-
RATE, OUR **MR. TRIMBLE** IS
NONE OTHER THAN
VASCO CARERRA!

WHO?

THE NOTORIOUS
EUROPEAN LYCANTHROPE!
WHY THERE ARE
WARRANTS FOR HIS
ARREST GOING ALL
THE WAY BACK TO
1613 IN FLORENCE ITALY

I MIGHT ADD THAT THE
REWARD ON THIS RASCAL'S
HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE, IS
CONSIDERABLE
..... ER THAT
WILL BE ALL
**OFFICER
SHAPIRO**

THIS IS GET-
TING STICKY,
IVE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!

MEANWHILE, INCREDIBLY FAR AWAY.....

ZOGSGRA!
WATOOLA OOBABOBBY!
TEBORY!

HMM

EH
BROGLY

TRANSLATION.....
WATOOLA IS IN
GRAVE PERIL!

**SOOMY
FIBLA!**

TRANSLATION
LET'S GO!

GULP!

SAY, JUST HOW
DID YOU GET
INTO THIS MESS
IN THE FIRST
PLACE?

WELL OH...

WATOOLA
SOOMOO
FOOBABO!

TRANSLATION...
WATOOLA
COME TO
THE WINDOW

**I'M
SAVED**

**WHY SHE MUST
BE PLAIN LOCO!
SHE'LL BREAK
HER NECK!**

**ZOGSGRA
BROGLY
WATU ZOCCO**

TRANSLATION
**ZOGSGRA!
BROGLY!
I COME!**



BUT INSTEAD OF FALLING,
EDNA UNDERGOES A
STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS

WHAT
TH...!!

TRANSLATION...
WELCOME
SISTER

BLEKOO
SEBLY

GREAT GOD!
WHERE WILL IT ALL
END?

TRANS...
HMM

ZOP

WATOOLA IP GLOBBY
GLOMMY SUK TOOMA!
ZUG FOOMOO
POONGA POONGA!

TRANSLATION.....AH
WATOOLA, TIS A PITY
YOU MUDDLED THINGS.
WITH **CARRERA'S** AID,
WORLD DOMINATION
WOULD HAVE BEEN IN
OUR VERY GRASP

MEANWHILE, OLD
VASCO'S IMMORTAL
SOUL, (INVISIBLE TO
ALL BUT THE READERS
OF THIS COMIC BOOK,
PONDER'S ITS FATE!

TO THINK THAT
I, THE GREAT
CARRERA SHOULD
COME TO SO
IGNOMINIOUS
AN END!

AND WHY? BECAUSE
OF THE MEDDLING
PRECOCIOUSNESS
OF MY OWN SON!
MY OWN NO GOOD
FLESH AND BLOOD!

AWGEE
POP!

HEY SHUT UP!
OVER THERE,
HOW'S A POOR
SOUL GOING
TO GET ANY
SLEEP?

YEAH, PIPE
DOWN!

THAT GOES
DOUBLE
FOR ME!

THE FOTO
FINISH!

Kim Deitch-70

CHONG

A LATE BREAK-
ING STORY
STUNS THE
NATION!

DAILY
NOOZE

EXTRA PRINCESS PAMELA MISSING

FOUL PLAY SUSPEC-
TED IN SACRED
TEMPLE HEN'S
SUDDEN
DISAPPEARANCE



PRINCESS PAMELA

FOR THE LAST
TIME PRINCESS,
DO I GET THAT
THAT EGG?.....
OR MUST I RE-
MOVE IT
MYSELF?

GULP

AH THAT'S
MORE LIKE IT

AW

PREPARE THE
SACRAMENTAL
EGGNOG!

COMIN
RIGHT UP
BOSS

AT LAST THE
SILVER
SCIMITAR
SHALL TRIUMPH

TO CHONG BO
GENTLEMEN AND
WORLD DOMINATION

HAW
HAW

THUS A BIZARRE
CHAIN OF EVENTS
IS INSTIGATED



THEN, AS QUICK AS YOU PLEASE....

THEY UNDERGO

AN ASTOUNDING TRANSFORMATION

WELL GENTLEMEN, ... SHALL WE PROCEED WITH..

PHASE TWO? (HEH HEH)

HAW

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LEAGUE OF ALBUMINITE ENLIGHTENMENT, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, HOWARD CHICKERING, QUESTIONS DR. VISHNU CLUCKDING, (LEADER OF THE ALBUMINITE MOVEMENT), WHO LAYS NEAR DEATH AS THE RESULT OF A VISCIOUS ATTACK BY THE HEN'S ABDUCTORS

PRINCESS YOU SURPRISE ME! A SINGULAR HONOR AWAITS YOU!

DR. CLUCKDING, SEARCH YOUR MEMORY, DID THEY LEAVE ANY SORT OF CLUE?

YES THEY LEAVE NOTE... UNDER SACRED EGG!

AHA!

CHONG BO? WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS CHONG BO?

The sacred hen is our informant. The Police and you shall feel the merciless vengeance of Chong Bo the Silver Scimitar!

IT (GASP) LONG STORY

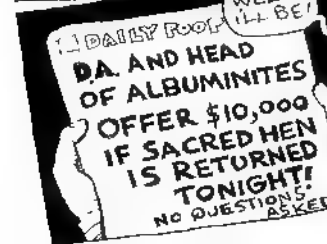
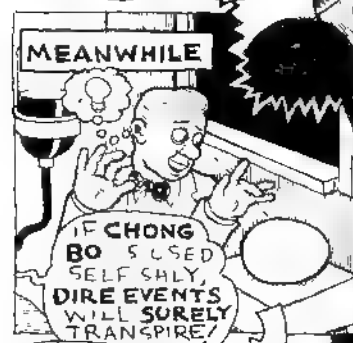
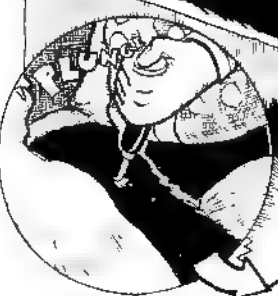
FOR YEARS WE LIVE HIGH IN MOUNTAIN TEMPLE; SACRED SHELTER OF CHONG BO SLEEPING PROTECTOR OF OUR ORDER IN TIMES OF TROUBLE

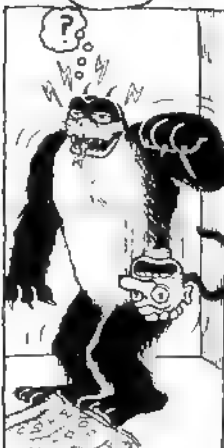
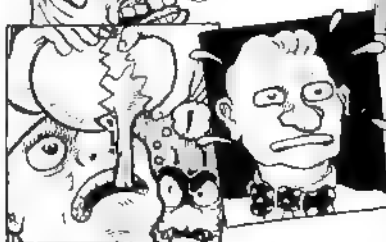
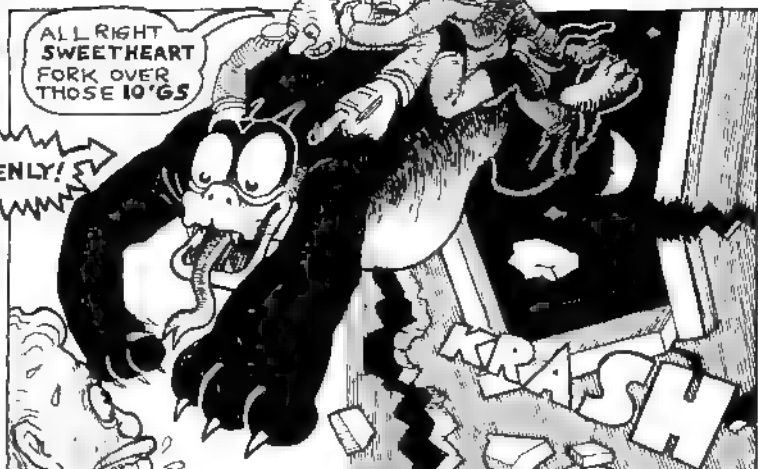
THEN LAST YEAR, IN BRAZEN ATTACK, SOME EVIL ONES, KNOWN ONLY AS THE SILVER SCIMITAR, COUGHT US UNEXPECTEDLY; ABSCONDING WITH OUR BELOVED CHONG BO AND IMPORTANT ALBUMINITE WRITINGS!

BUT I DON'T GET IT. WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH A STOLEN HEN?

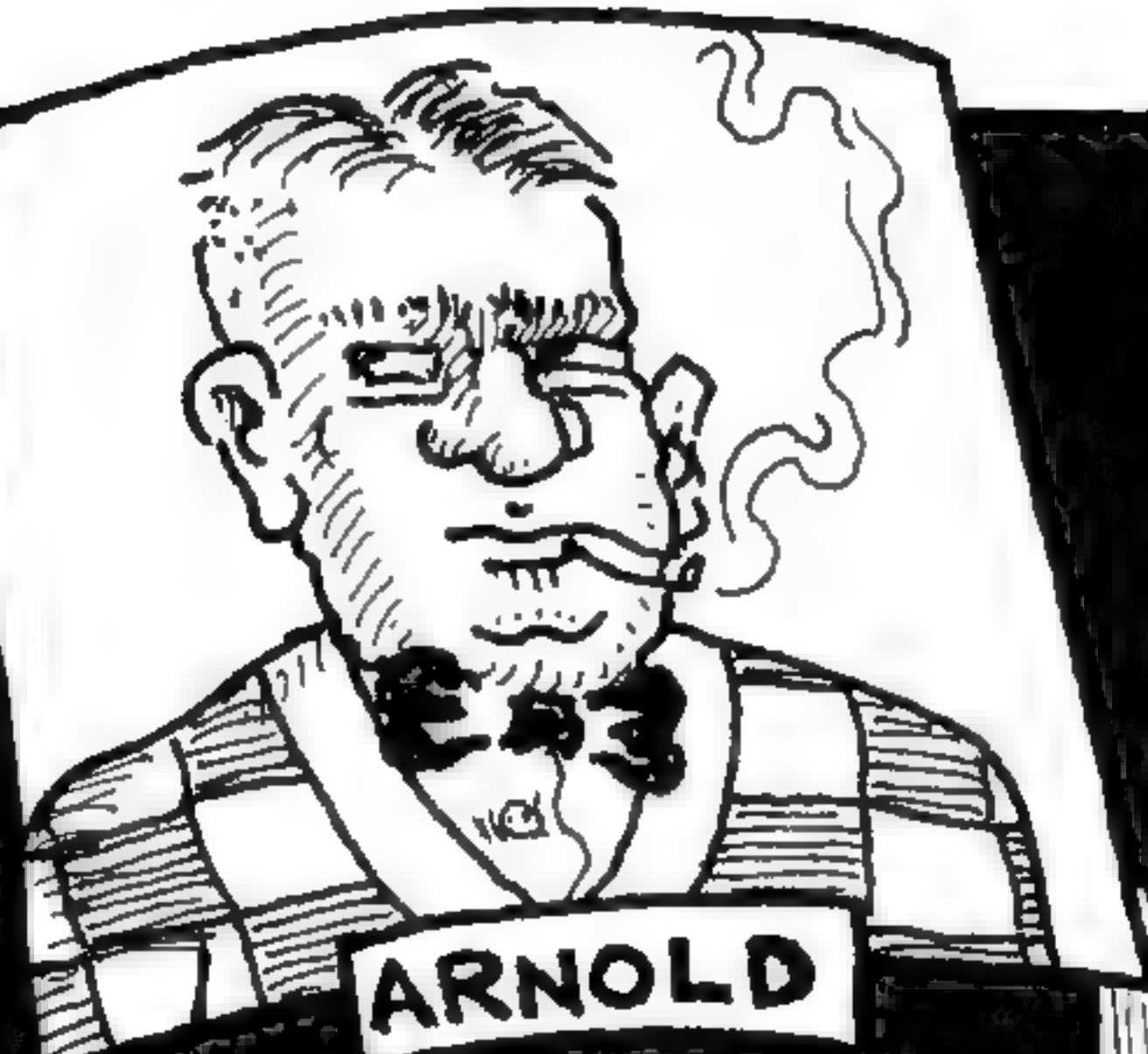
EVERYTHING! THE ONLY WAY TO AWAKEN CHONG BO IS

BY RITUAL SACRIFICE OF SACRED TEMPLE HEN, PRINCESS PAMELA!





JUST HOW ARNOLD AND GWEN
FAVATEEN EVER GOT TO-
GETHER IS CLEARLY A
MYSTERY IN ITSELF.
ARNOLD AT 36 WAS ALL BUT
OVER THE HILL. GWENDOLYN
STILL BEAUTIFUL AT 27,
WAS SOMETHING OF A
CULTIST AND CURRENTLY
A STUDENT OF.....



ARNOLD

GWEN



AUTO SUGGESTION

I'M SORRY
DEAREST, BUT
IT'LL ONLY HURT
FOR A MOMENT
AND AFTER
ALL, IT'S
FOR YOUR
OWN
GOOD



DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER
AND
BETTER.
COVE

AUTOSUGGESTI

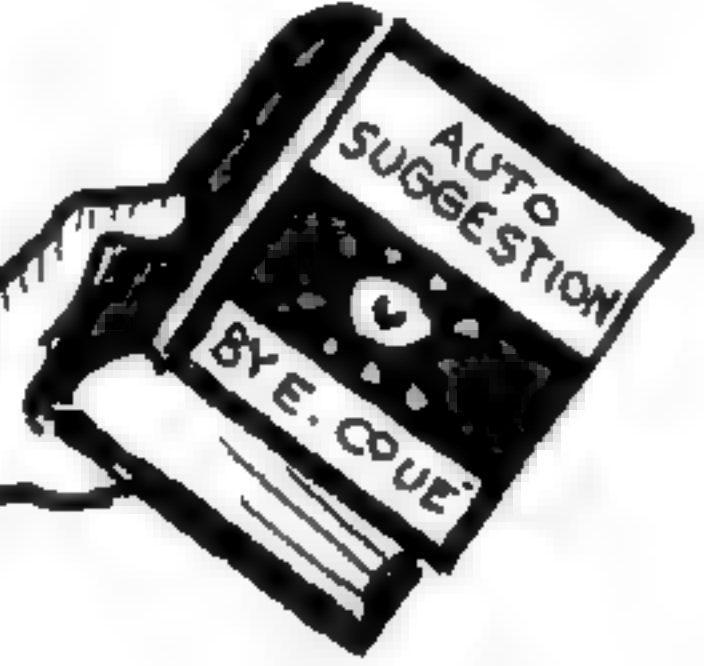


OUR STORY BEGINS IN MORGANVILLE,
A HICK TOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF
ST. LOUIS. THE YEAR IS 1928.

DAY BY DAY, IN
EVERY WAY...

WILL YOU
SHUT UP. YOU'VE
BEEN DRIVING
ME **COO COO**
SINCE YOU
GOT THAT
FOOL BOOK

LISTEN **CREEP**
THANKS TO THIS
"FOOL BOOK" I'VE
GOTTEN **WISE** TO
THE LIKES OF **YOU!**



WHY YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT AN **ALBATROSS**
HOLDING ME BACK
IN LIFE

JUST THEN, DISGUISED AS A MAGAZINE
ADD, **FATE** STEPPED IN

HMM

DAY BY DAY, IN
EVERY WAY, I AM
GETTING BETTER
AND BETTER

"SPICY DETECTIVE... PAGE 9
AT LAST YOU CAN
**SAVE ON
COSTLY
MEDICAL
BILLS!**
WITH THIS GREAT NEW BOOK
**50 GREAT MOMENTS IN
SURGERY** ONLY \$1.00
50 THRILLING OPERATIONS
DESCRIBED WITH 200 EASY TO
UNDERSTAND ILLUSTRATIONS
NOTHING IS LEFT TO THE
IMAGINATION



ARNOLD ACTED AT ONCE

WELL HEH
HEH
HERE GOES
NOTHIN

**AND NOT A MOMENT TOO
SOON!**

THE BOOK ARRIVED A WEEK LATER,

**AT
LAST!**

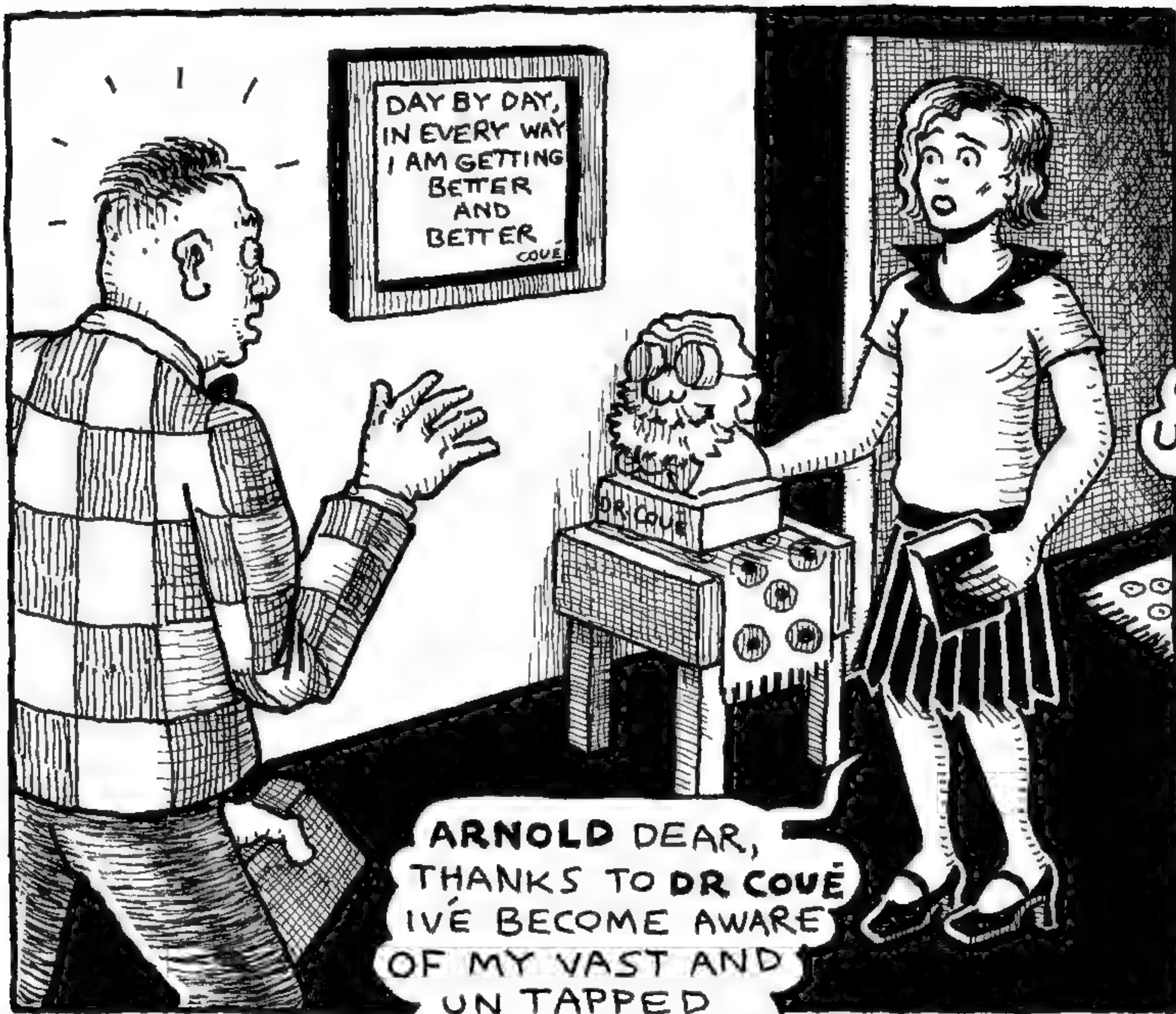
THAT'LL
BE ONE
DOLLAR
C.O.D

HERE
YOU ARE
MY GOOD
MAN!

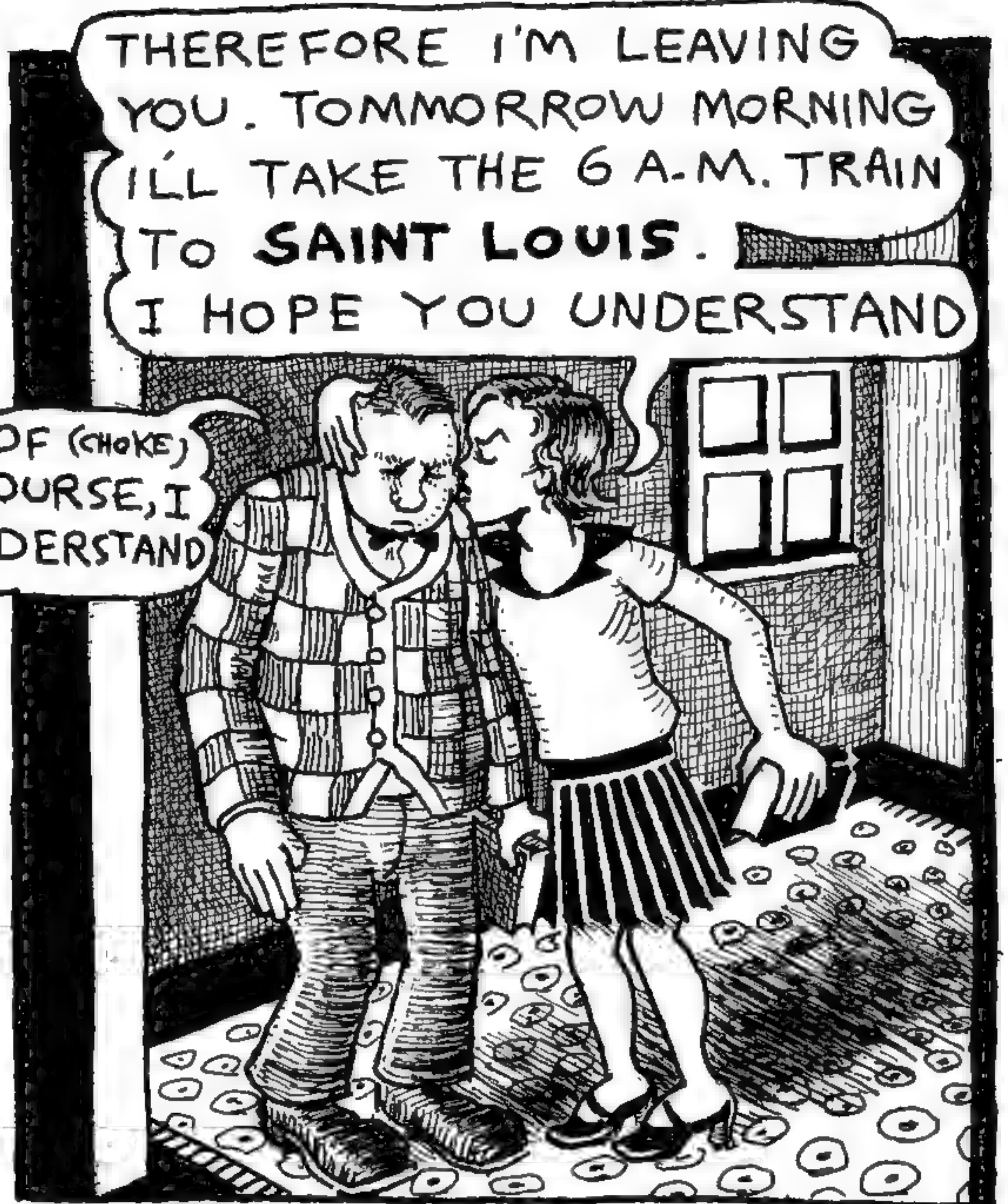
ARNOLD!

HUH?

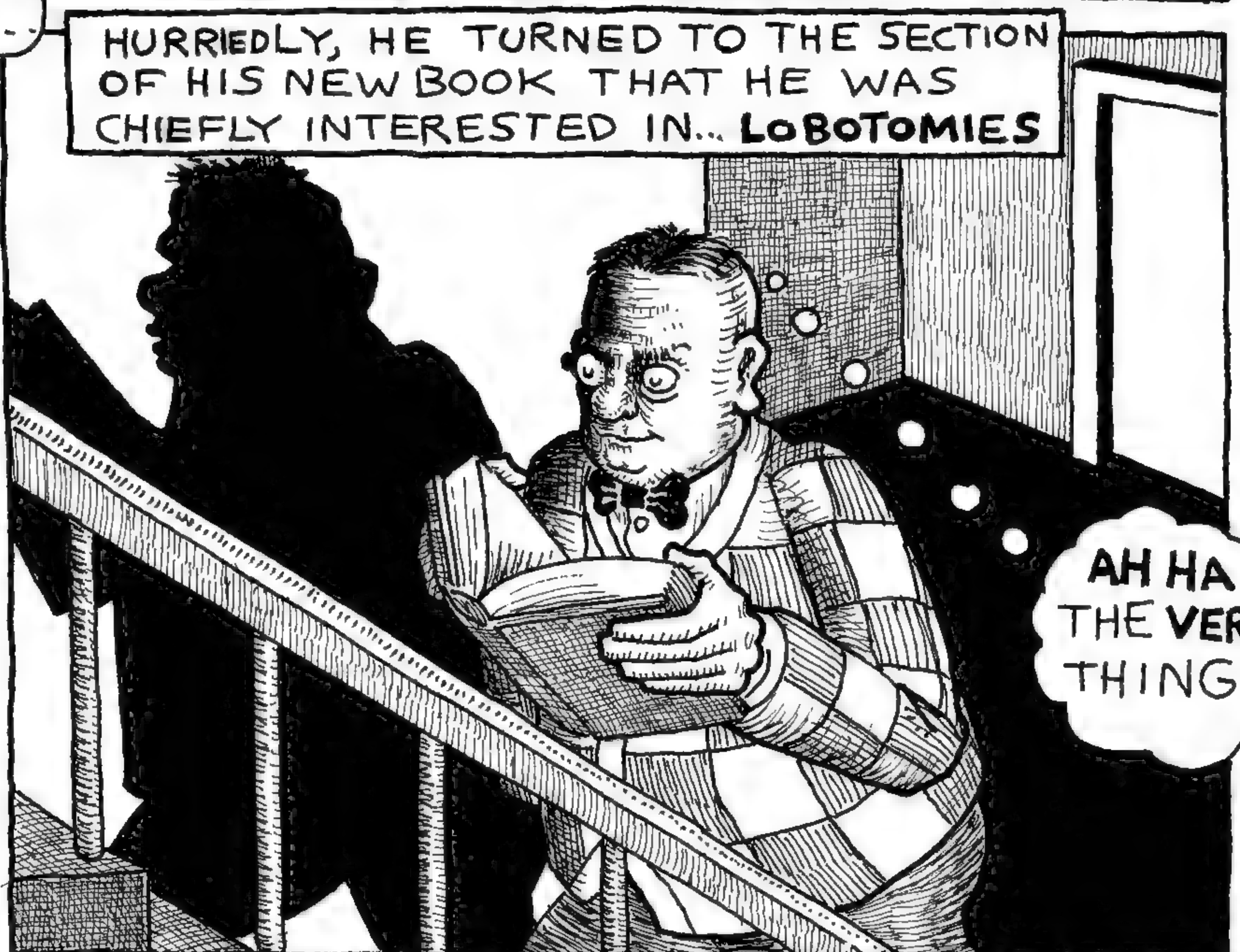
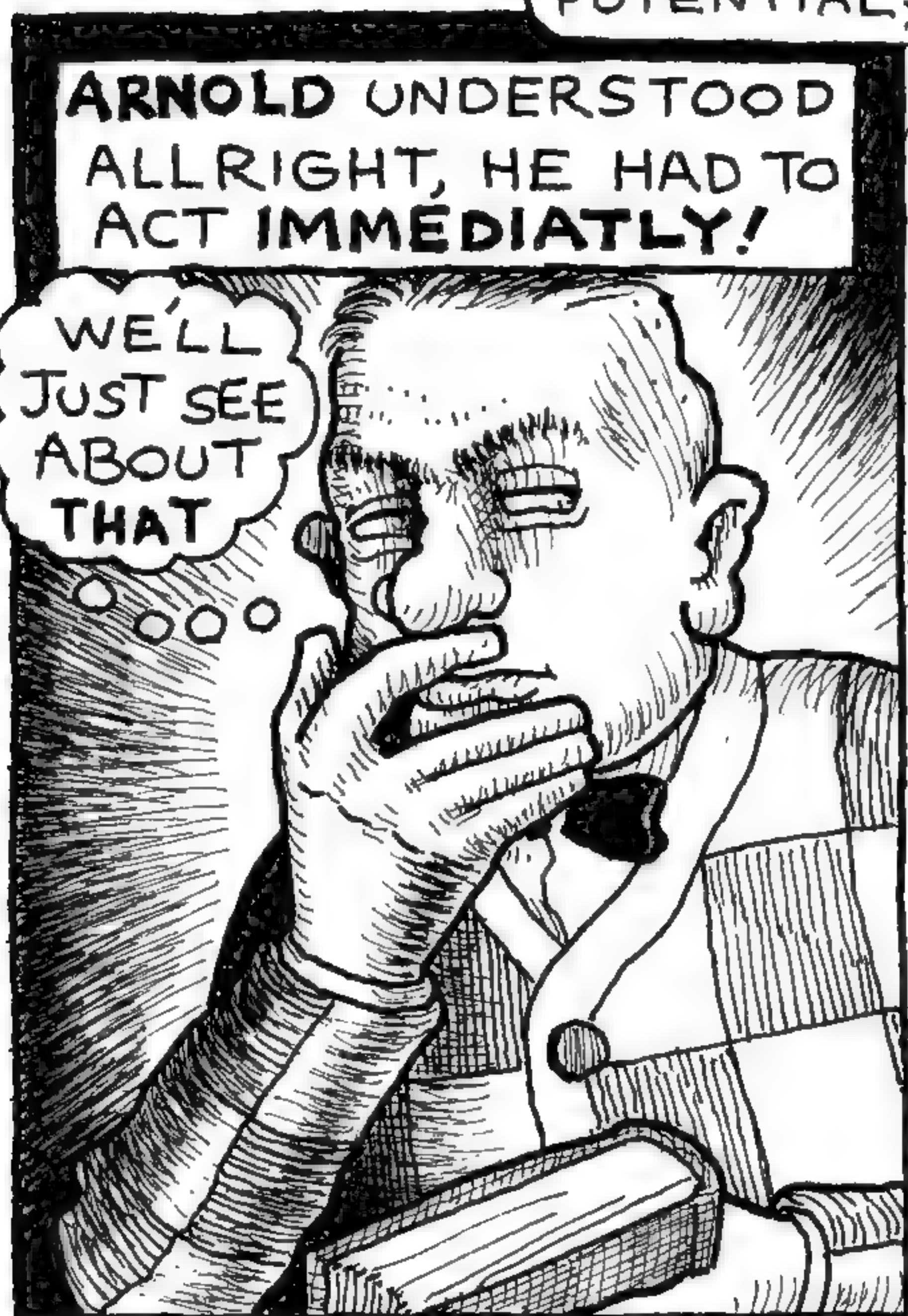
I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO **TELL**
YOU



ARNOLD DEAR, THANKS TO DR COVE I'VE BECOME AWARE OF MY VAST AND UNTAPPED POTENTIAL, ...



OF (CHOKES) COURSE, I UNDERSTAND



FIRST, A LITTLE CHLOROFORM, JUST TO MAKE SURE SHE STAYED ASLEEP



THEN, DOWN TO THE BASEMENT



THEN, A LITTLE DRINK JUST TO STEADY THE NERVES



WHERE SHE WAS BOUND FIRMLY TO A WORK BENCH

THE "PATIENT'S" HEAD IS SHAVED,--



..AND THE FRONTAL INCISION IS MADE



SINCE ARNOLD SUBSTITUTED A SOUVENIRE "TONG HATCHET"
(HE'D OBTAINED ON HIS HONEYMOON IN CHINA TOWN,) FOR THE SCALPEL CALLED FOR IN THE INSTRUCTIONS
..... THE INCISION, WAS ON THE DEEP SIDE.

HMM

OPER 4 LOBOTOMIES

FIGURE 3

7. THEN A MILD ANESTHETIC IS ADMINISTERED
8. THE PATIENT'S HEAD IS SHAVED
9. THE FRONTAL INCISION IS MADE... SEE FIGURE 3
10. NOW THE WOUND IS SEWED UP
11. AF

BUT ONCE THE WOUND WAS SEWED UP,

AND THE SCAR COVERED BY A BLONDE WIG HE'D BOUGHT EARLIER THAT DAY...

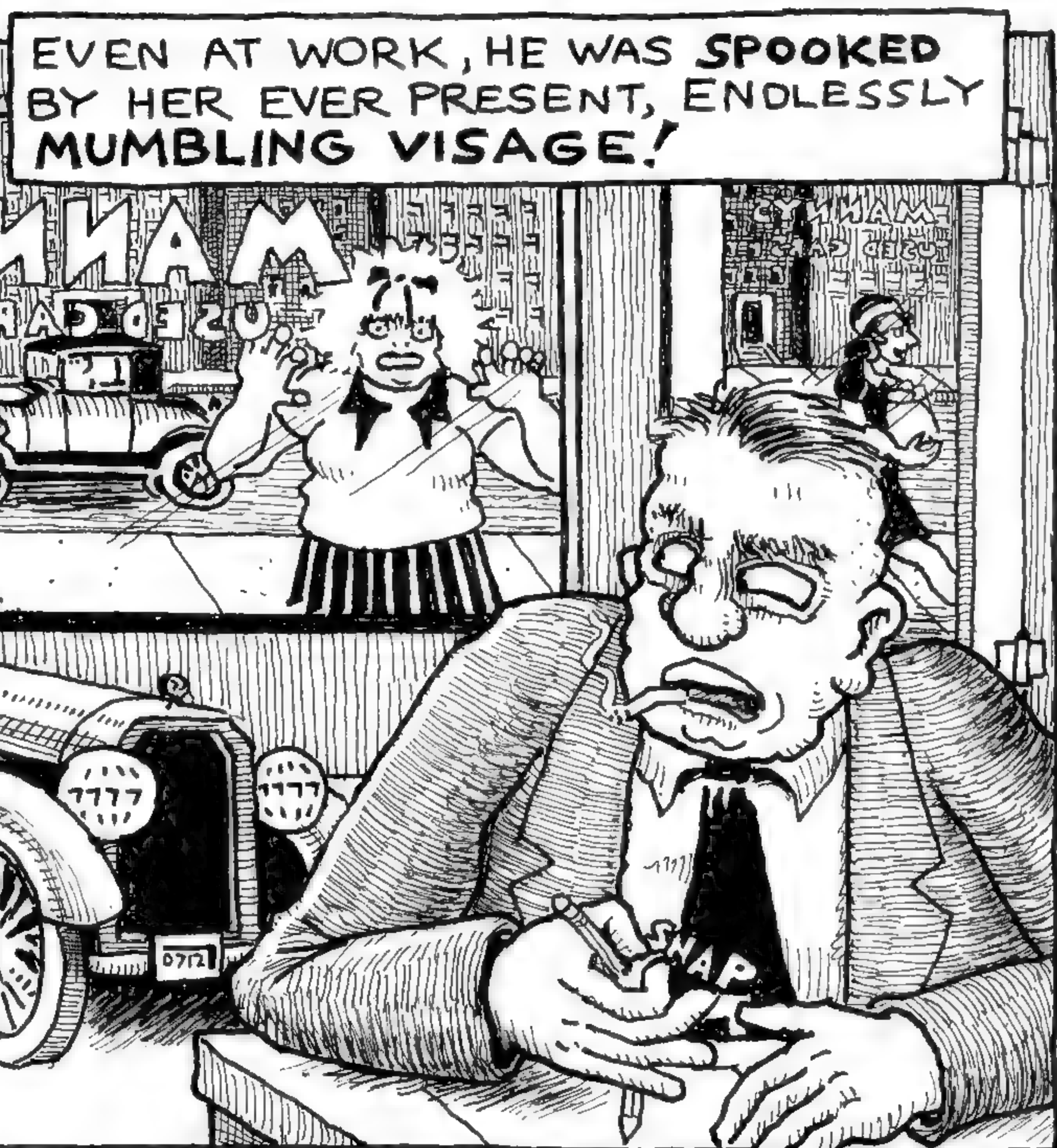
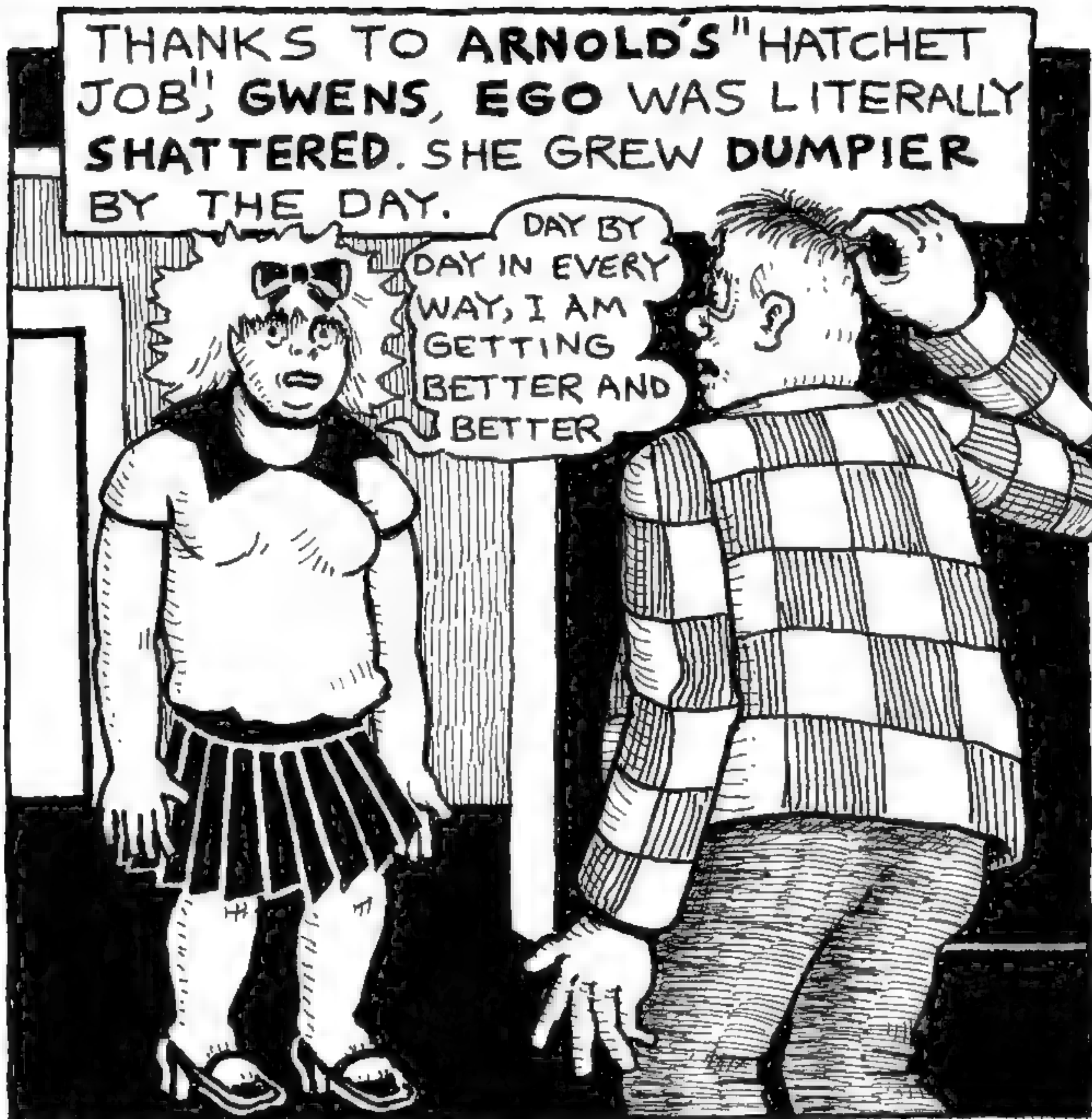
ARNOLD COULD NOW BE SURE THIS LITTLE JAZZER WOULD NEVER LEAVE... HE HAD IT MADE!..... OR SO HE THOUGHT

DAY BY DAY...

IN EVERY WAY...

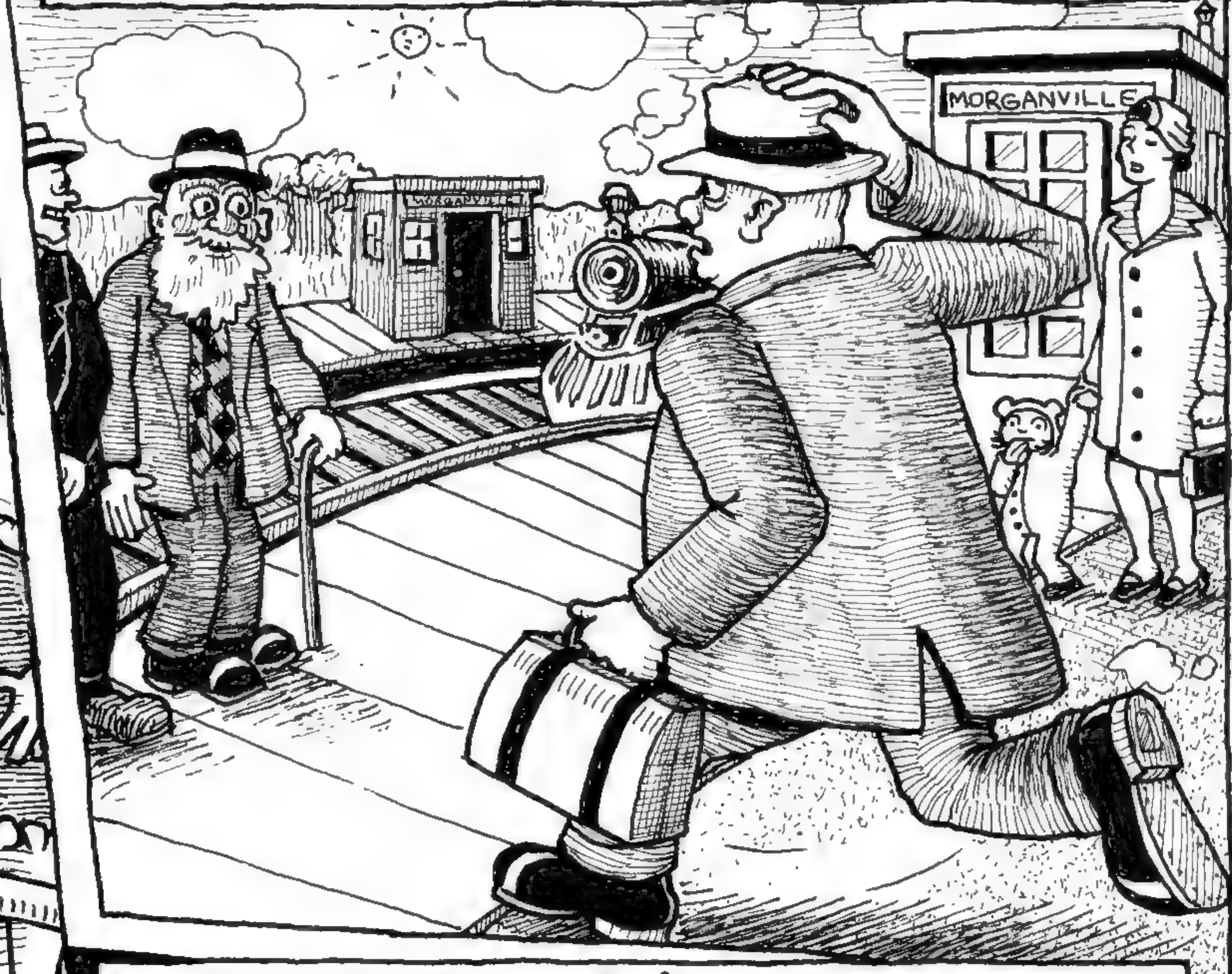
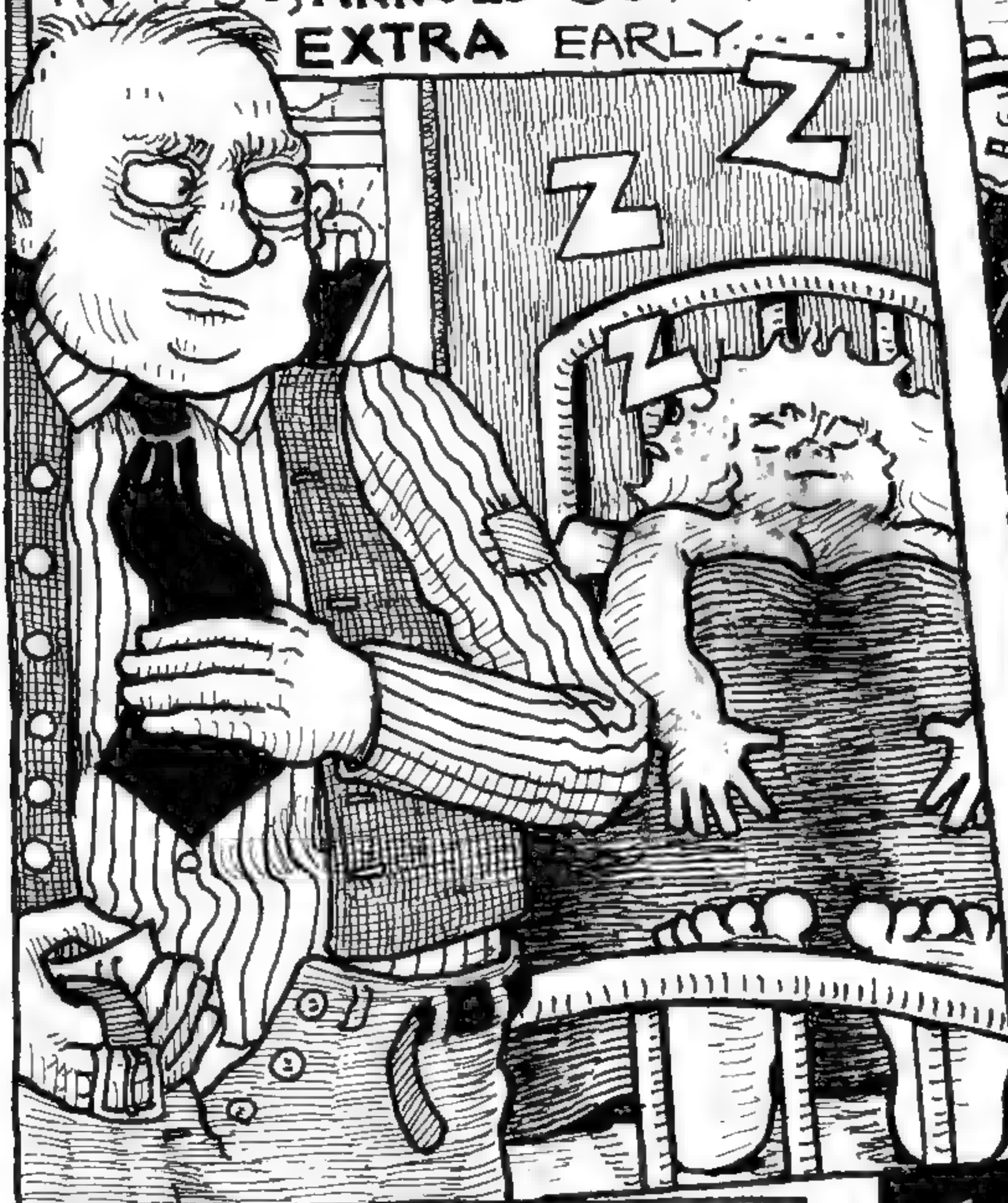
...I AM GETTING BLOP GLUP SLURP

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER
AND
BETTER
TO SUGGEST



NEARLY BROKE AND CLEARLY
DESPERATE, ONE MORNING
IN 1930, ARNOLD GOT UP
EXTRA EARLY....

...AND HOT FOOTED DOWN TO THE TRAIN DEPOT...



AH, BUT IT JUST WASN'T IN THE CARDS!

WHERE HE GOT THE 6 A.M.
SPECIAL TO BALTIMORE
FREE AT LAST!



FROM BALTIMORE HE JUMPED TO PHILLY
AND THEN NEW YORK WHERE THEY BOTH
ENDED UP ONE COLD DAY IN NOVEMBER.

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER AND
BETTER



NOWADAYS, YOU CAN USUALLY FIND THEM OVER ON 42ND STREET
AT THE MOUTH OF TIMES SQUARE

NOW DON'T CROWD ME FOLKS,
THERE'S A DR. COUÉ, MARVEL CURE,
FIGURINE, FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE
OF YOU. WHY JUST THINK, YOU TOO
CAN JOIN THE GROWING, GREATFUL,
THRONGS WHO HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH
THIS FABULOUSLY SIMPLE SOLUTION TO
LIFE'S TEARFUL TORMENTS ;..... AND
AFTERALL, WHAT IS LIFE BUT JUST A
LITTLE LAUGH, JUST A LITTLE TEAR...

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER AND
BETTER

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER AND
BETTER

MEIN
GOTT!

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER AND
BETTER

DAY BY DAY
IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING
BETTER AND
BETTER

AW RIGHT YOU
TWO, BREAK IT
UP'FOR I RUN
YEZ IN AGAIN

MY FREN, DROP
IDE HOB CAP
KWECK HERE
COM DE MON!

RIGHT ON
BRUTHUH

FUKIN
CREEPS

Reingold
Beer

PIZZA

AUTO
SUGGESTION
FIGURINES
\$1.00
LET COUÉ
CURE
YOU!

AUTO
SUGGESTION
FIGURINES

LET COUÉ CURE
YOU

FAR
OUT

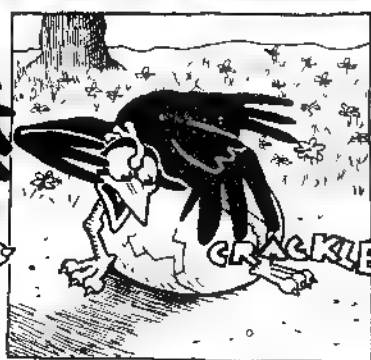
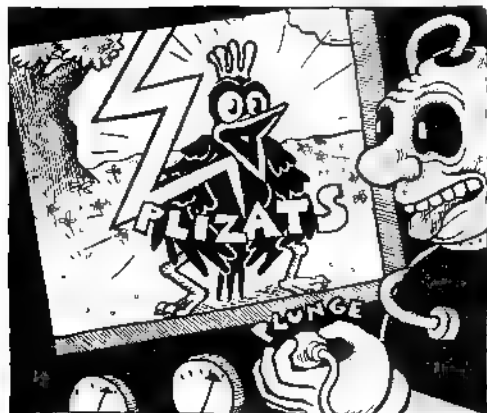
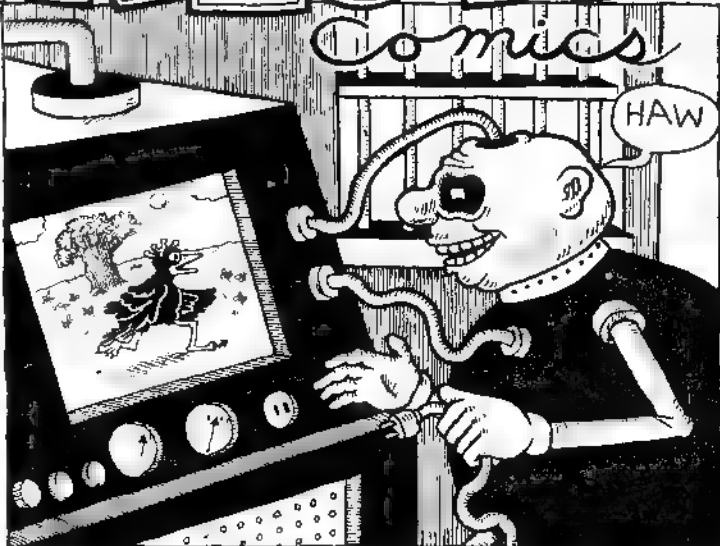
DOPE

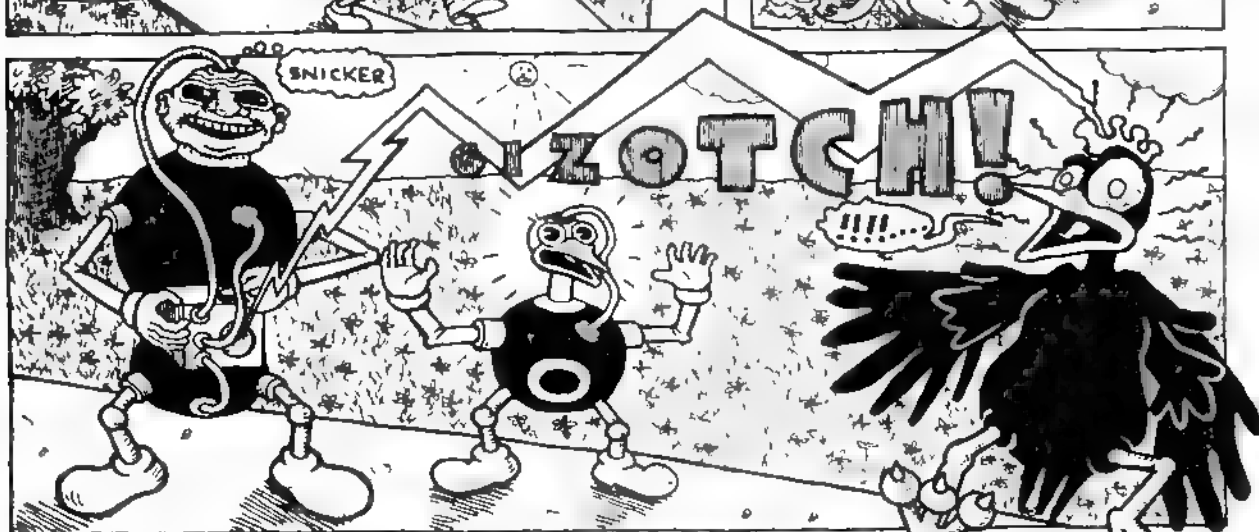
THASS
ALL
FOLKS!

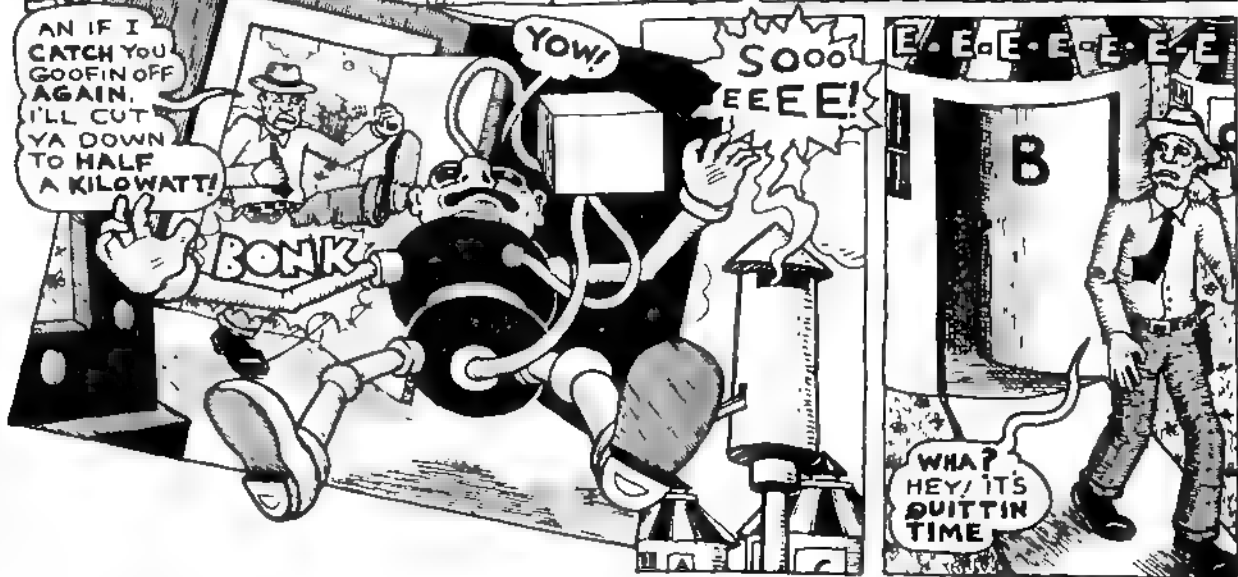
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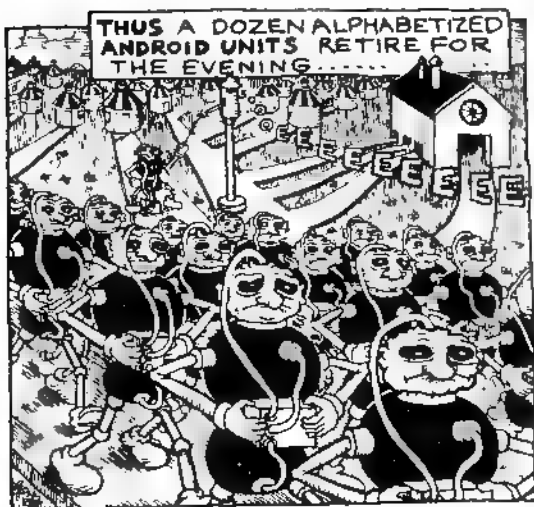
HOLE KLOTH

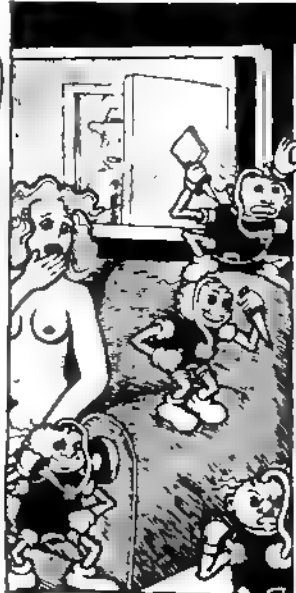
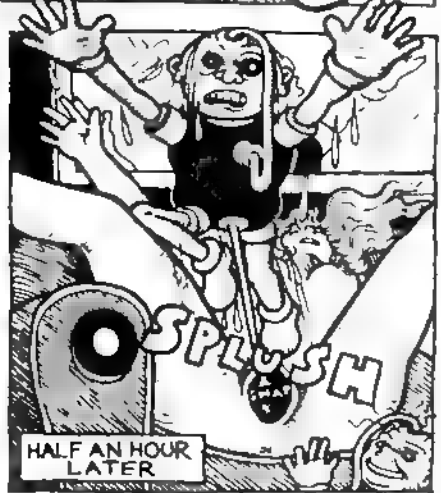
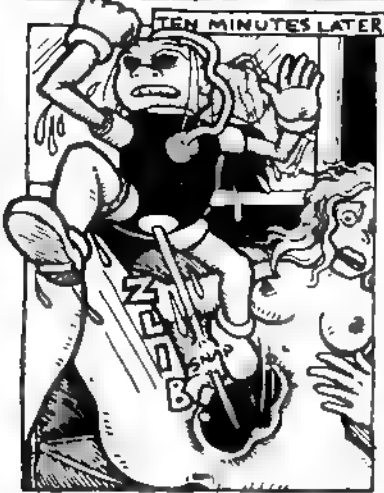
Comics











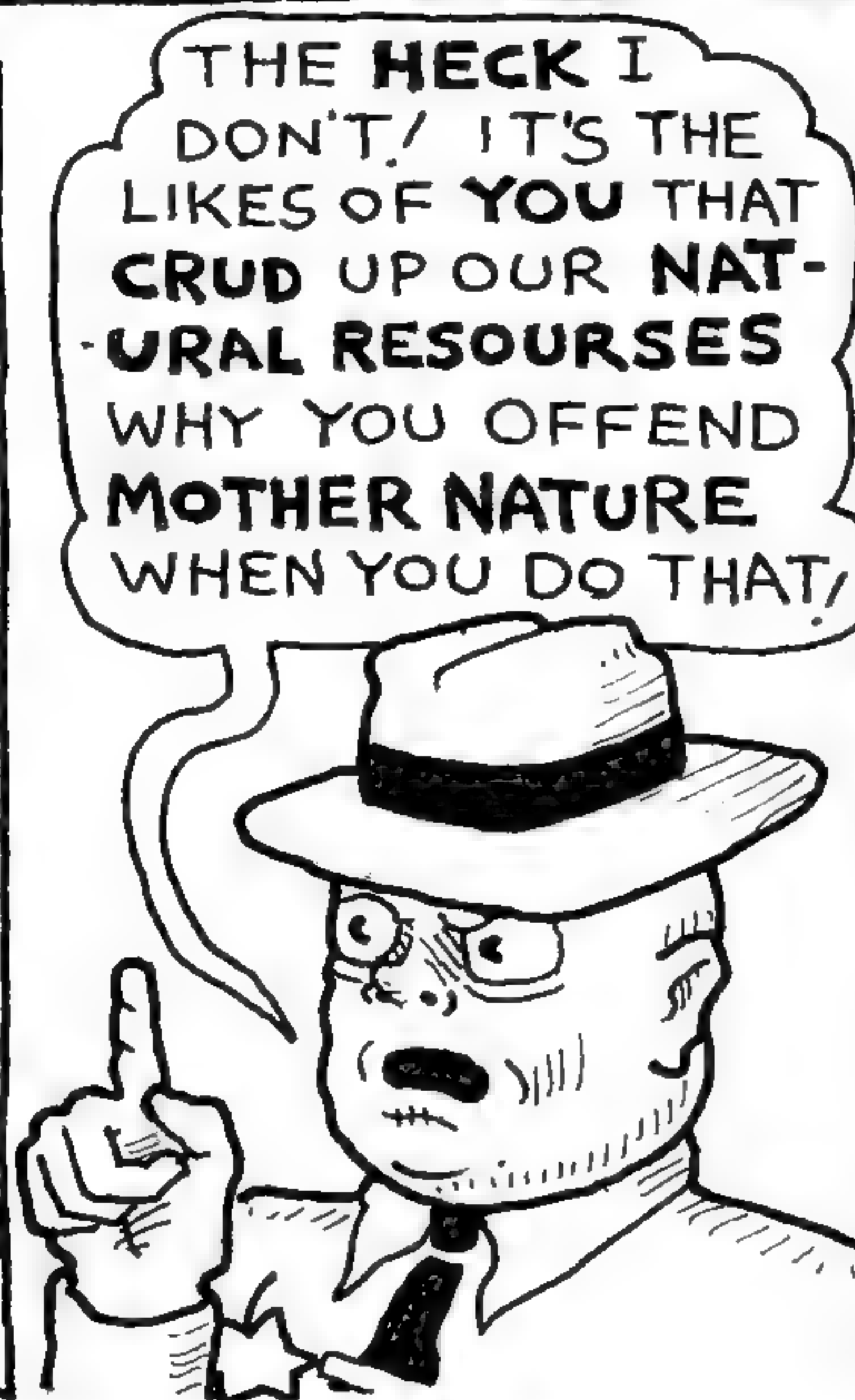
ECOLOTOONS

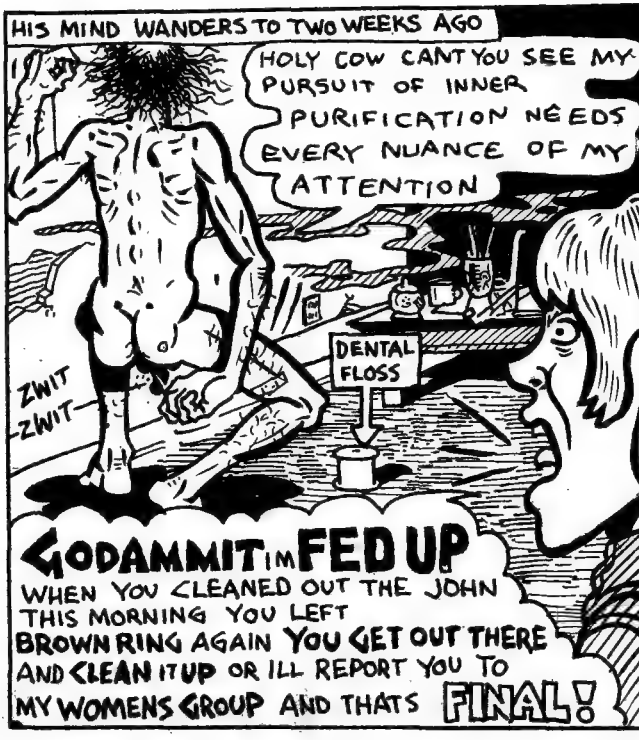
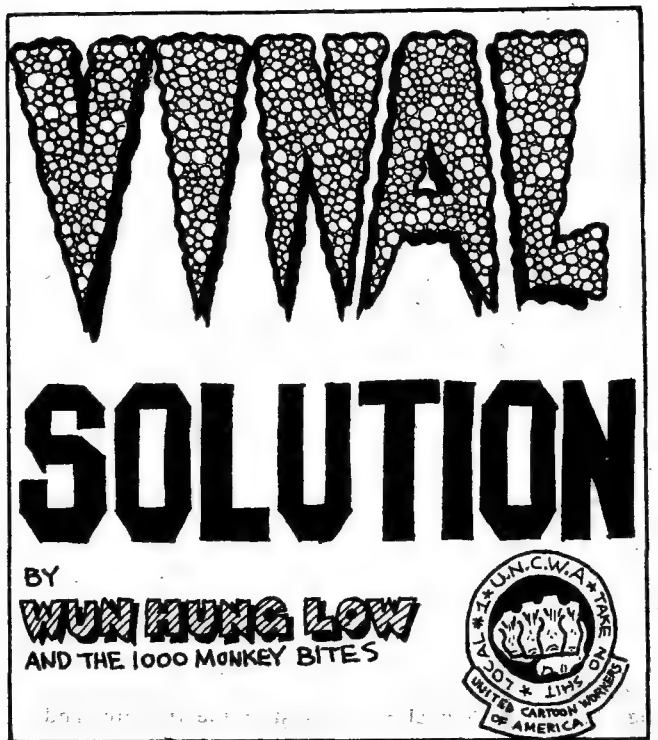
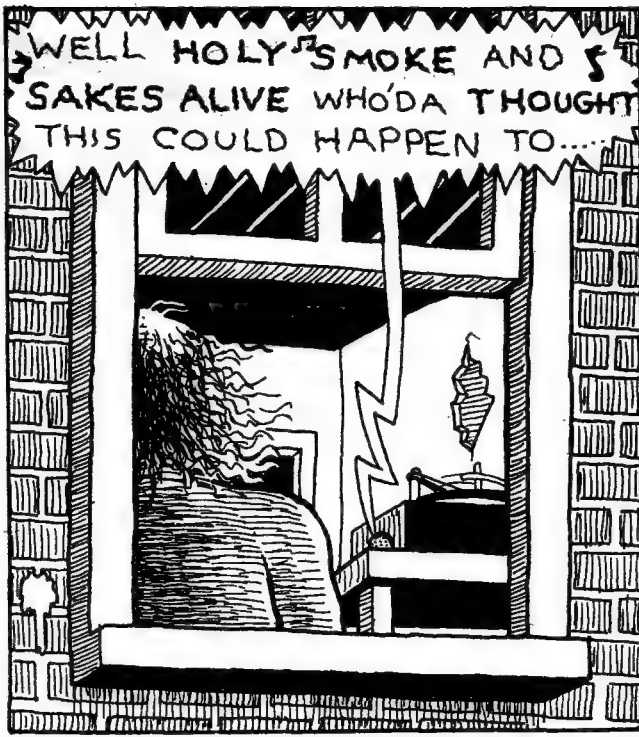
STARRING



WE CAN'T JUMP OUT, THIS BUGGY'S GOIN TOO FAST









WEAVERS REEFER DELI

ARF ARF

(CHUCKLE)...THOSE OLD BOZOS NEVER STOP TRYIN

NOTHIN DOING, I'VE BEEN SUCKERED BY YOU PSYCHE-DELIC DEAD-BEATS FOR THE LAST TIME!

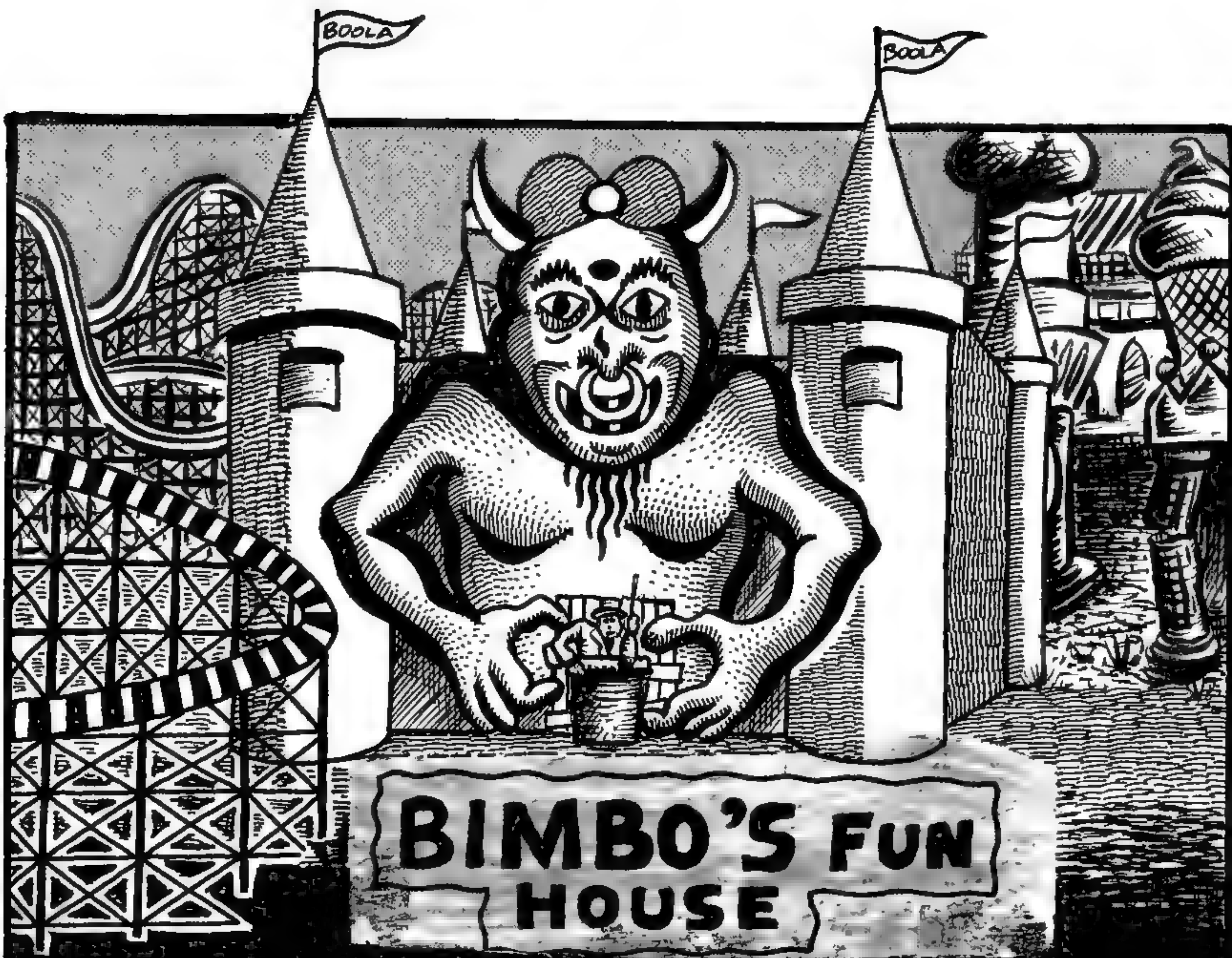
I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU **THURSDAY** FOR A PACK OF **MYSTIC MOONS** TODAY

I ON THE OTHER HAND, WOULD PREFER A SIX PACK OF **AQUAR-IAN ALE**

LIGHT UP A
MYSTIC MOON
Today
SOLID
AND SEE THOSE FAR AWAY PLACES
2002 A.D.

SPEEDO KRENSHAW AND KRISHNA HOROWITZ TRY PUTTING THE MOOCH ON WEAVERS REEFER DELI

Kim Deitch '70

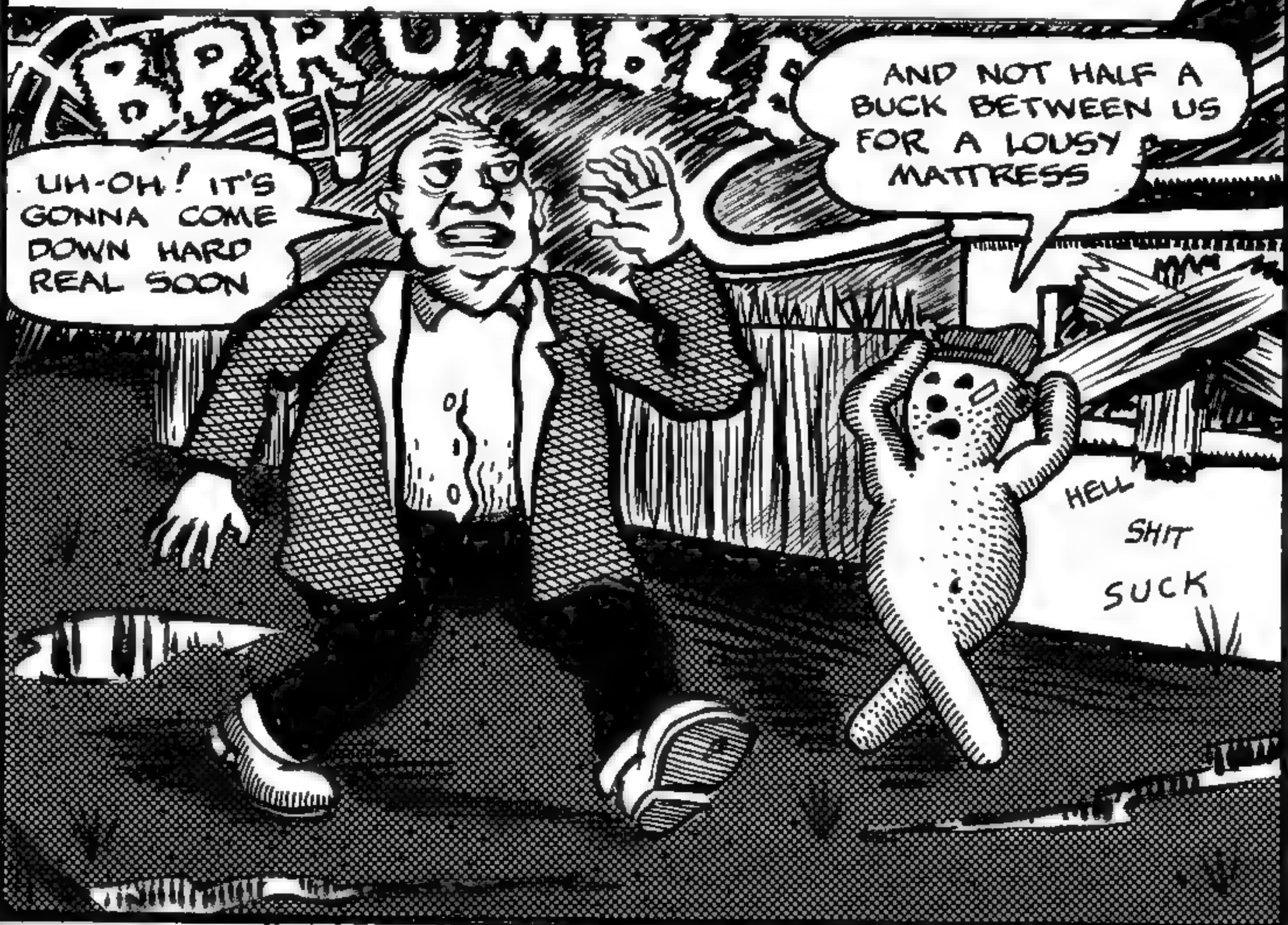


OCEAN-VIEW AMUSEMENT PARK HAS BEEN SHUT DOWN EVER SINCE THE TREMORS OF '54 WRECKED HAVOC WITH ITS SHAKY FOUNDATION.



PRIVATE FUN-HOUSE

EVEN A DERELICT ON HIS LAST LEGS WOULDN'T HOLE-UP IN THIS RAT-INFESTED FIRE TRAP...



... UNLESS HE WAS JUST PLAIN STUPID...



YOU THERE! THAT'S RIGHT- YOU!! GOO-GOO! TIRED? WRETCHED? HUNGRY? YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE? STEP UP, BOYS! I DON'T BITE! OLD BIMBO NEVER TURNED A HUNGRY MAN FROM HIS DOOR! HOW'S A BOWLA CHILI N' A GLASSA VEENO SOUND TO YA?! THAT GOES FOR YOUR LITTLE TUFTY BUDDY TOO!



I REALLY 'PPRECIATE TH' FREE EATS, MISTUH- BUT I CAN'T WORK FOR YUH- MY BACK IS FUCKED-UP AND-

WORK?! WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WORK? EAT HEARTY!

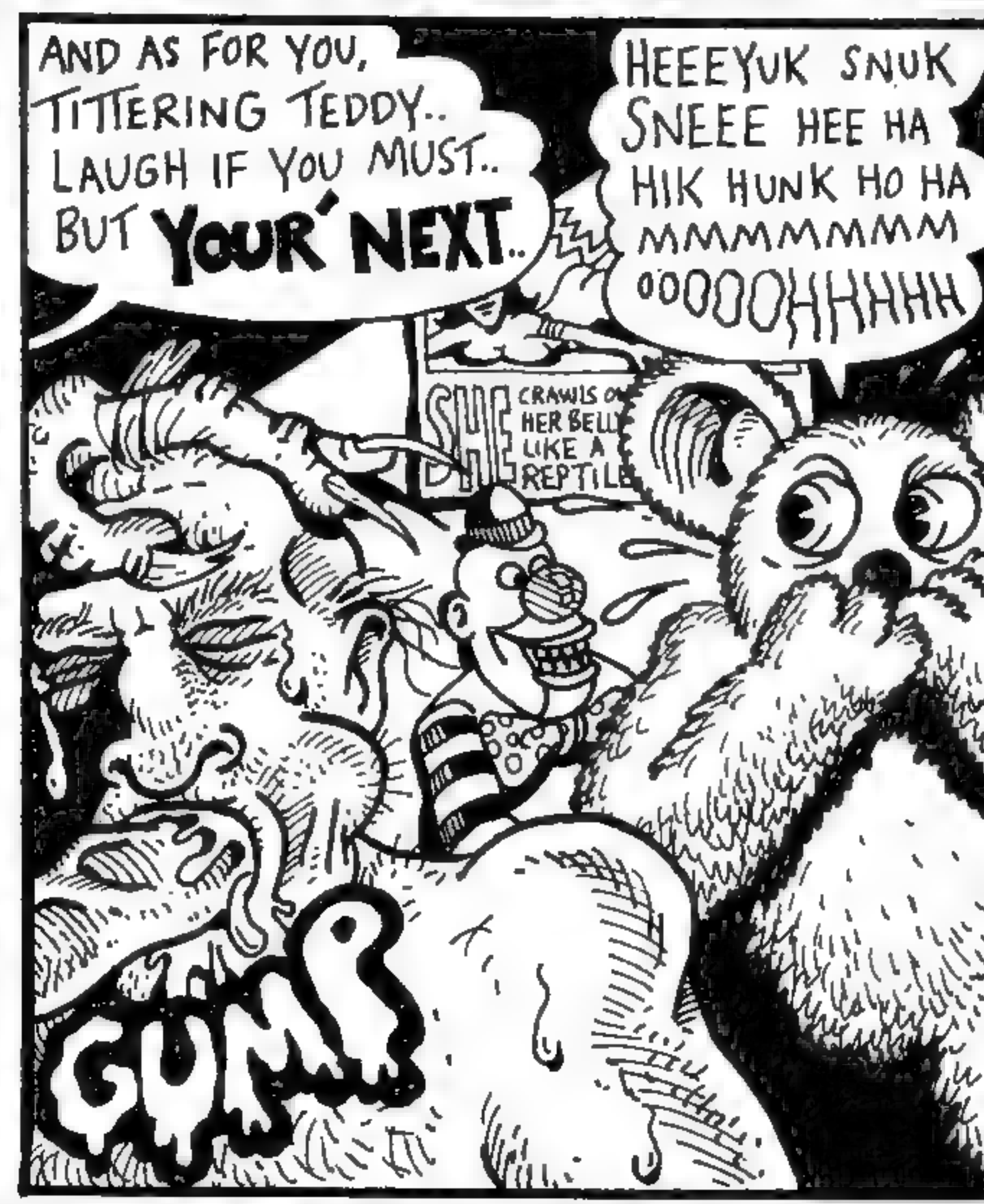


"WELL, WELL, WELL MY PATHETIC PAIR!! IT IS A DIM PROGNOSIS I FORSEE FOR YOU!"

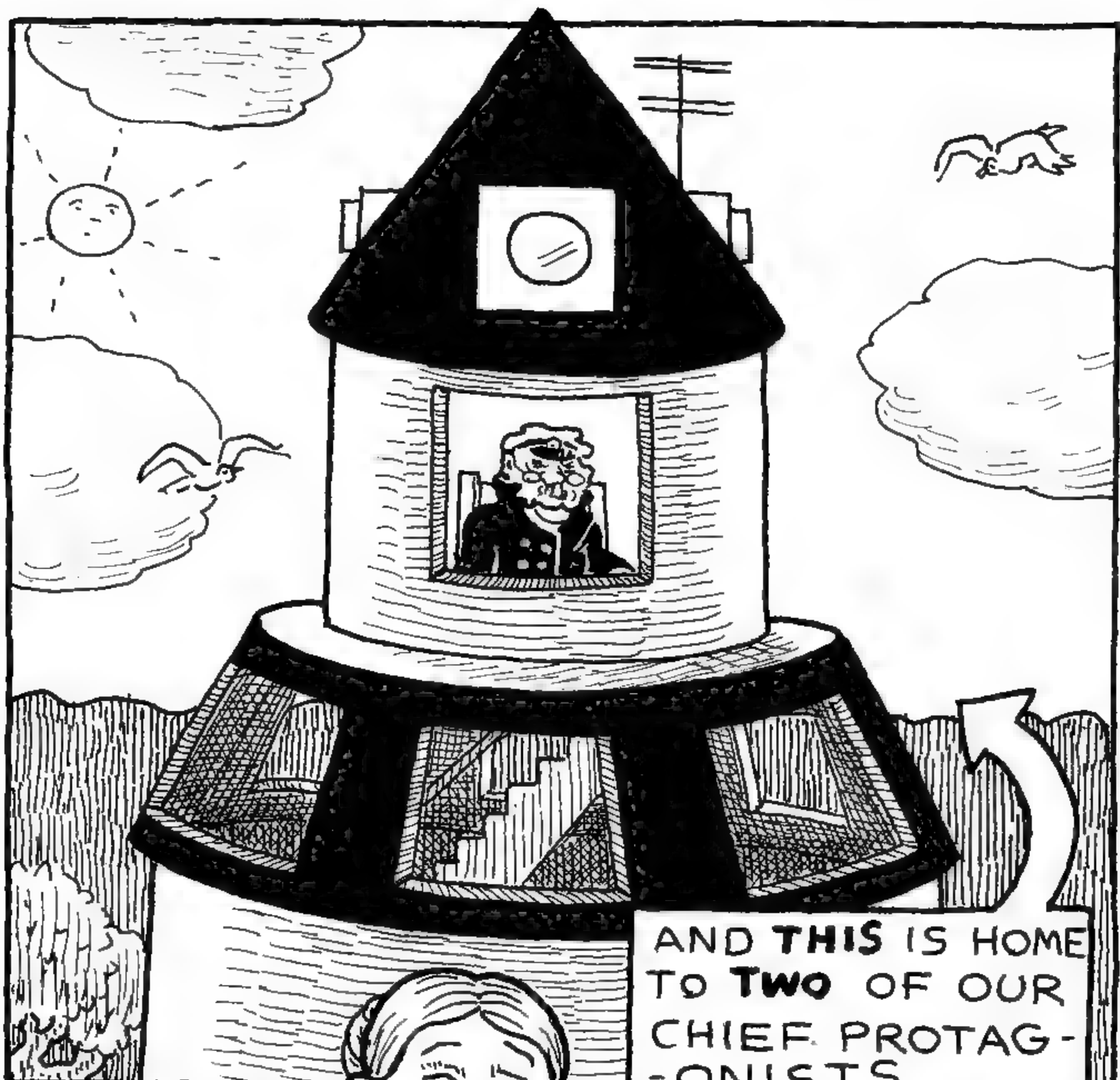
DIM, YOU SCUM!!!
FOR ETERNITY!



OH FUNLEEZE!
IS THERE NO
WAY OUT??!



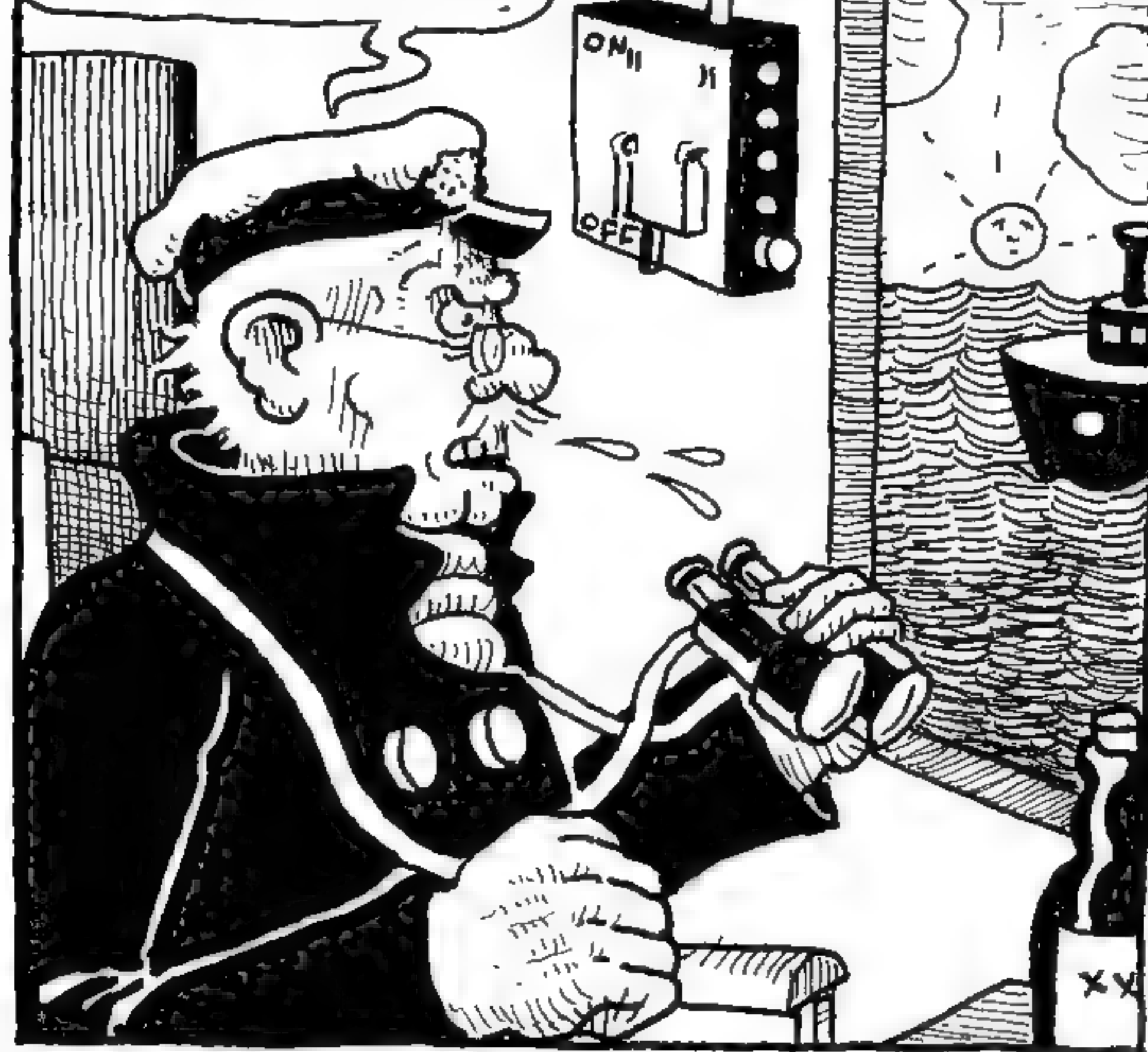
THIS IS BRINDLESTEEN, A TINY FISHING VIL-
-LAGE OFF THE NOVASCOTIA COAST



AND THIS IS HOME
TO **TWO** OF OUR
CHIEF PROTAG-
-ONISTS.....

FIRST, WE HAVE **CAPTIAN
HEZEKIA WINTER**, THE
OLD LIGHT HOUSE KEEPER

DAD BLAME IT!



ACTUALLY, THE OLD
MAN WASN'T FIT TO DO
TOO MUCH THESE DAYS
OUTSIDE OF WATCHIN'
THE SHIPS GO BY



I SHORE DO HATE
T'SEE THAT SUN GO DOWN

COME PAPA,
IT IS TIME
FOR BED



ALL THE **REAL** WORK
WAS DONE BY HIS
MELANCHOLY
ADOPTED DAUGHT-
-TER, **MONIQUE
VAUGEL**... GROAN!

AN OLD MAID AT 36, SHE
MIGHT HAVE GONE ON LIKE
THIS FOR YEARS HAD IT
NOT BEEN FOR THE...OOO

YA DWIVERIN COW
CUNT! DEVIL GIT
YEW FOR THIS
MARK MY WORDS
KOFF KOFF

THERE
THERE
PAPA



APPARITION

BY FOWLTON MEANS

ILLUSTRATED BY
K. DEITCH

IT ALL STARTED SIMPLY
ENOUGH ONE NIGHT WHEN
MONIQUE HAD AN EXTREM-
-LY INTERESTING DREAM....



SUDDENLY, SHE WAS IN A LAVISH 18TH CENTURY PARLOR.....AND SHE WAS NOT ALONE

MONIQUE
MY TENDER
BLOSSOM...

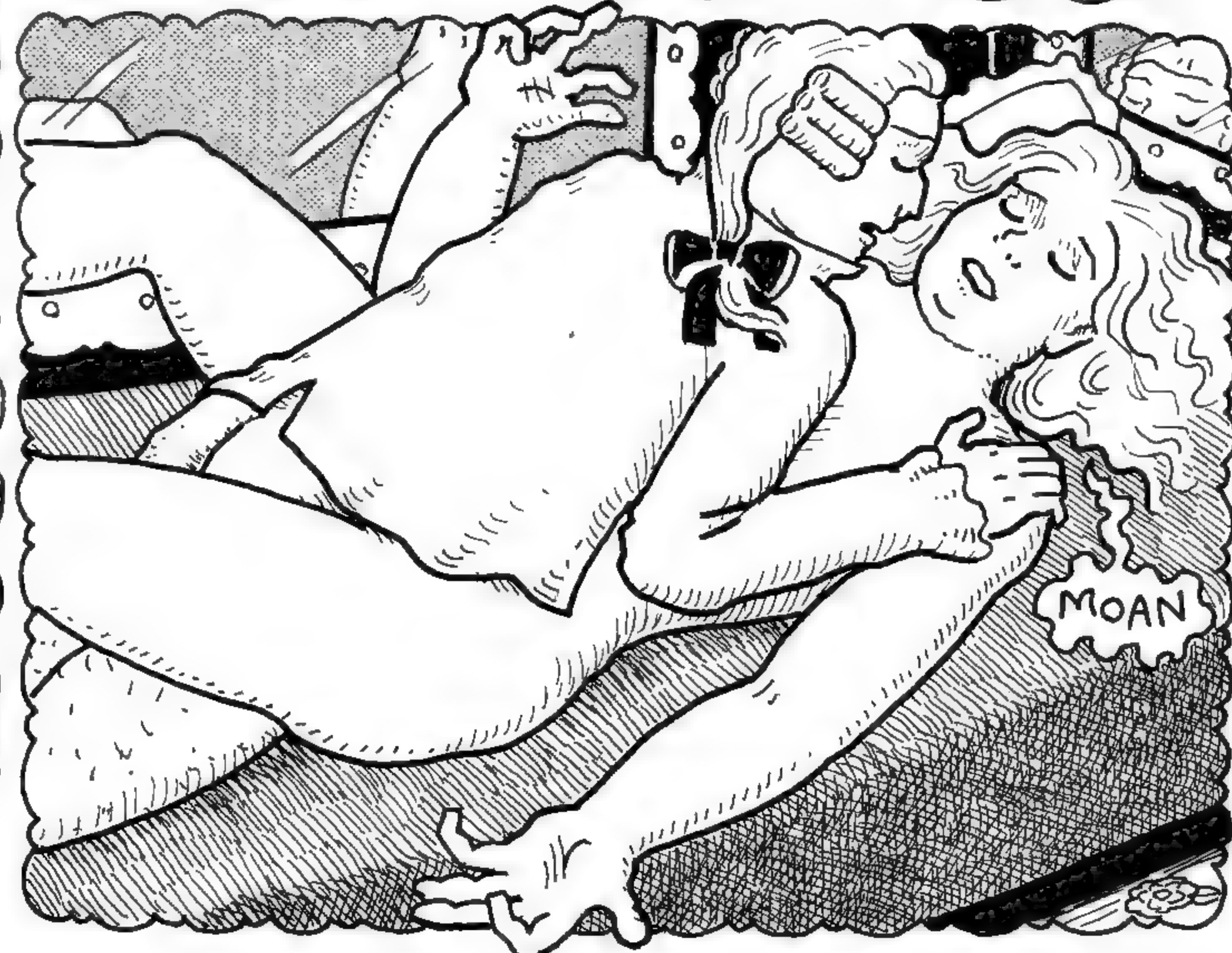
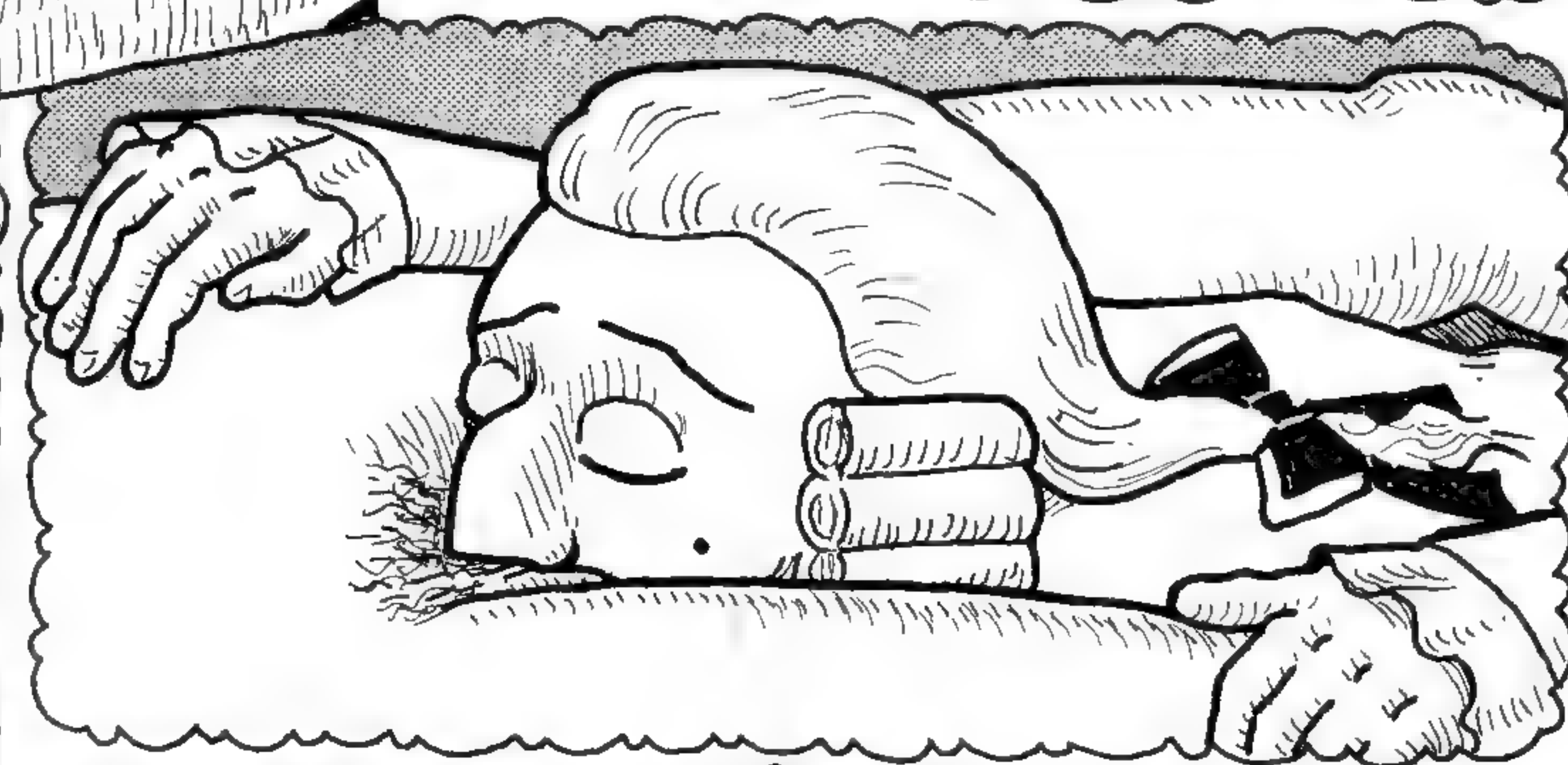
CHARLES ANDREAS VARNAY, IS
AT YOUR SERVICE

GIGGLE

OOOOH

ER I MUST GO
MY SWEET BUT
NEVER FEAR...

FOR
I SHALL
RETURN





MUCH LATER, IN A LOCAL TAVERN, **MILES MICROFT**, THE CELEBRATED **PSYCHIC DETECTIVE**, EVES DROPS ON A RATHER INTERESTING CONVERSATION



WHEN I SEEN HIM COME WALTZIN IN WITH THE TIDE!

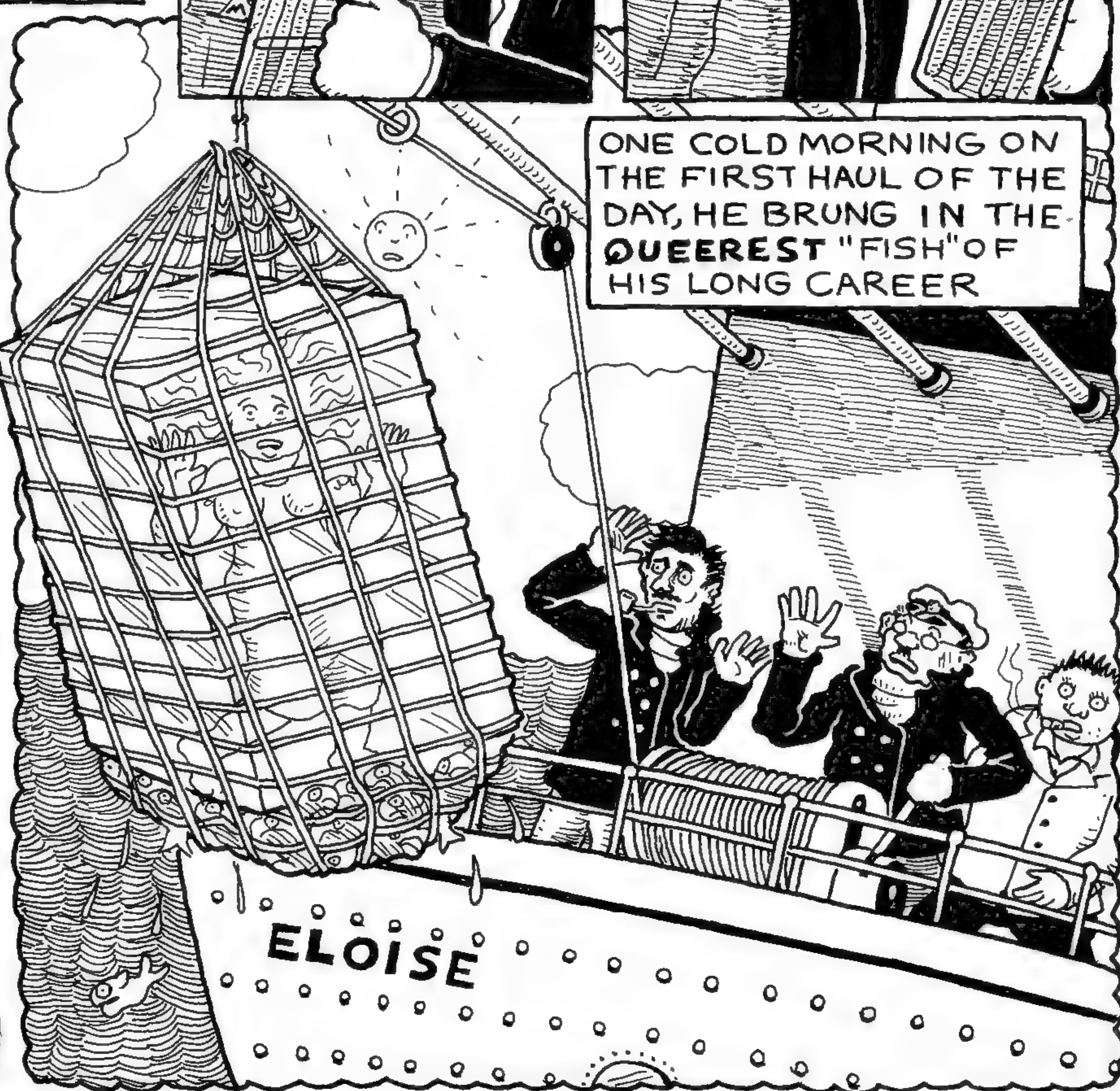
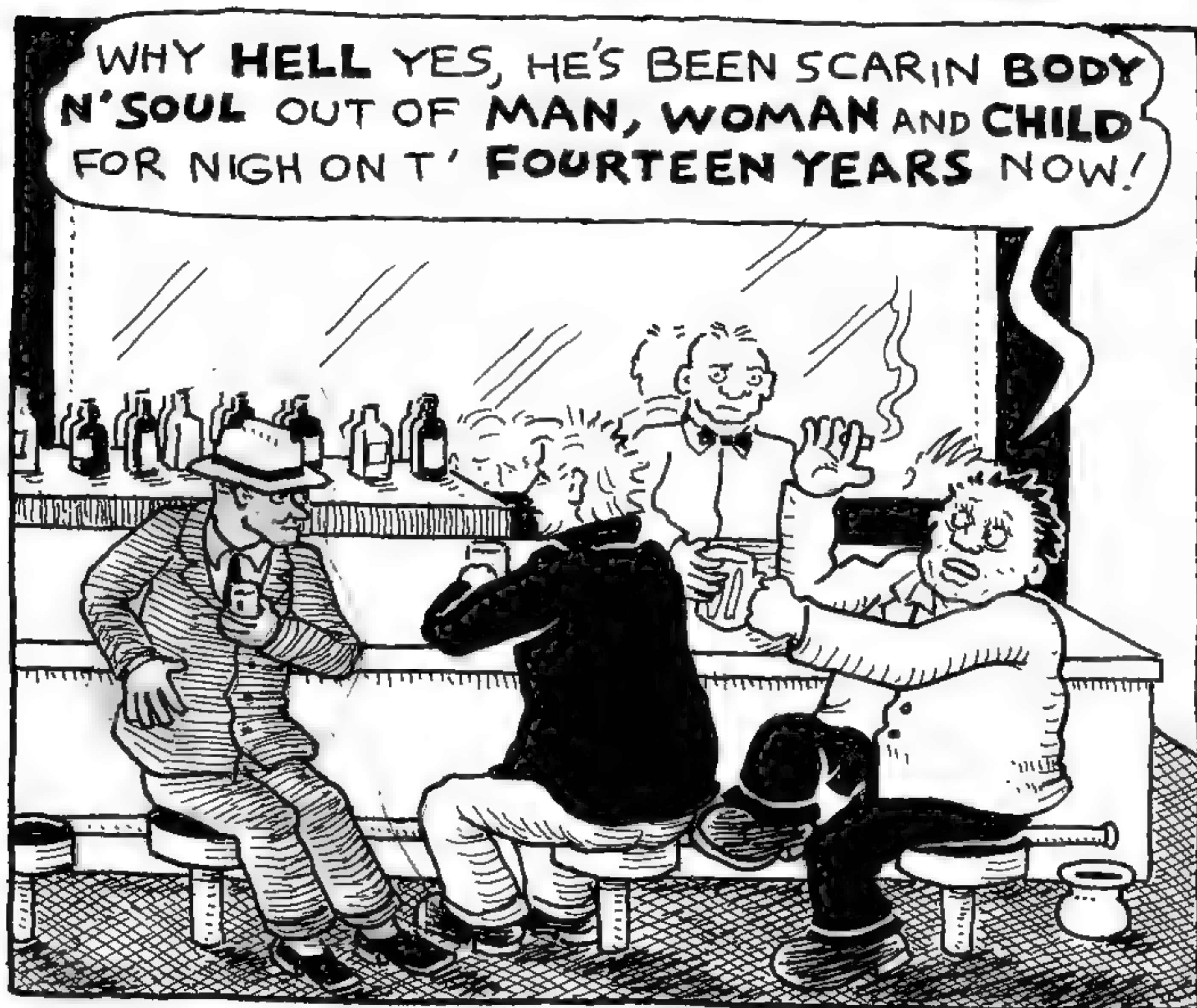


HE PAID ME NO MIND AND HEADED INLAND TOWARDS THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE

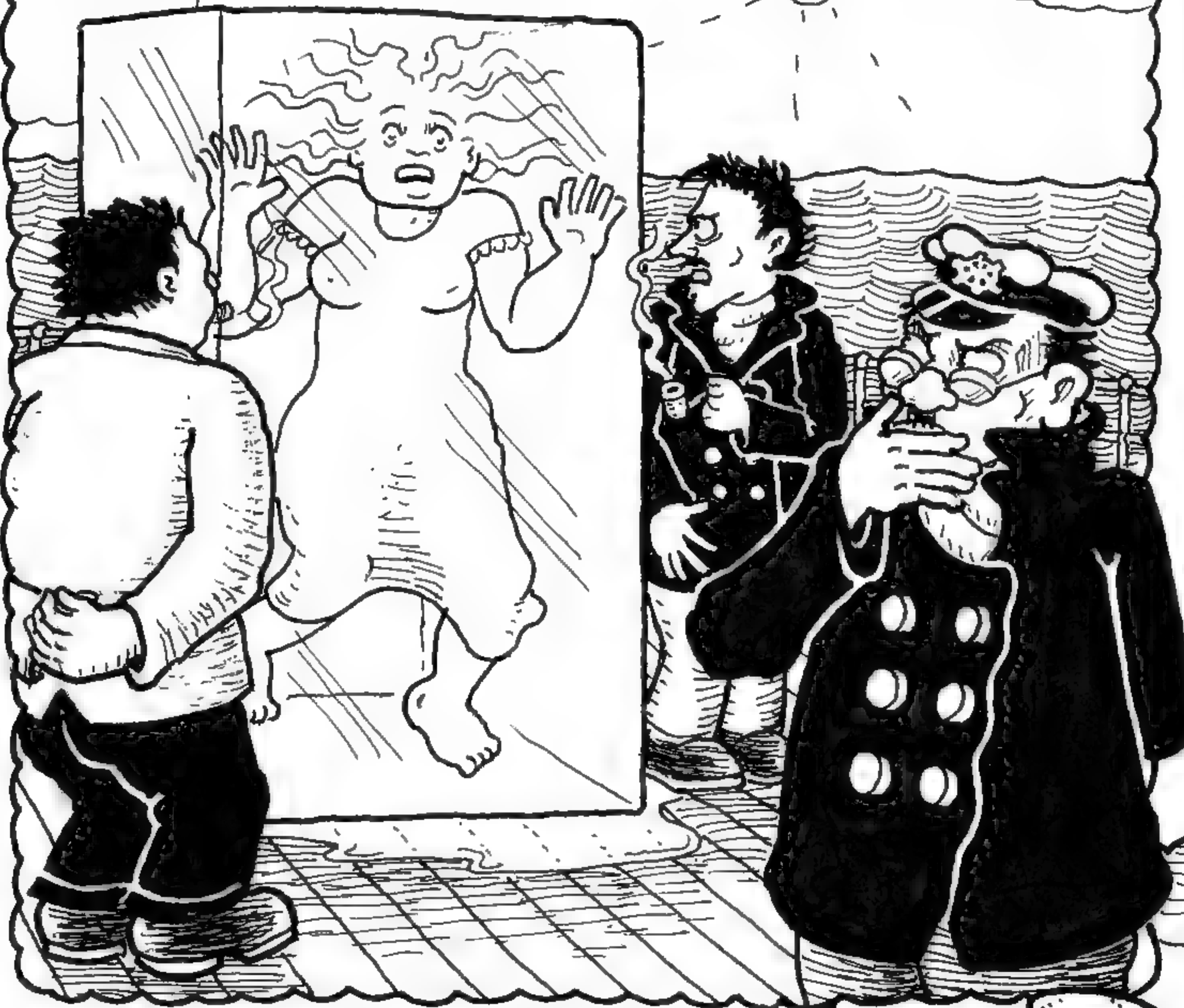


SAY, **THIS** COULD BE **JUST** THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!





WELL LOTS OF FOLKS WOULD HAVE GIVEN HER UP FOR DEAD, BUT NOT HEZEKIA,....



FORCED SOME BRANDY TWEEN HER STIFF BLUE LIPS,.....

HE HAD HER THAWED DOWN

AND, I'LL BE DAMNED IF SHE DIDN'T COME TO!

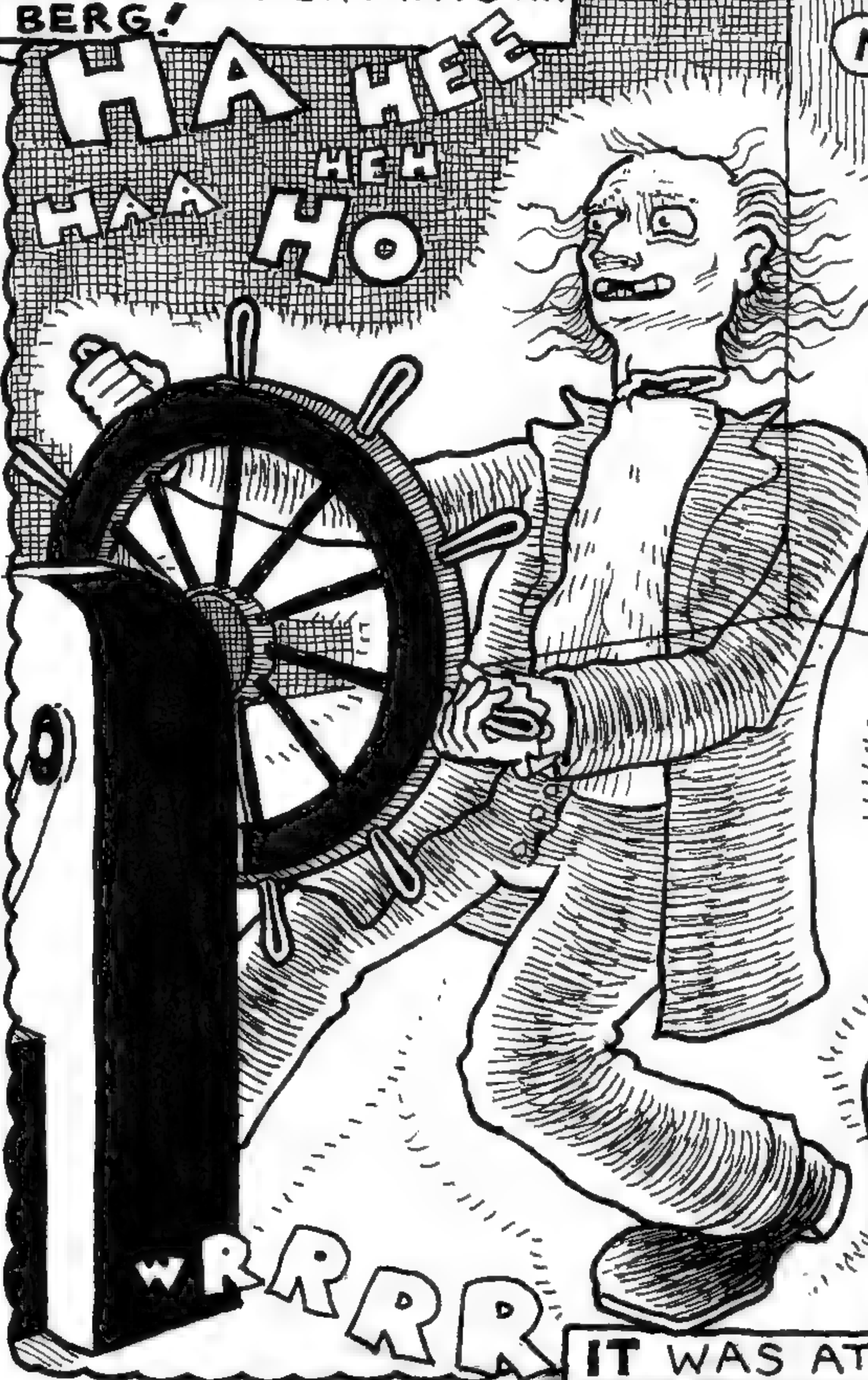


JUST THEN SOMEBODY NOTICED THAT WE WAS HEADIN STRAIGHT INTO AN ICE BERG!



WELL CAP RAN FOR THE BRIDGE JUST AS FAST AS HE COULD

AND GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE

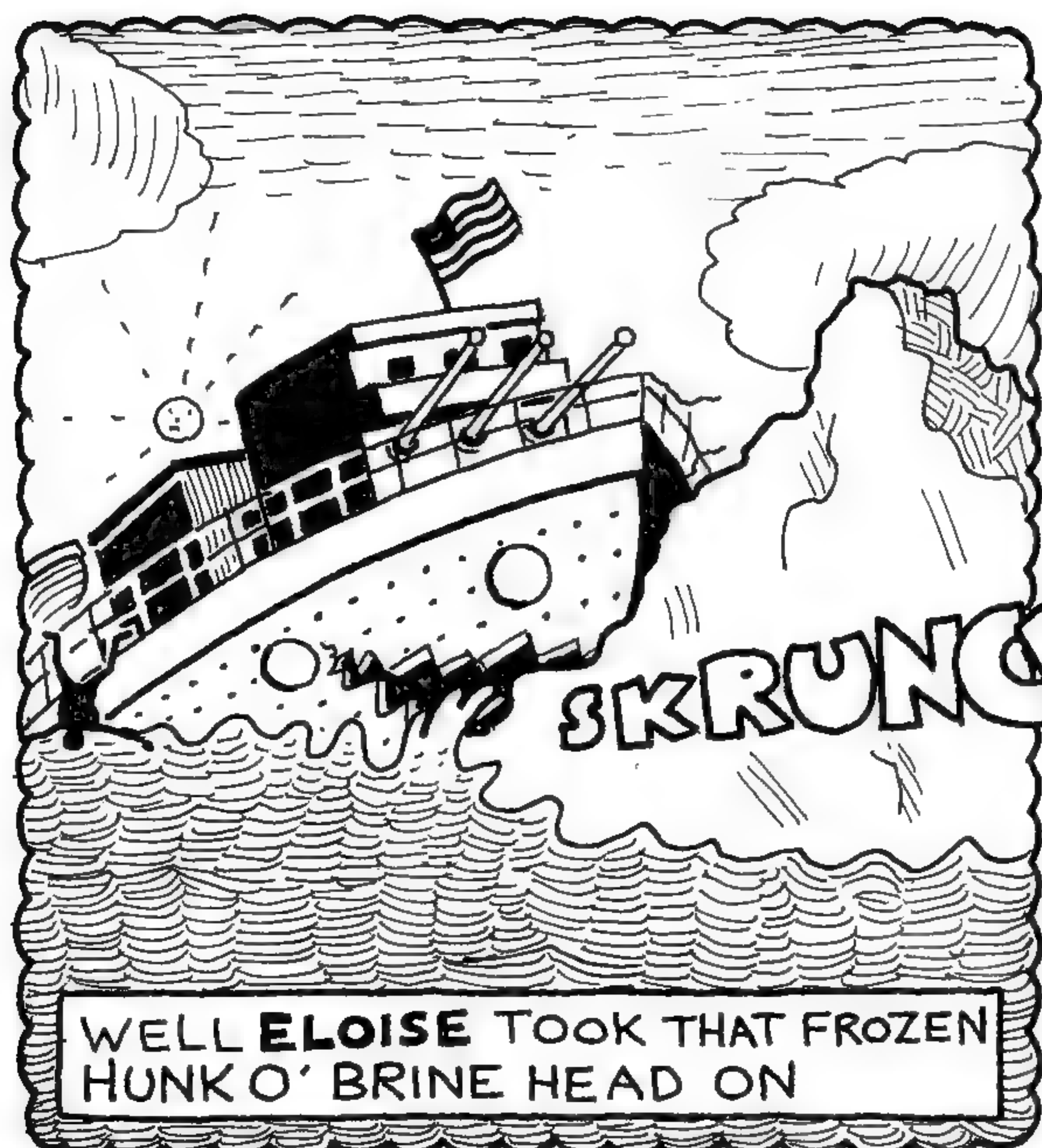


HA HE HE
HAA HO

MOTHER O'GAWD!



IT WAS AT THE WHEEL



THOSE OF US THAT SURVIVED WAS JUST LUCKY I GUESS, CAUSE THAT TUB SUNK LIKE A STONE



WELL **ELOISE** TOOK THAT FROZEN HUNK O' BRINE HEAD ON

WE WAS GONNA SEND THAT HUSSY IN RIGHT BEHIND FIGURIN SHE JINXED US



BUT **CAP** PUT TH' KABOSH ON ALL SUCH NOTIONS

FERGIT IT BOYS



HE TRIED TO GET A LINE ON HER, BUT ALL SHE'D OWN UP TO WAS HER BLAMED MONICKER

VAUGEL MY NAME IS **MONIQUE VAUGEL**



OLD CAP WAS NEVER TH' SAME AFTER THAT,

HE QUIT THE SEA N' ADOPTED THE GIRL

TH' TWO OF EM BEEN RUNNIN THE OLD LIGHT HOUSE EVER SINCE



IVE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS THING IMMEDIATLY

BAR



LOST IN THOUGHT, **MICROFT** HASTENS TO HIS HOTEL ROOM,

WHERE HE IS SOON ENGAGED IN **DEEP** STUDY





THROUGH THE PHENOMENON OF ASTRAL PROJECTION MILES MICROFT, FAMED PSYCHIC, SOARS INTO ACTION



AND BACK AT THE LIGHT
HOUSE, A BY NOW FAMILIAR
OCCURRENCE IS IN PROCESS

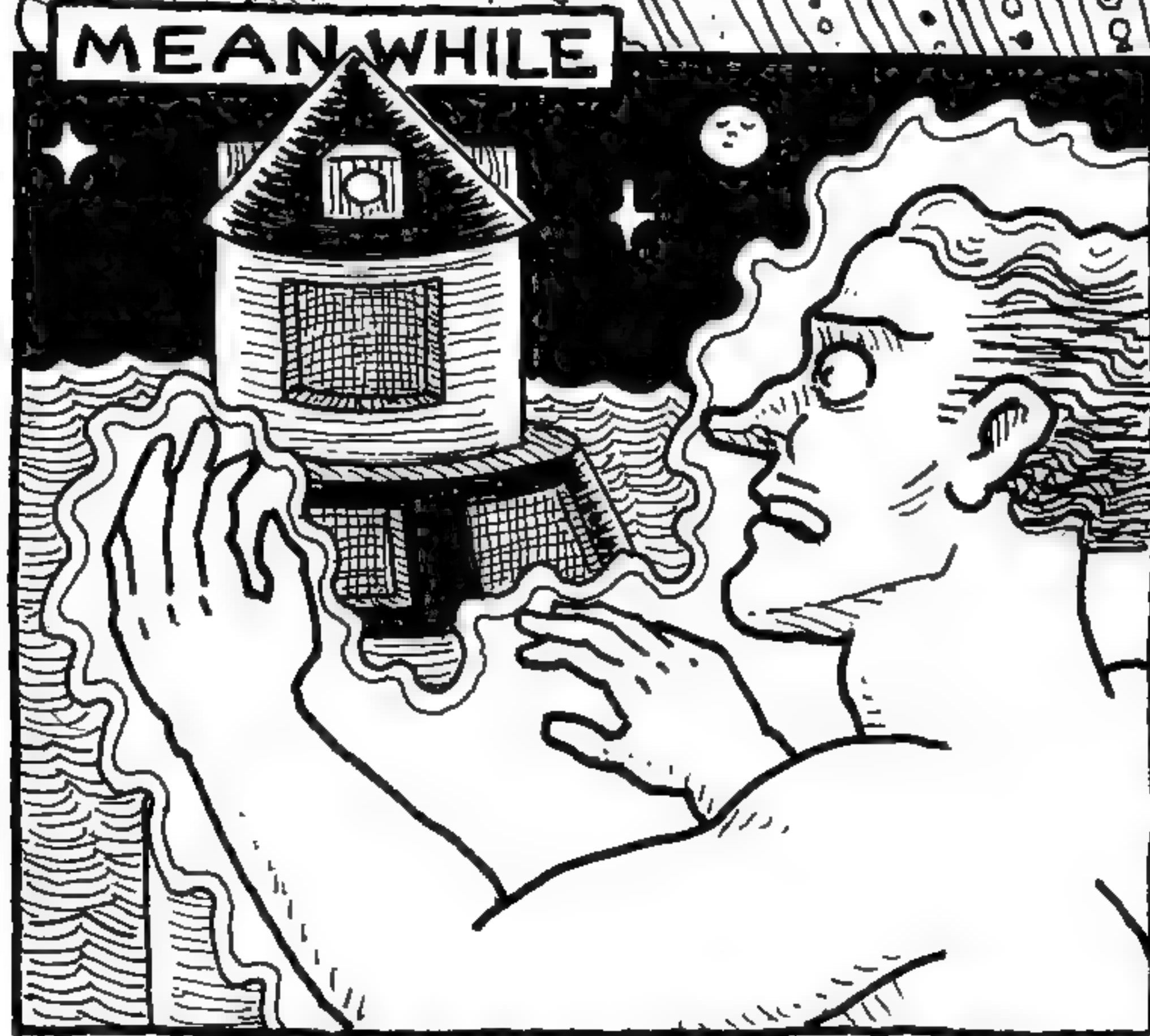


CHARLES!

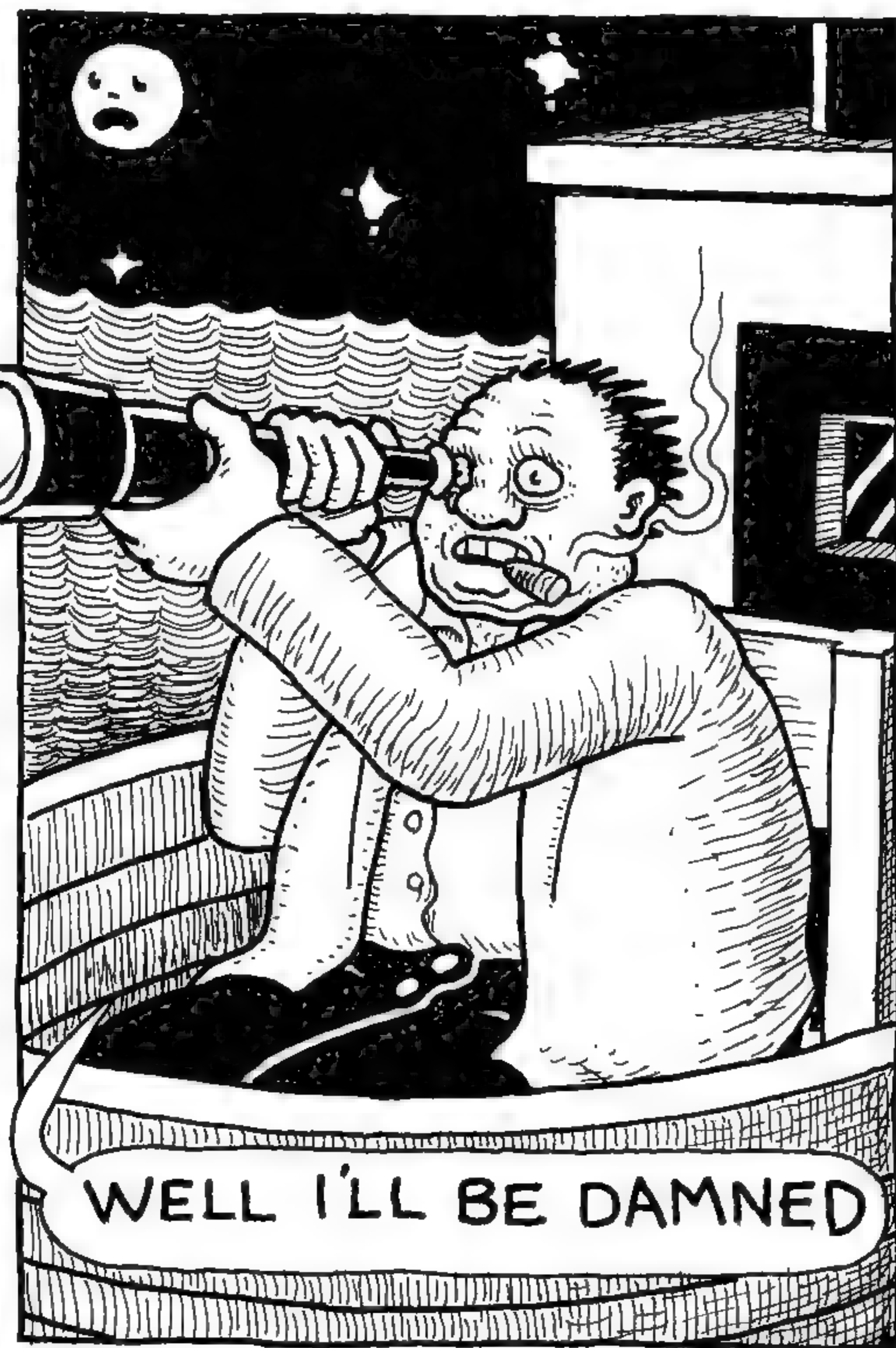
COME MONIQUE
MY GONDOLIER
AWAITS US



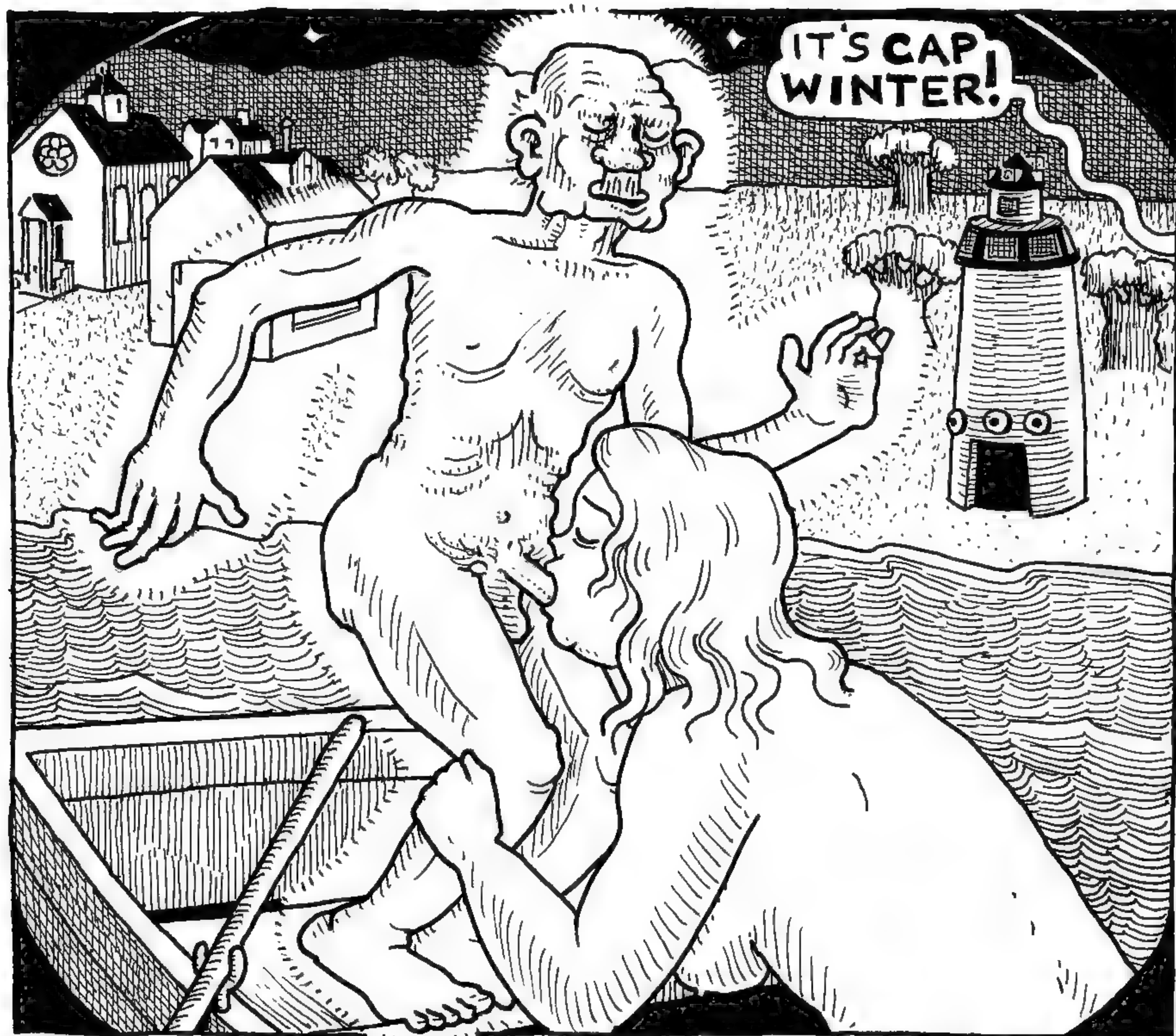
OH CHARLES

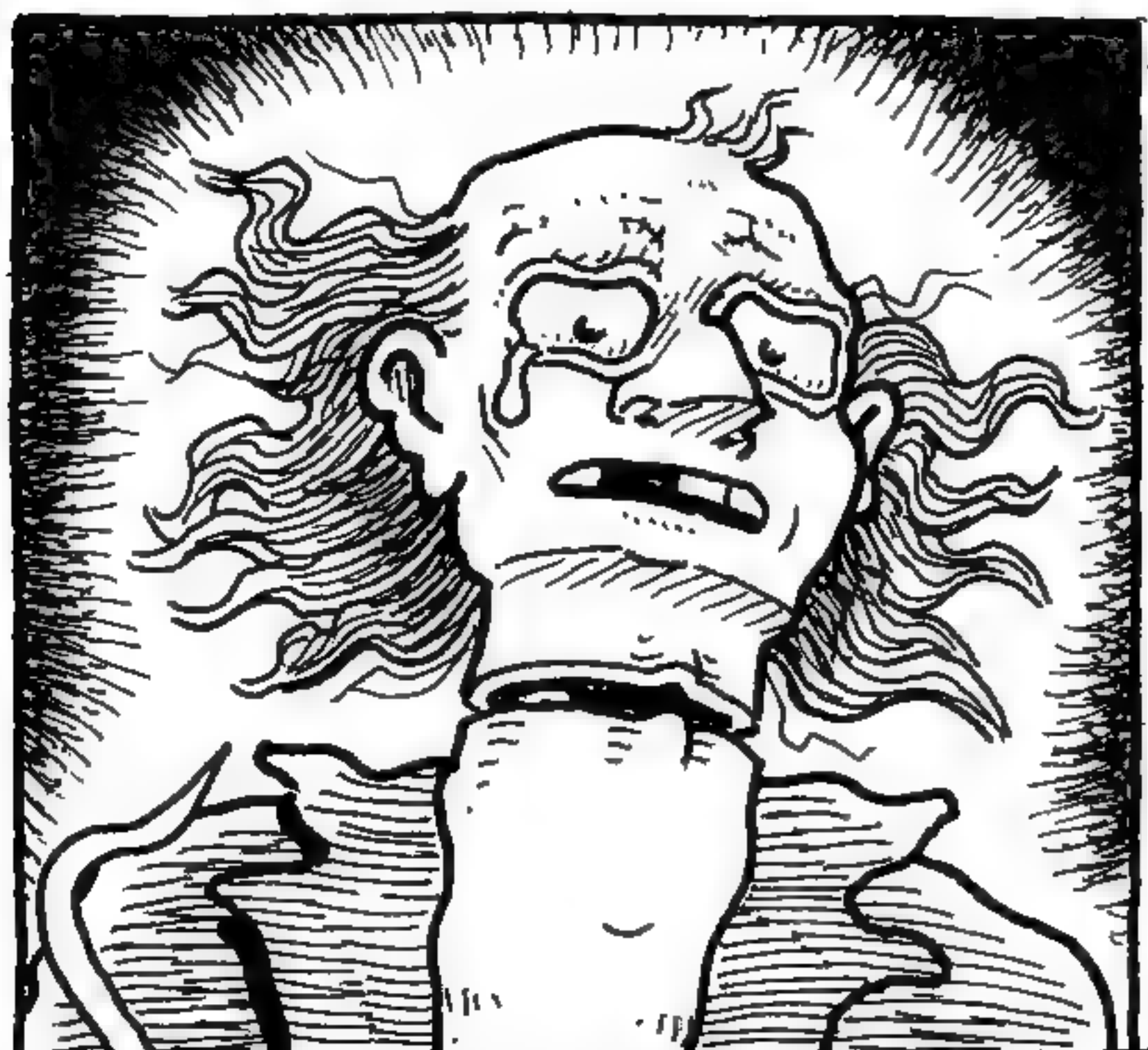
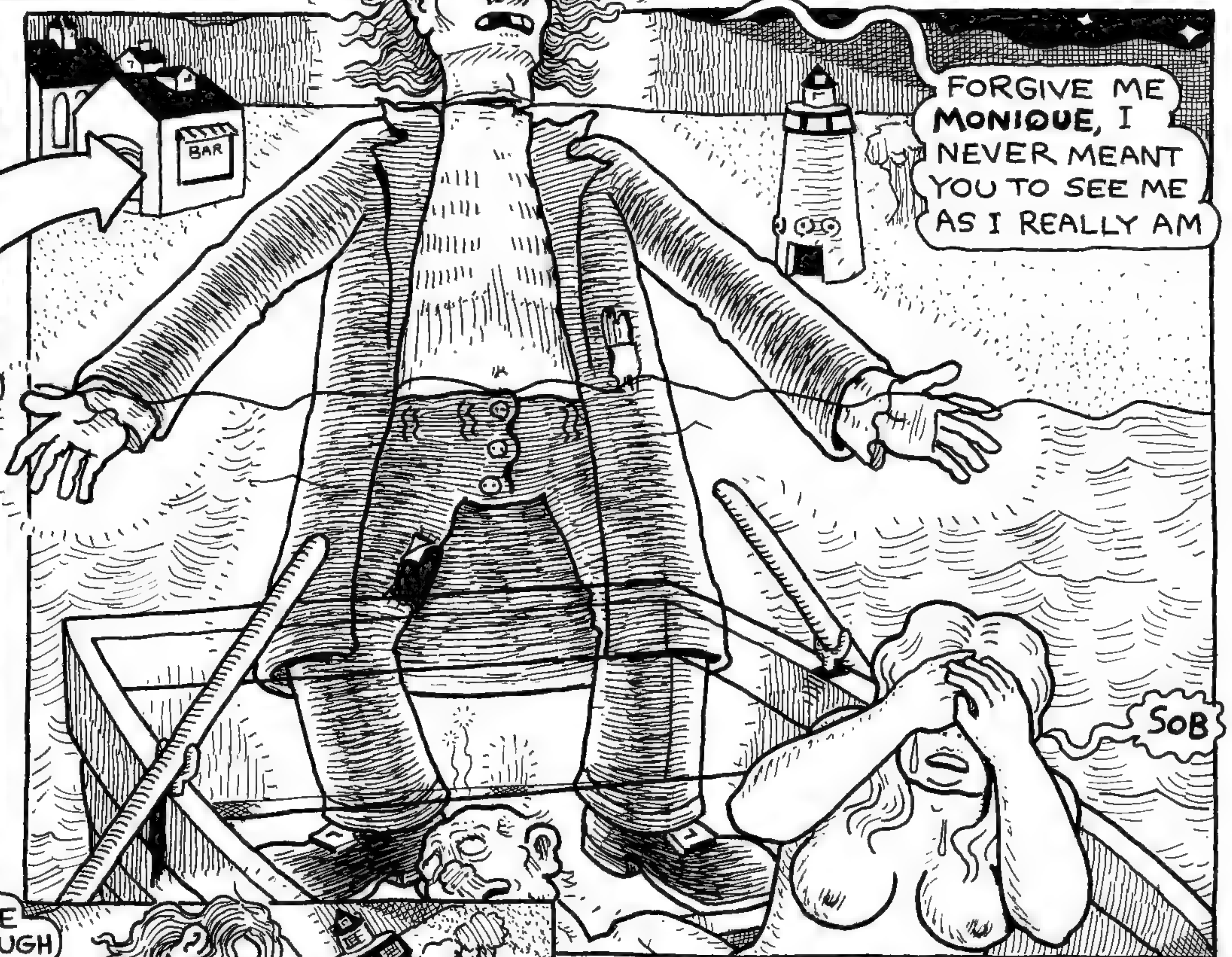
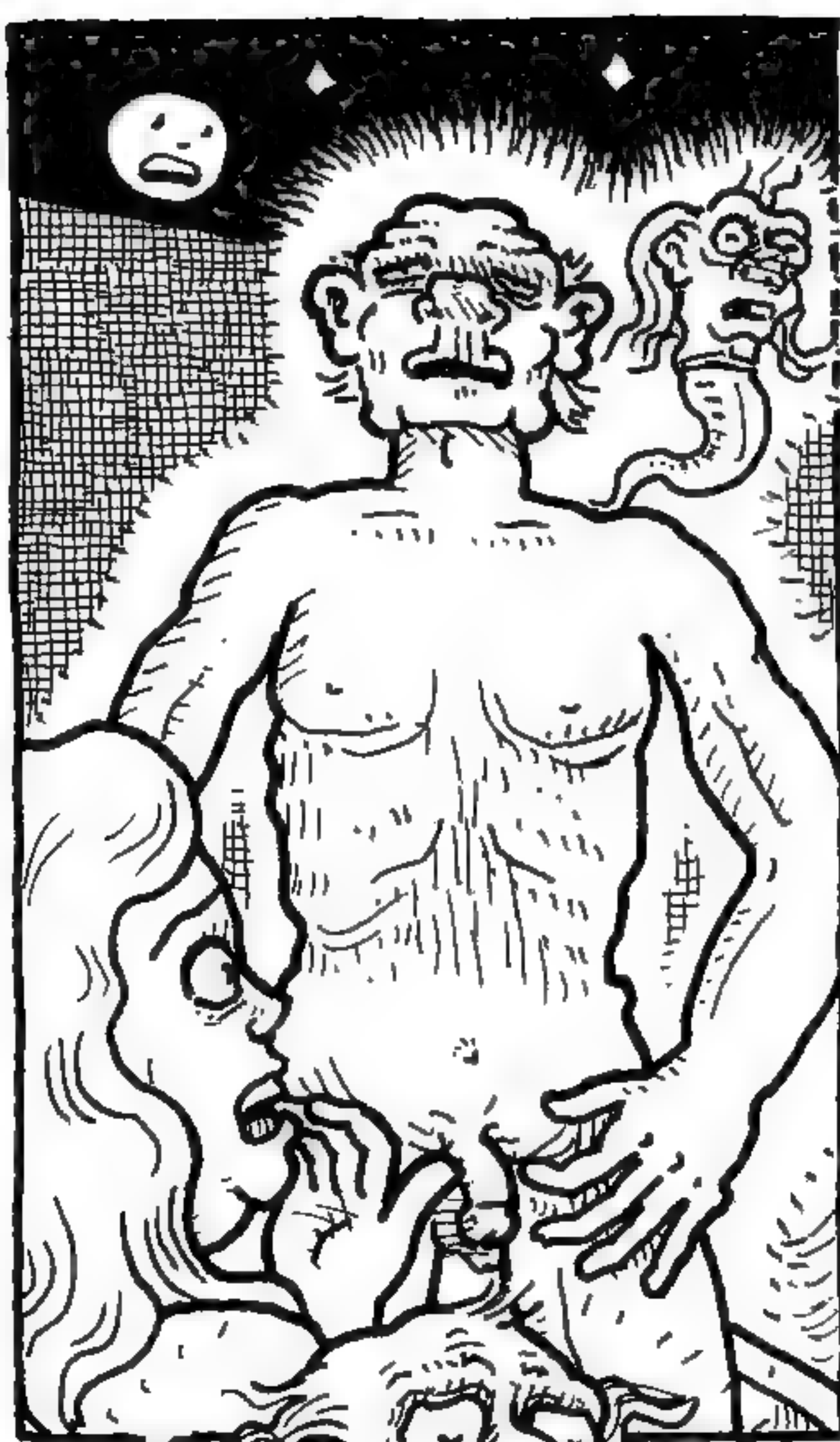
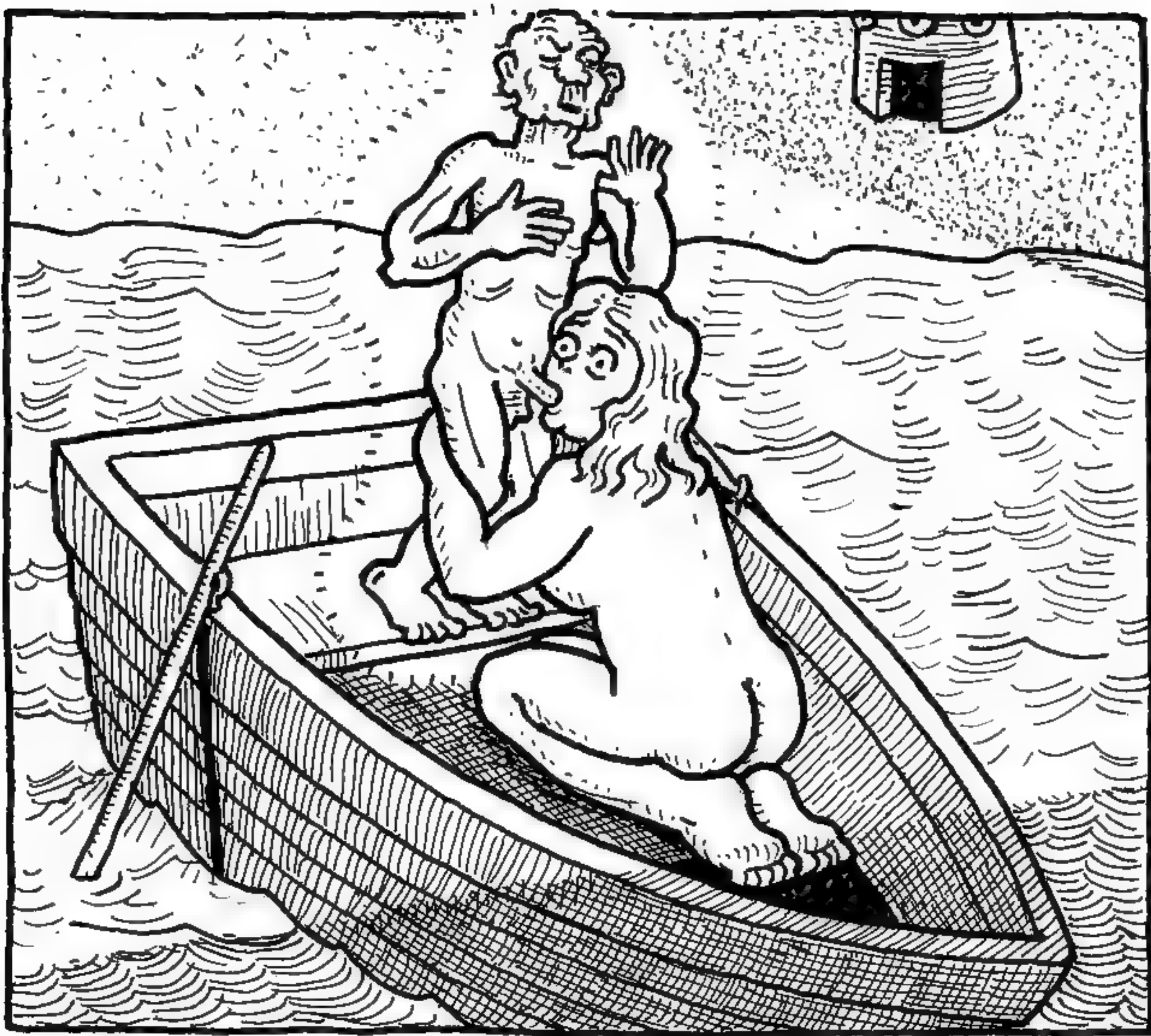


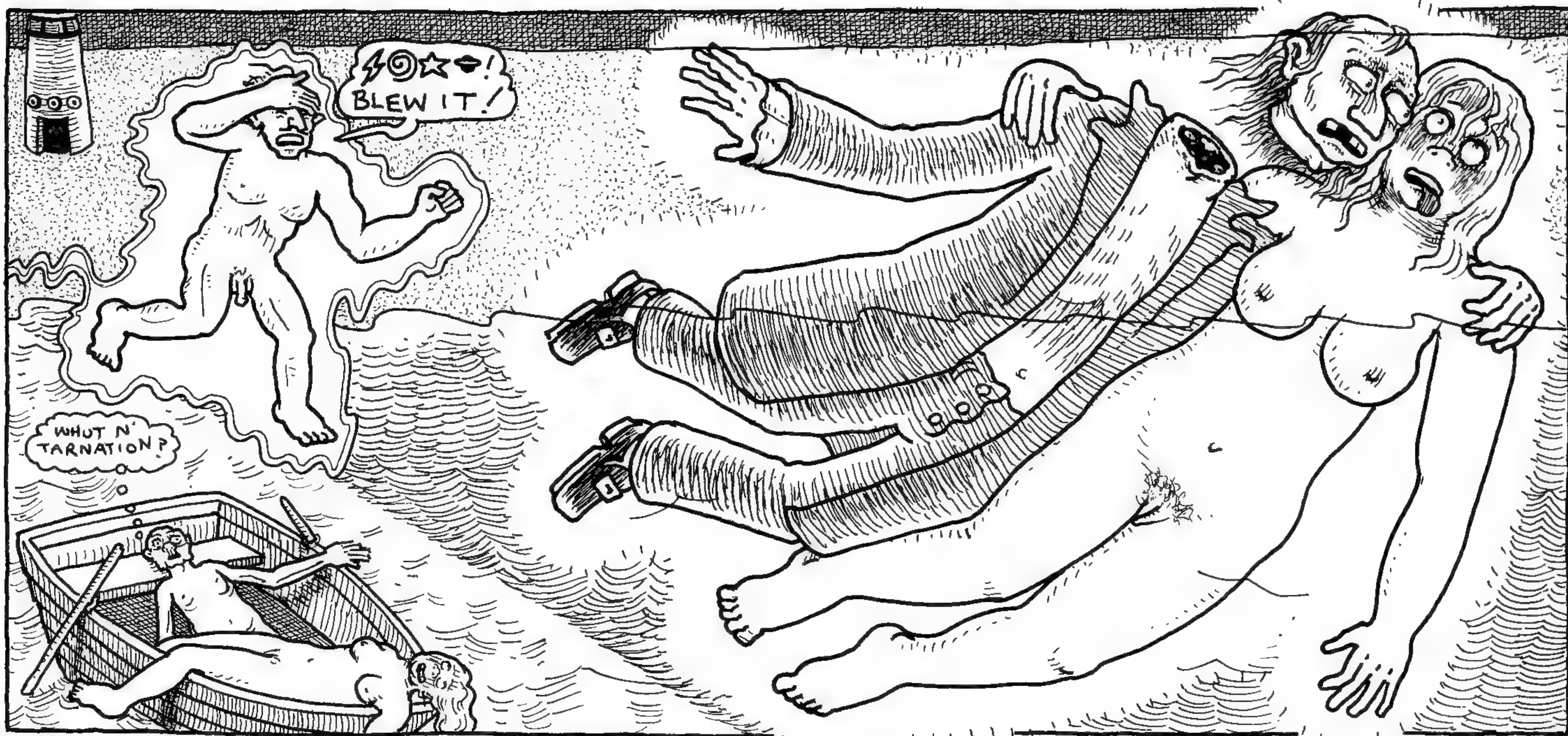
MEANWHILE



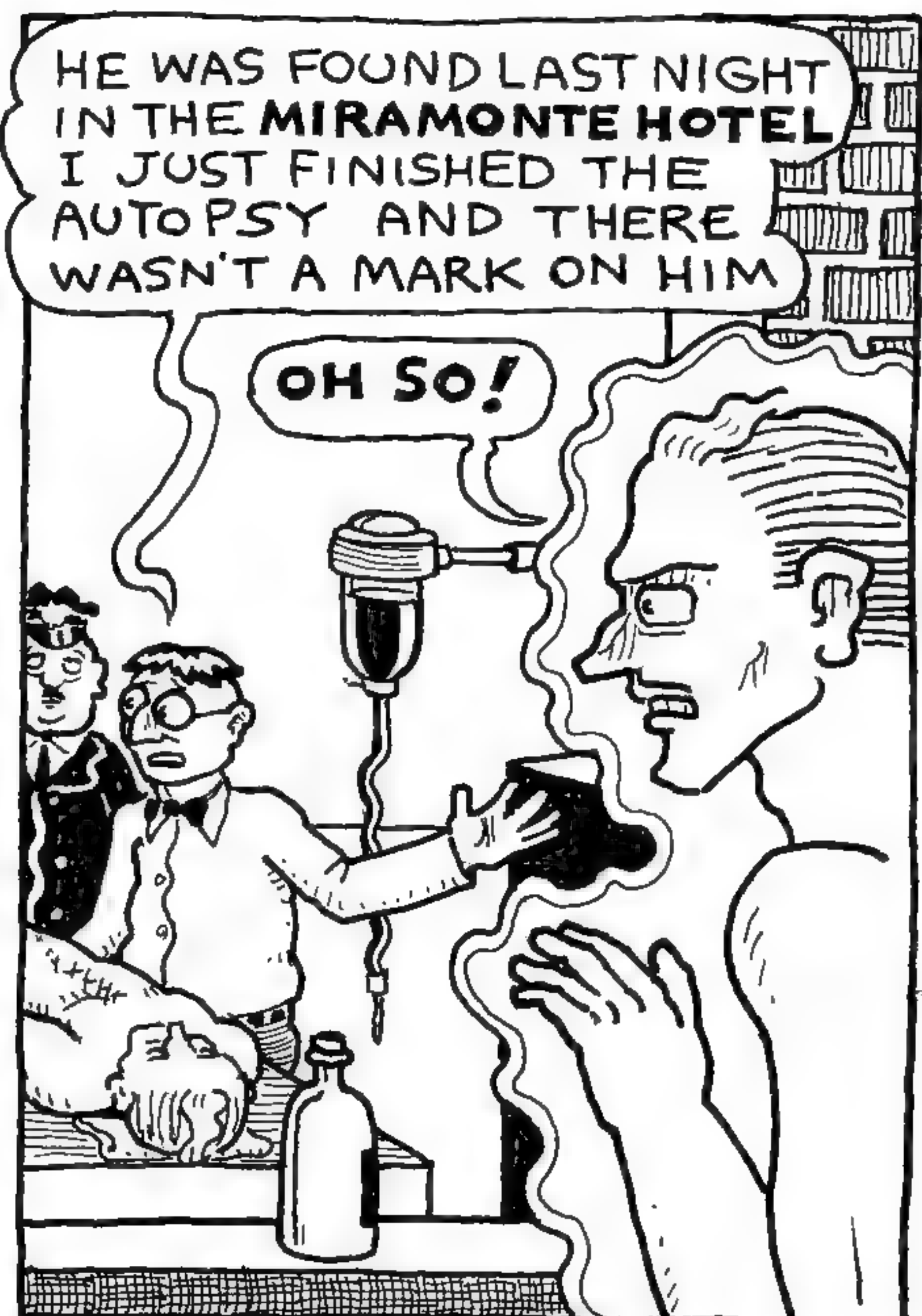
WELL I'LL BE DAMNED

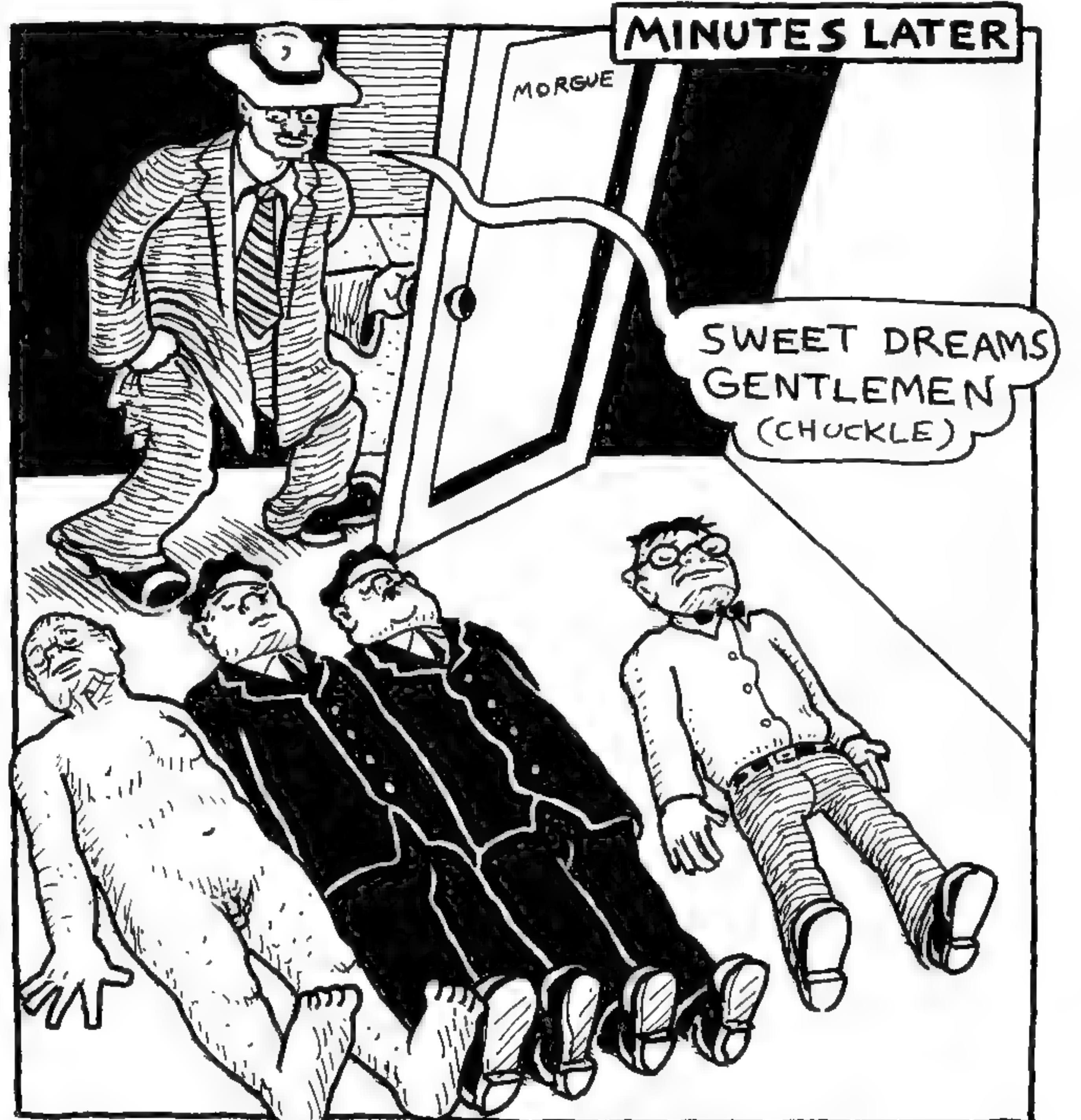
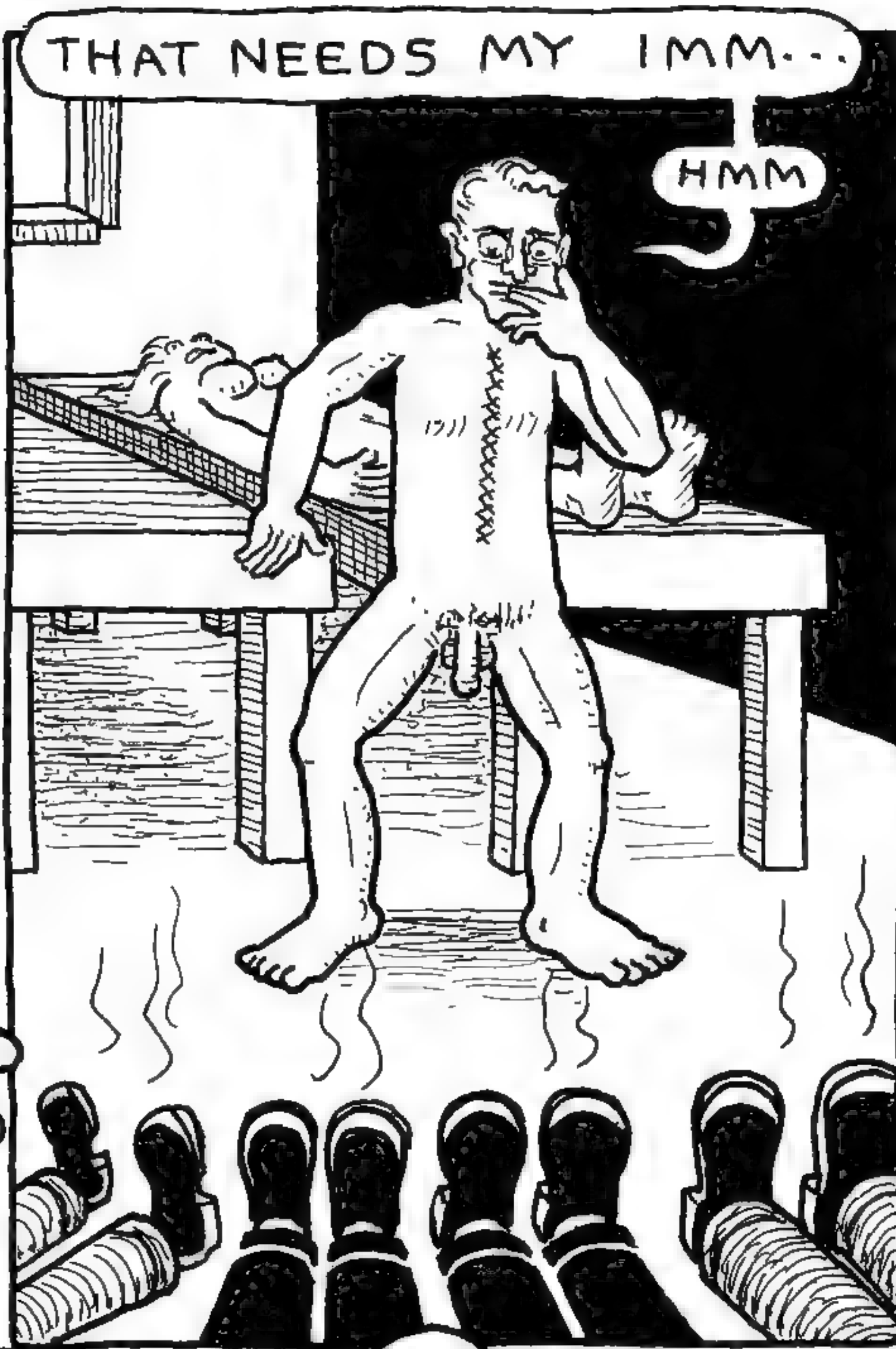




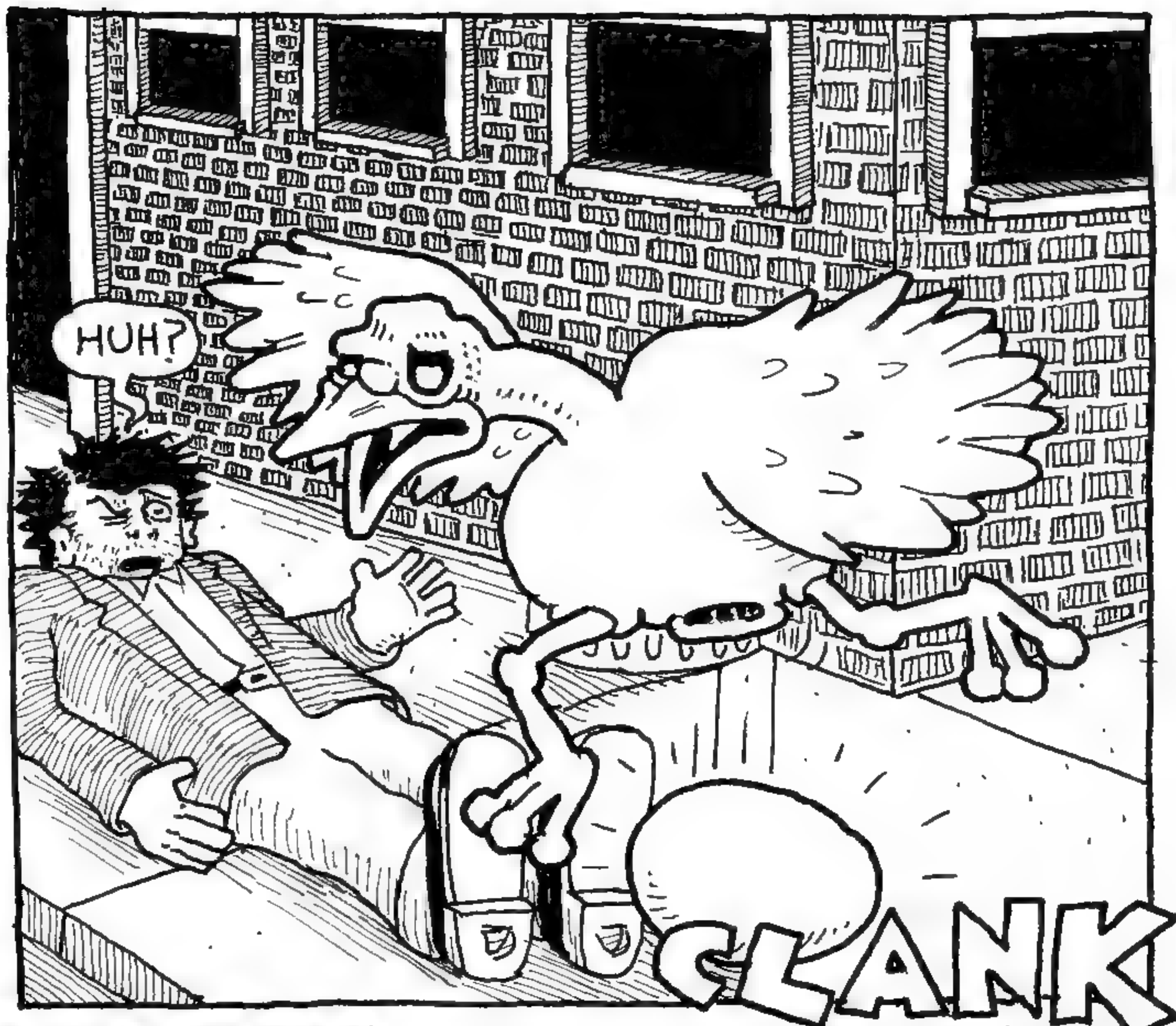
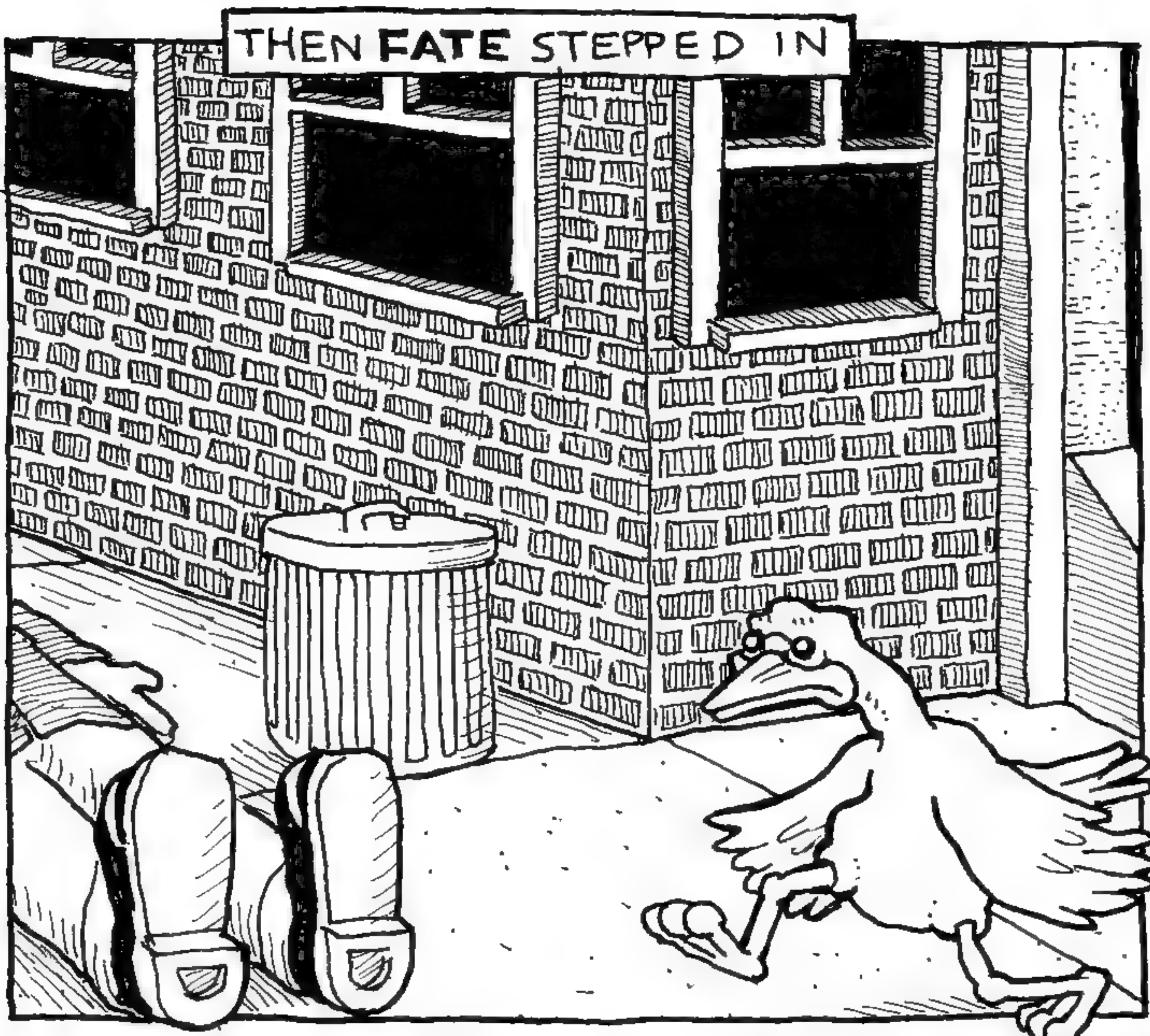


LATER AT THE LOCAL MORGUE!

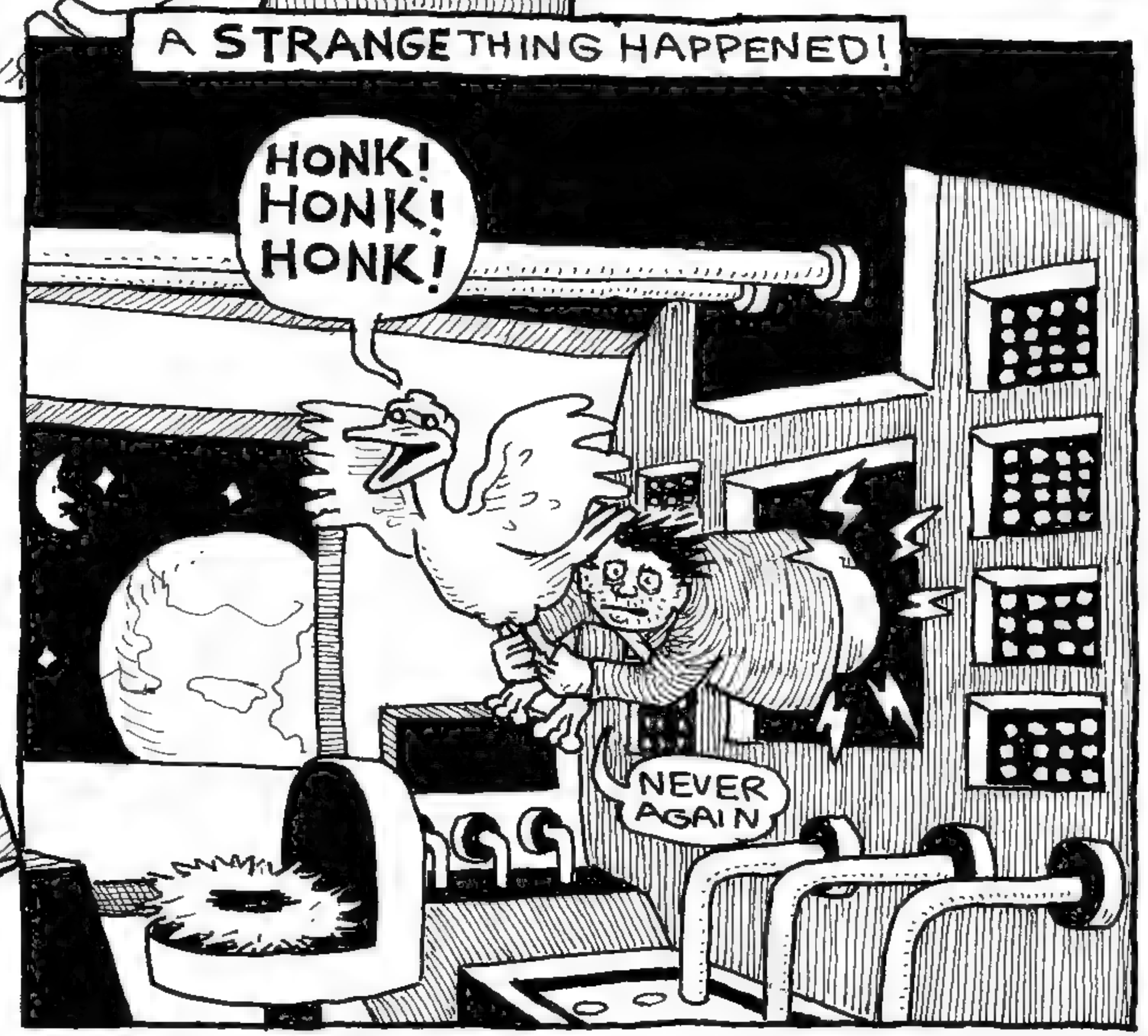
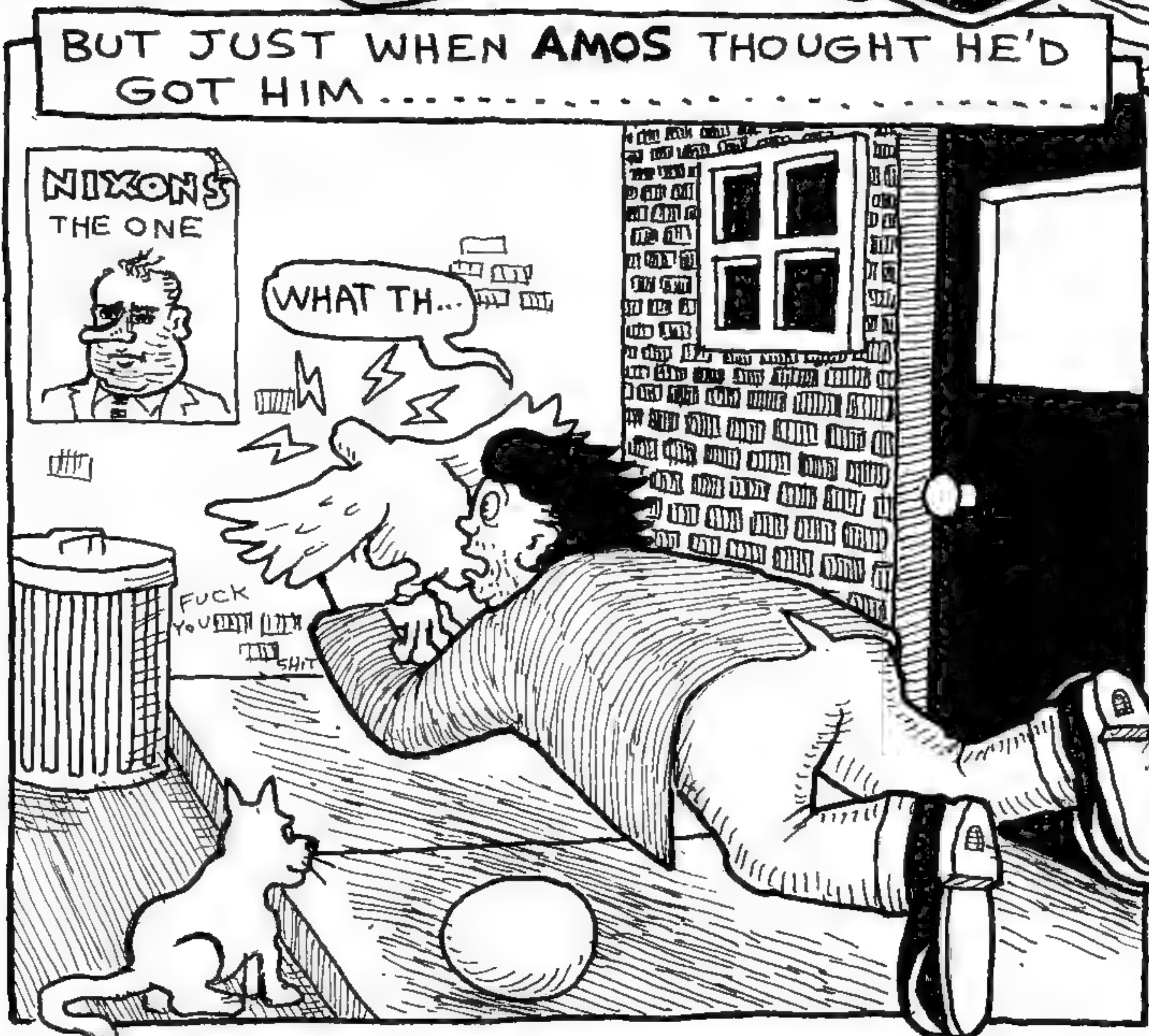
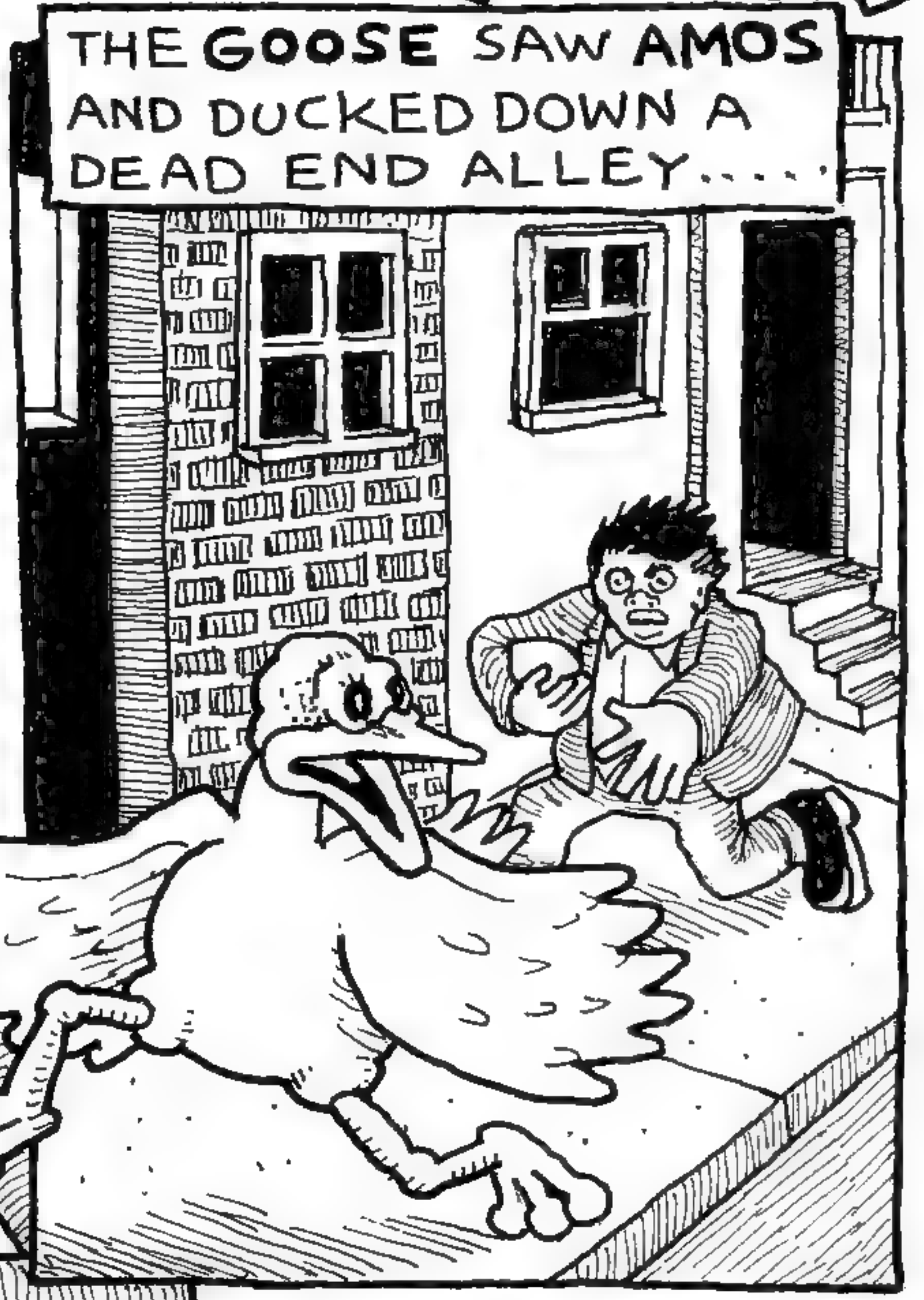


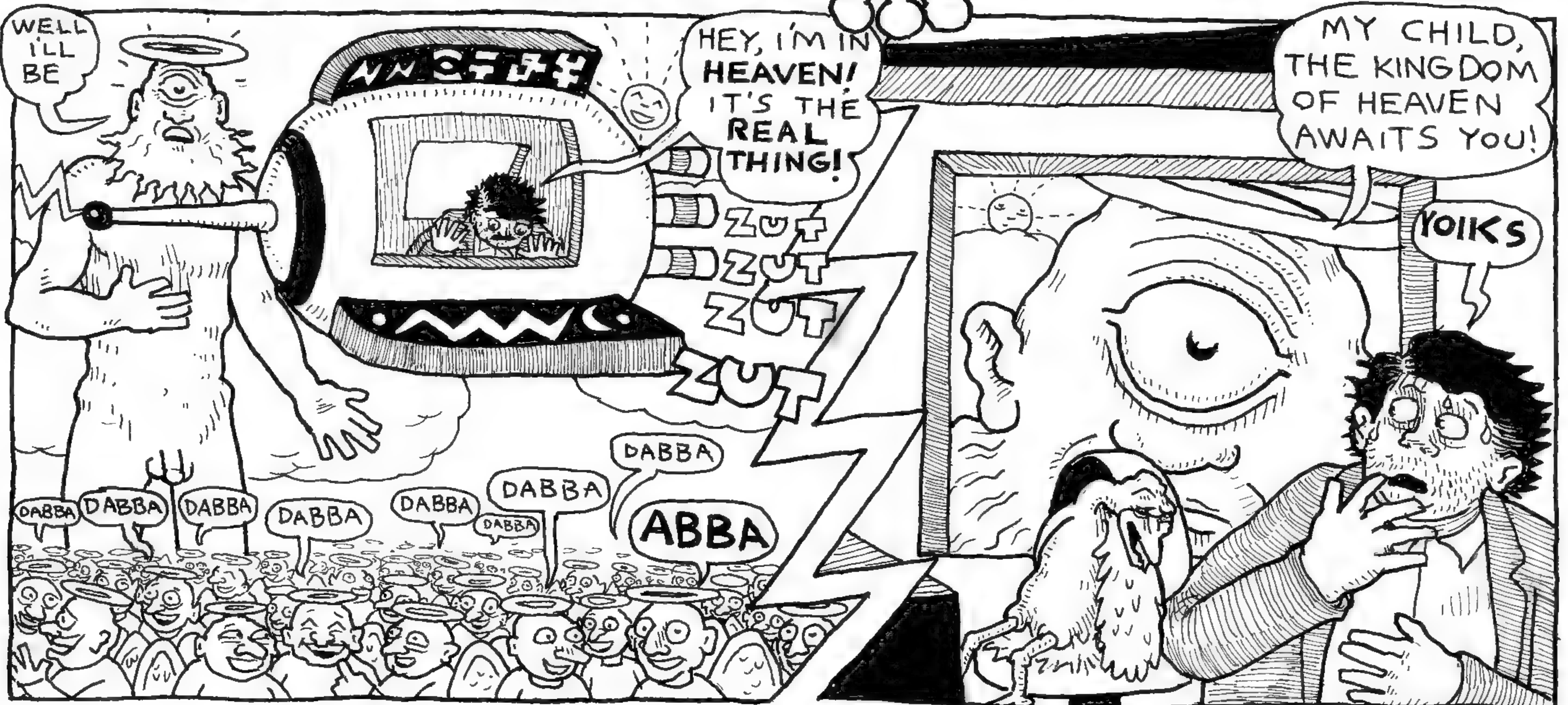






FROM THE DIM
RECESSES OF A
BEFOGGED BRAIN,
COMES THE OLDEST
OF VICES... GREED







SOMEDAY YOU
WILL THANK ME
FOR THIS

I FIND THAT
HARD TO
BELIEVE

HONK



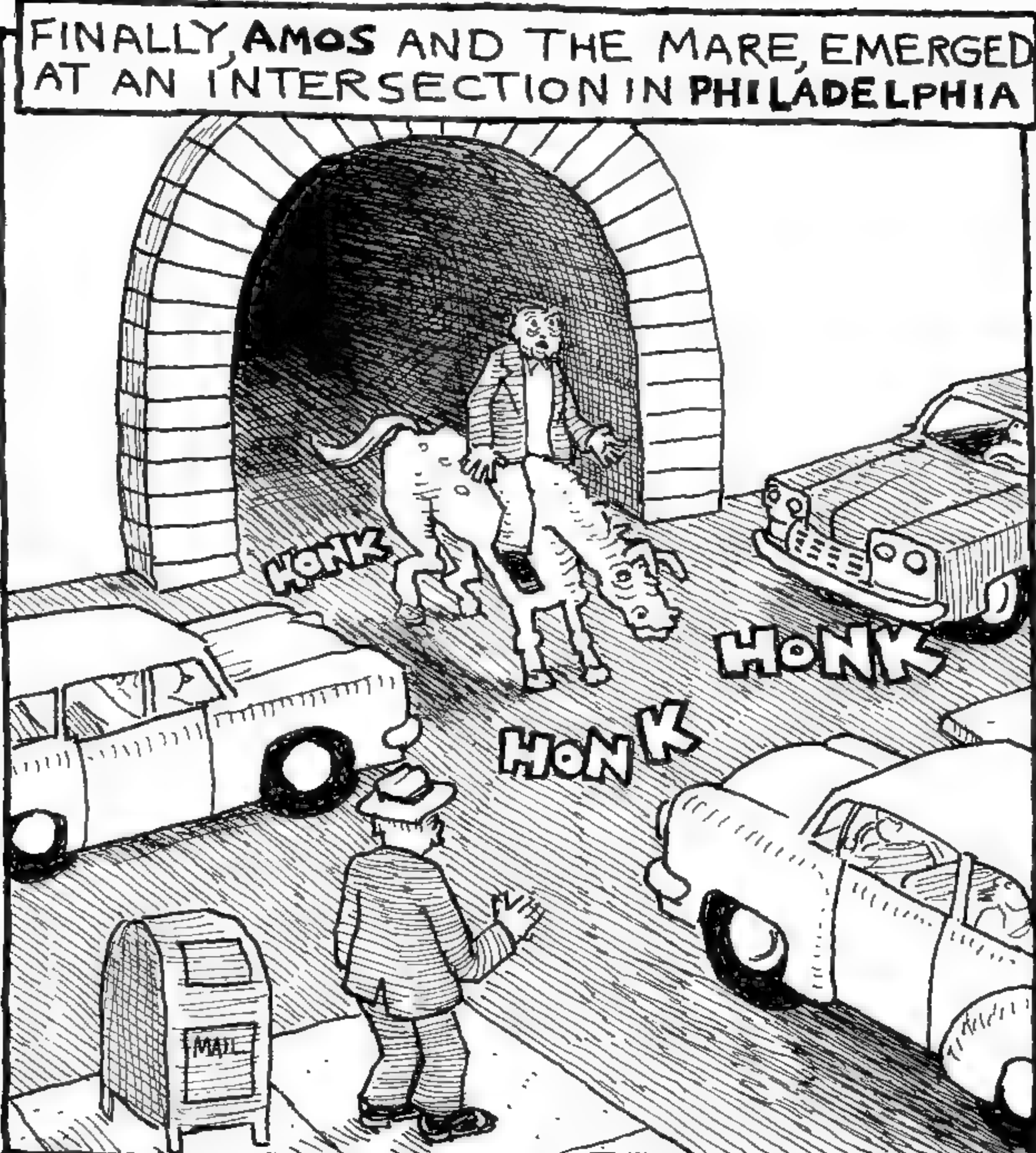
THOUGH THEIR JOURNEY
THROUGH THE CAVERN...



ONLY TOOK
ABOUT 30 DAYS



THEY AGED
40 YEARS



FINALLY, AMOS AND THE MARE, EMERGED
AT AN INTERSECTION IN PHILADELPHIA

HONK

HONK

HONK



WELL THE KIDS STILL
PISS ON HIM, BUT AMOS
DOESNT CARE ANY MORE;

DISKUSTINK



HE AWAITS THE
INEVITABLE WITH
AN UNSHAKABLE
BELIEF IN THE
HERE AFTER

GOO

Kim Preitch 70

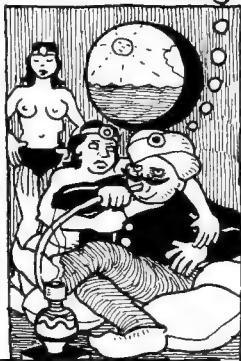
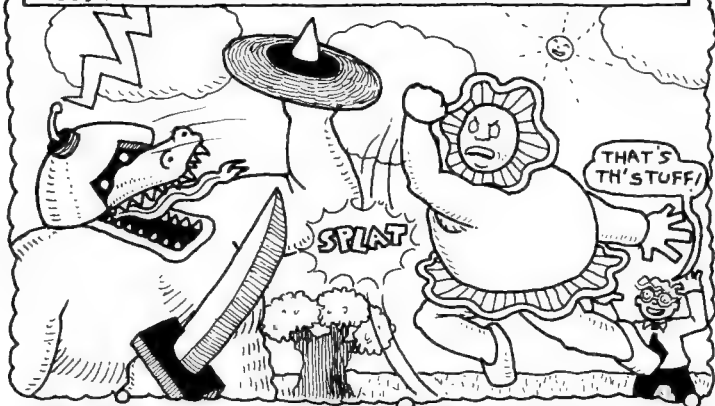
THE SAD CASE OF THE FRUCTIFIED FLOWER KID!

BY
KIM
DEITCH



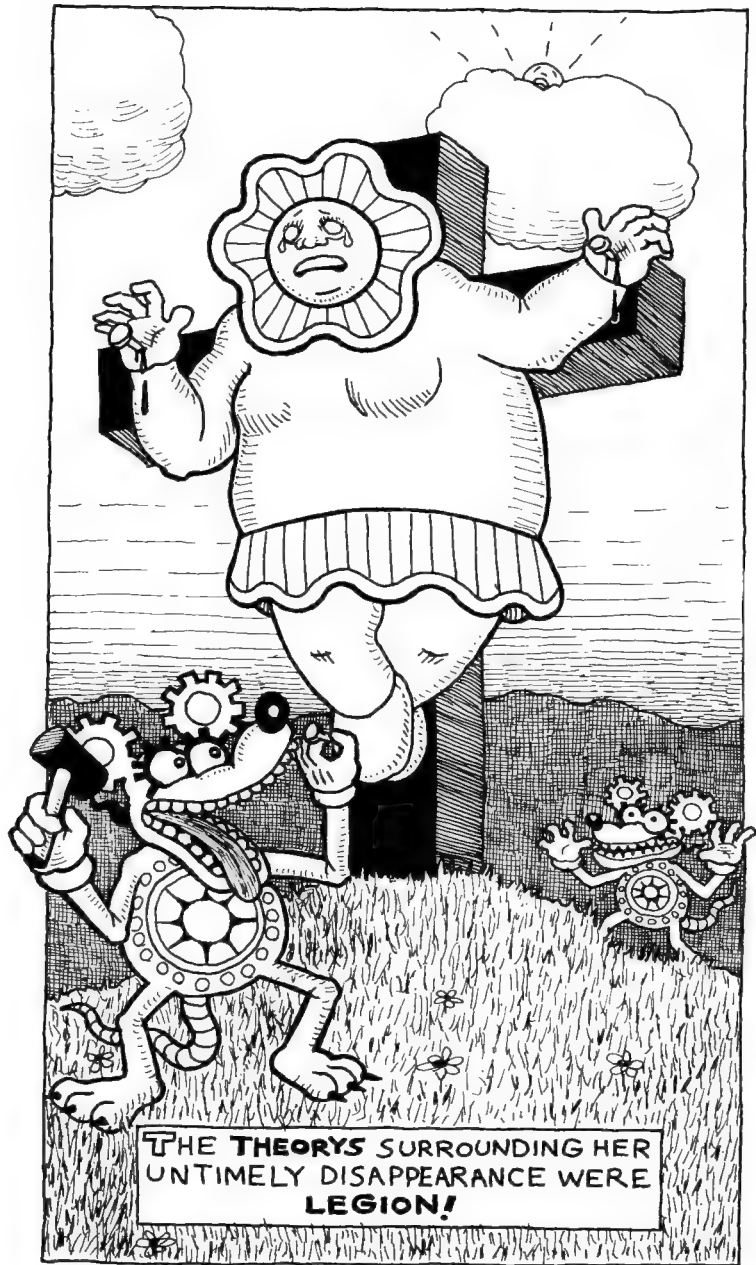
MOST OF US REMEM-
BER SUNSHINE GIRL
AS SHE WAS DURING
THE FLOWER ERA....

YES, THOSE WERE TRULY WONDERFUL DAYS!



HER EXPLOITS CAPTURED THE THOUGHTS OF
TURNED ON SOULS **EVERYWHERE**.....
THEN LIKE SO MANY ASPECTS OF THOSE **QUAINT**
BUT **NAÏVE** DAYS, SHE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT./





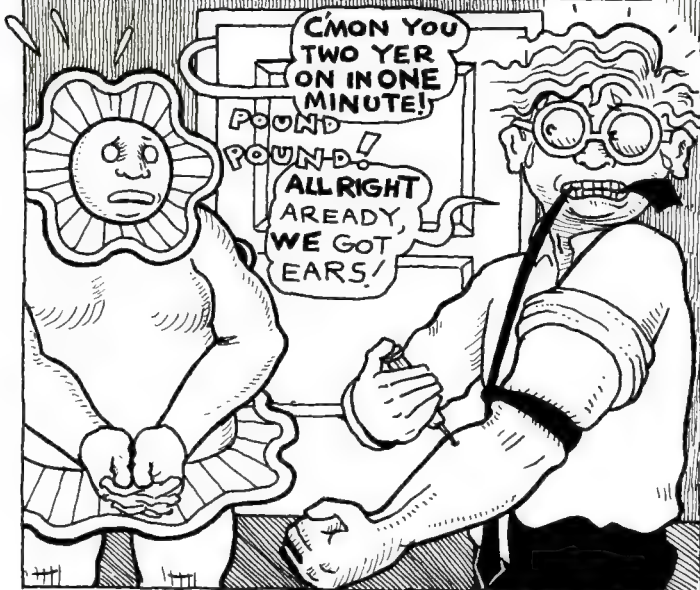
**BUT, TO GET AT THE SORDID REALITY, WE
MUST BACK TRACK A BIT....**



**TRUE, SHE AND HER YOUNG PAR-
AMOUR, BILLY, DID HAVE AN
ACT WHICH COULD ONLY BE
DESCRIBED AS **SHOW STOPPING**,**



EVEN **WORSE**, BEHIND THE SCENES, **BILLY** HAD ACQUIRED AN **UNFORTUNATE** HABIT,...



WHICH **ULTIMATELY** CLAIMED HIM



THOUGH **BILLY** HAD CONTRIBUTED **LITTLE** TO THEIR ACT, WITHOUT HIS MANAGING PROWESS, **SUNSHINE'S** CAREER WENT FROM **BAD TO WORSE!**



LACKING THE ABILITY TO **SPEAK**, SHE WAS A DECIDED **FAILURE** ON THE **TALK SHOW** CIRCUIT

THE **JOHNNY** **JINGO SHOW**



WELL IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS **DRUGS**, **ASTROLOGY**, OR **BASE BALL**, HOW ABOUT GIVING US YOUR FAVORITE RECIPE?

WUZ
TV

NEXT CAME A SERIES OF CHEAP EXPLOITATION FILMS, THE LESS SAID ABOUT WHICH, THE BETTER

"KONG'S KONGQUEST"



"SON OF RINTIN TIN"



SUFFICE TO SAY, THAT **DESPITE** THEIR **POOR** QUALITY THESE FILMS DID WELL IN THE SO CALLED **UNDERGROUND** MARKET

KAF LUSH!

HURRY UP
YA **FAT WHORE**
WE START
SHOOTING IN
TWO MINUTES

POUND
POUND

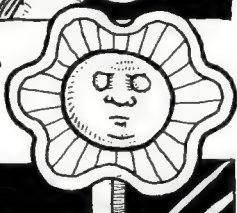
IT WAS AT THIS TIME, THAT **SUNSHINE** BEGAN TO CONSUME **ENORMOUS** QUANTITIES OF "DIET PILLS" TO KEEP UP THE **PACE**, ... AND HER **MORALE!**

WELL **SOMETHING** HAD TO GIVE, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE HAD DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT **COMPLETELY!**

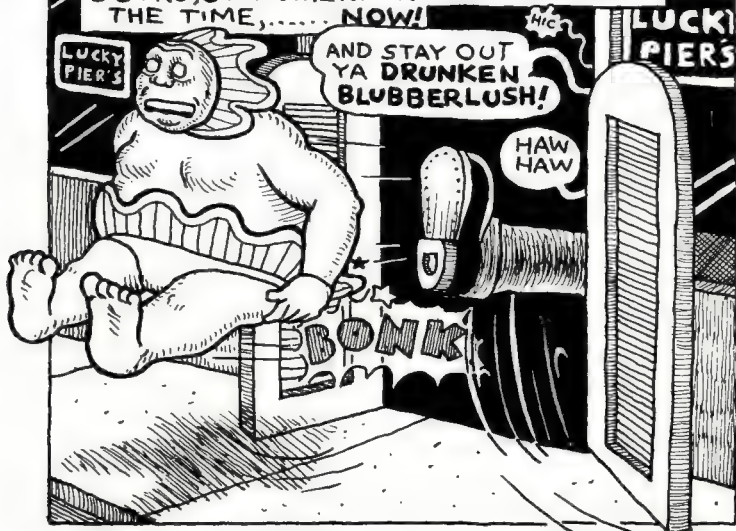


BUT WHAT BECAME OF THIS WHIZ KID OF YESTERYEAR? AND WHY?

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!



OUR STORY OPENS IN FRONT OF A SMALL BISTRO, SOMEWHERE IN THE MID WEST; THE TIME, ... **NOW!**



CAN IT BE? YES, I'M AFRAID SO

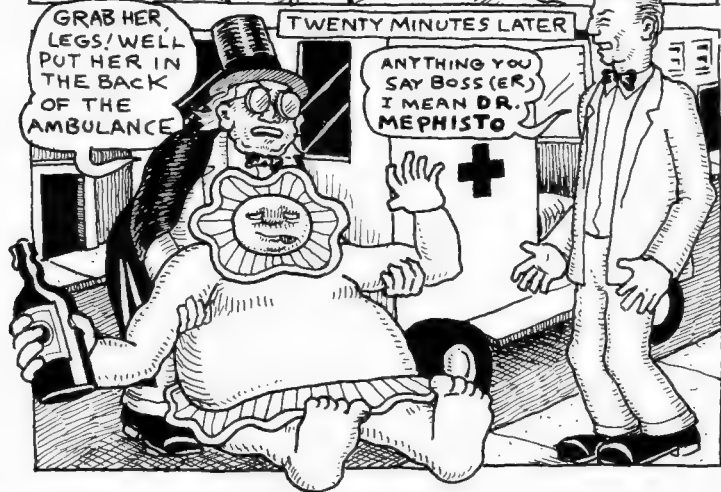
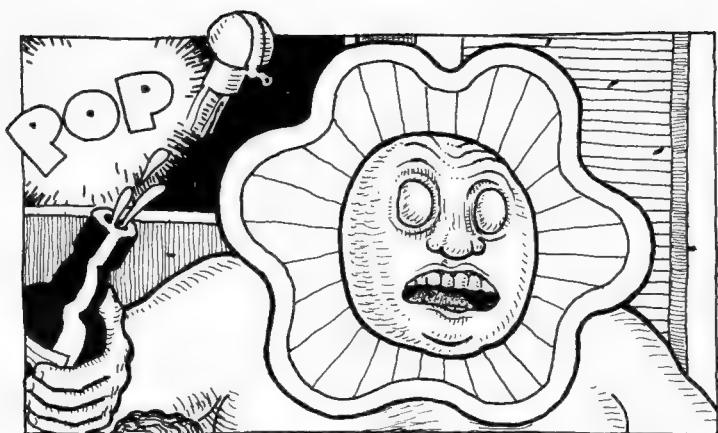
☆★!!
HIPPIE DEAD
BEAT!

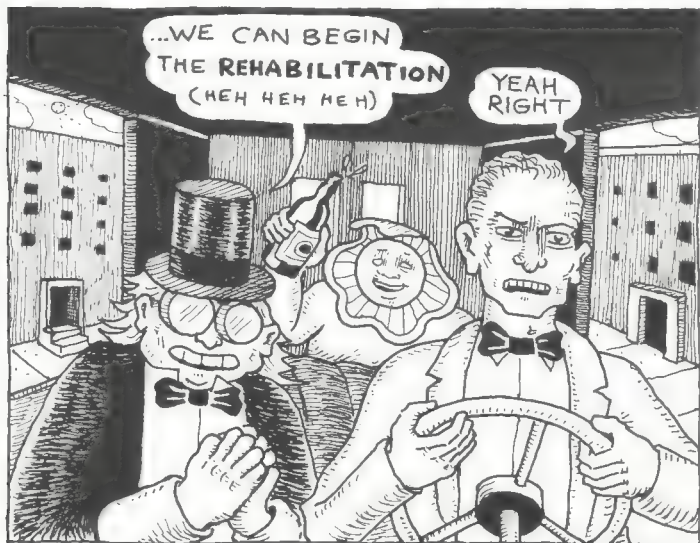
BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO
FENELMAN!
TAKE THIS
MAGNUM AND
GO TO IT!

LUCKY
PIER'S

LEAVE IT TO ME
DR. MEPHISTO







IT'S ALWAYS
GOOD TO BE
HOME

MORRO
INSTITUTE
OF MENTAL
CORRECTION

LATER OUT OF THE ABYSS OF AN INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN DREAM, COME THE GLIMMERINGS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

HEY SHE'S
COMING TO

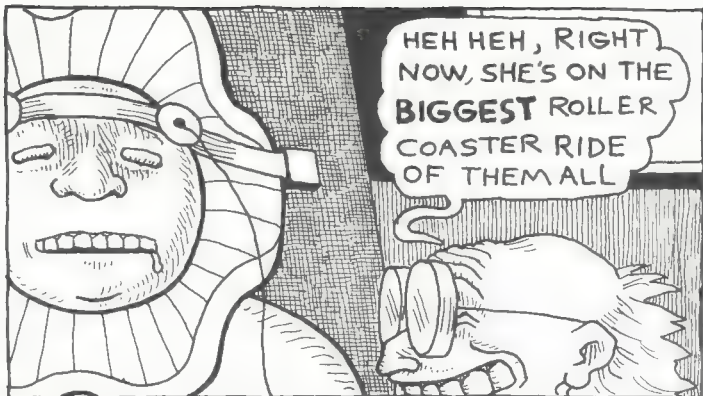
GREETINGS
SUNSHINE
GIRL

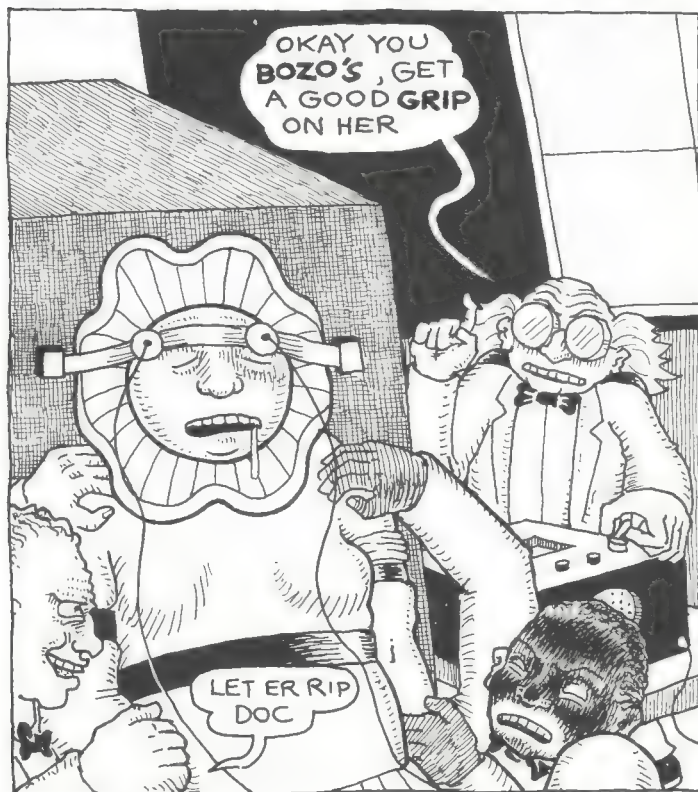
MY APOLOGIES
FOR OUR
UNORTHODOX
METHODS OF
PERSUASION

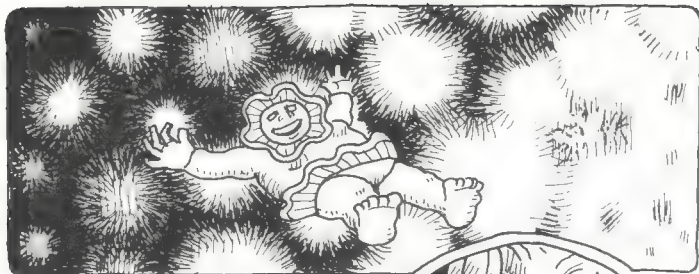
HEH
HEH
HEH

BUT ONCE YOU RECOGNIZE THE **REALLY GREAT**
THERAPUTIC VALUE OF...









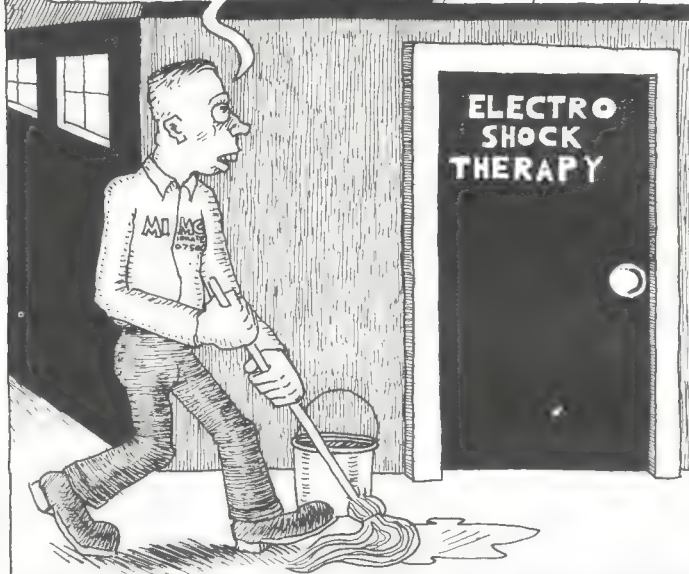




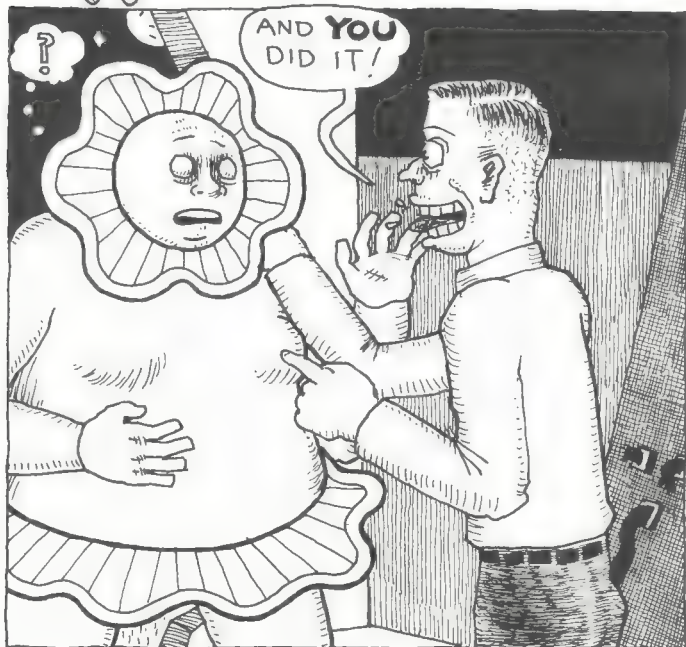
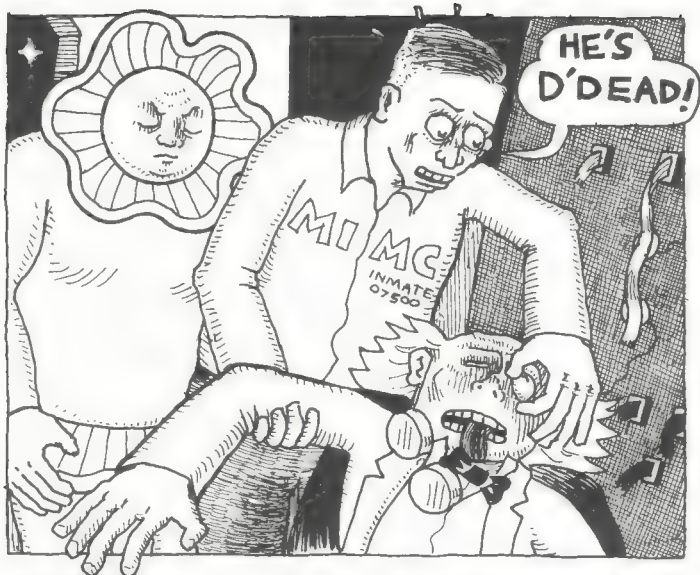


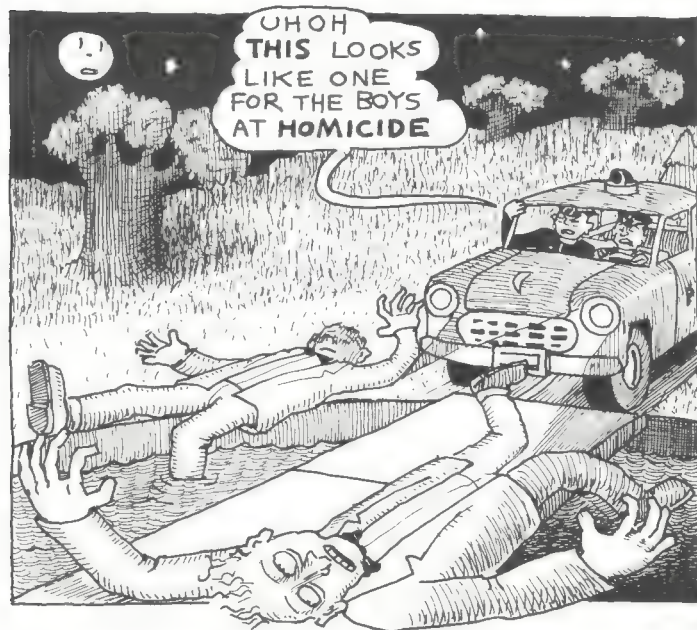
JUST OUTSIDE, ORVILLE GILLEY, A MORRO CORRECTEE, WAS PERFORMING HIS EVENING TOUR OF DUTY.

WILLIERS, THE LIGHT'S STILL ON IN TH'SHOCK ROOM!





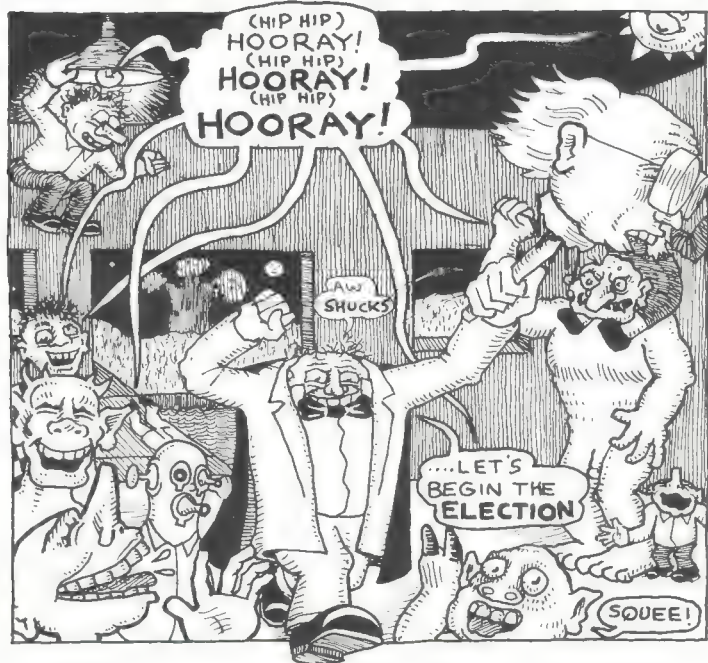








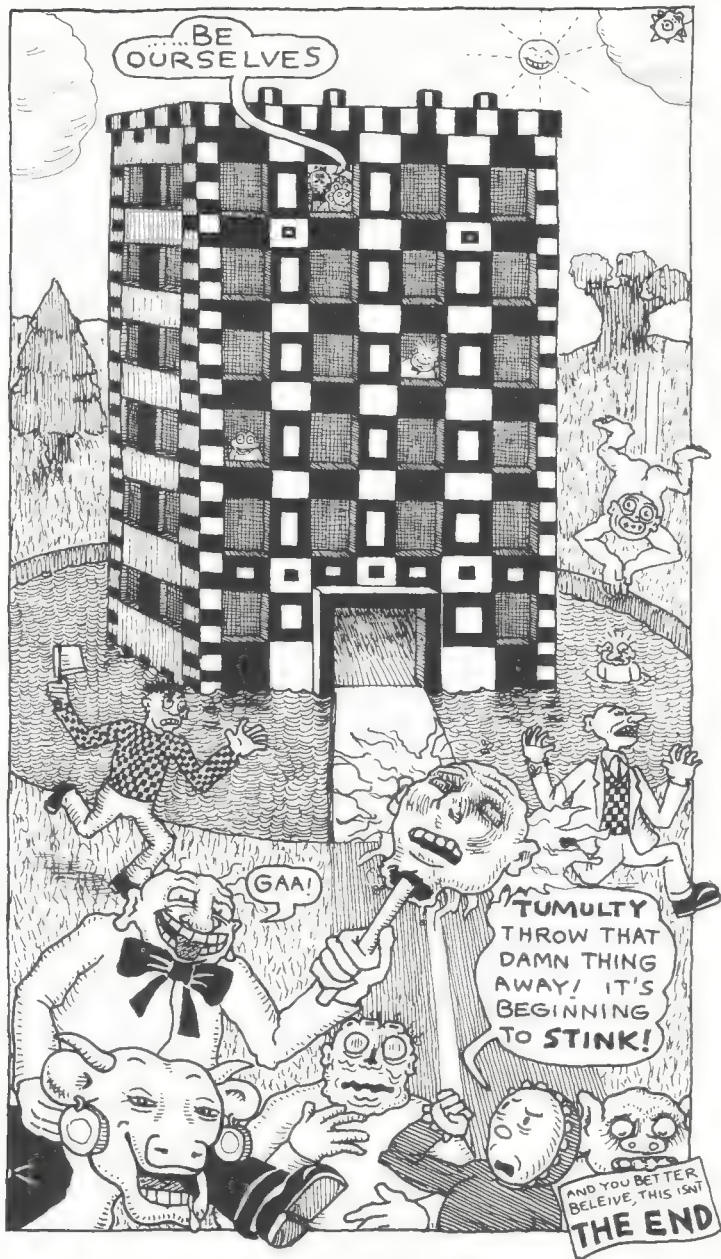




LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF DR. MEPHISTO'S
DEMOCRATICALLY ELECTED SUCCESSOR,
..... LINOLEUM LARRY



.....BE
OURSELVES

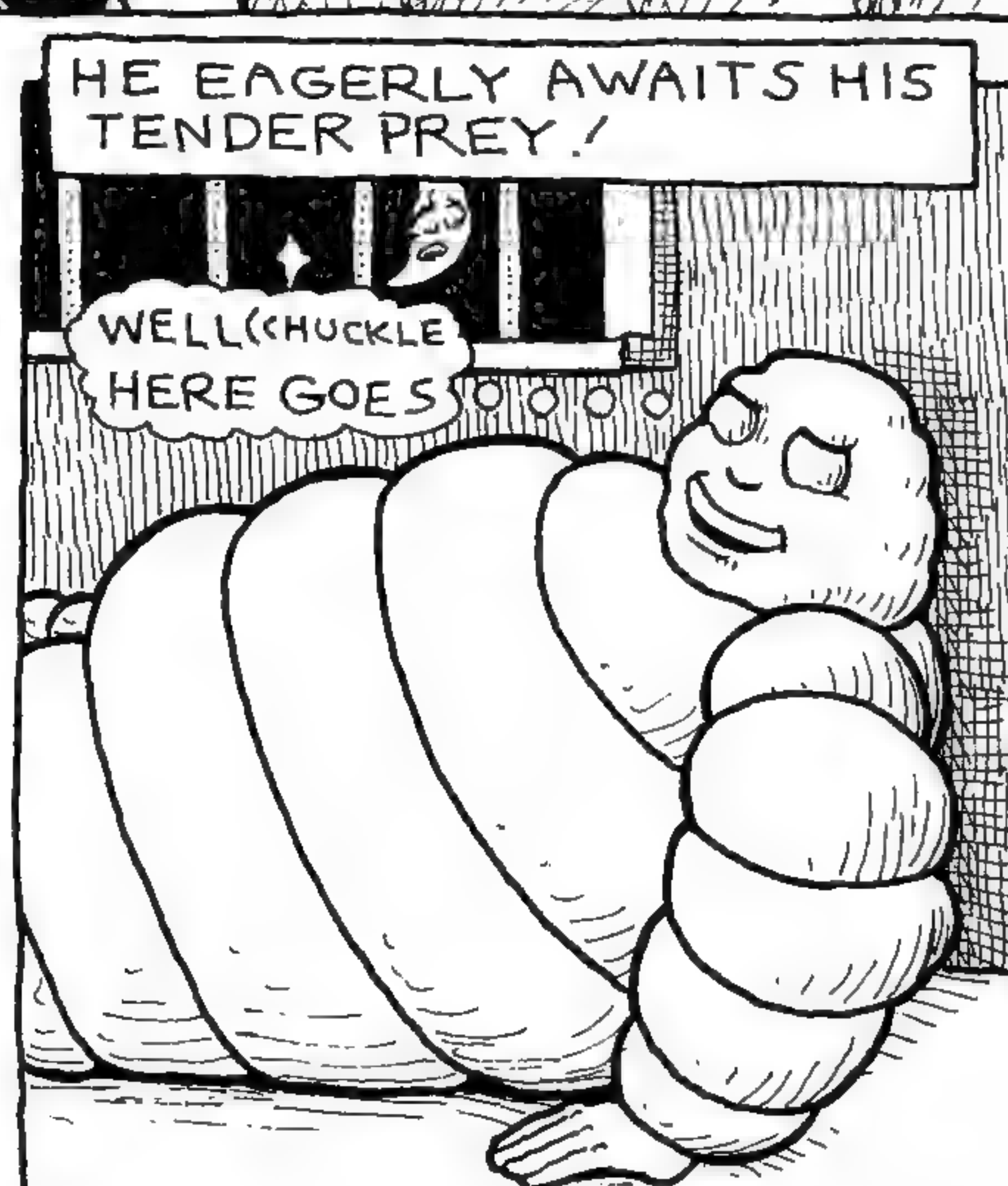
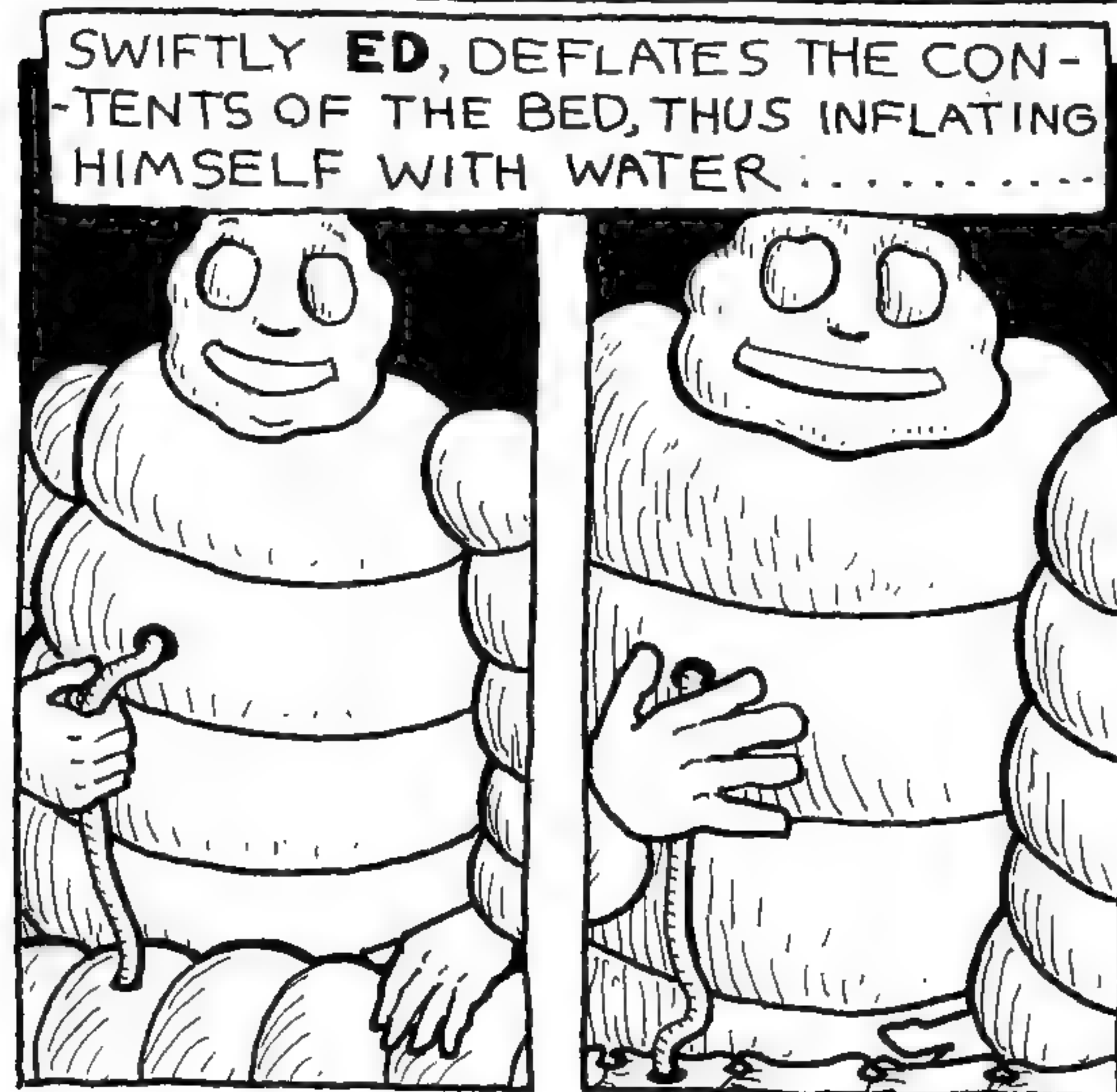
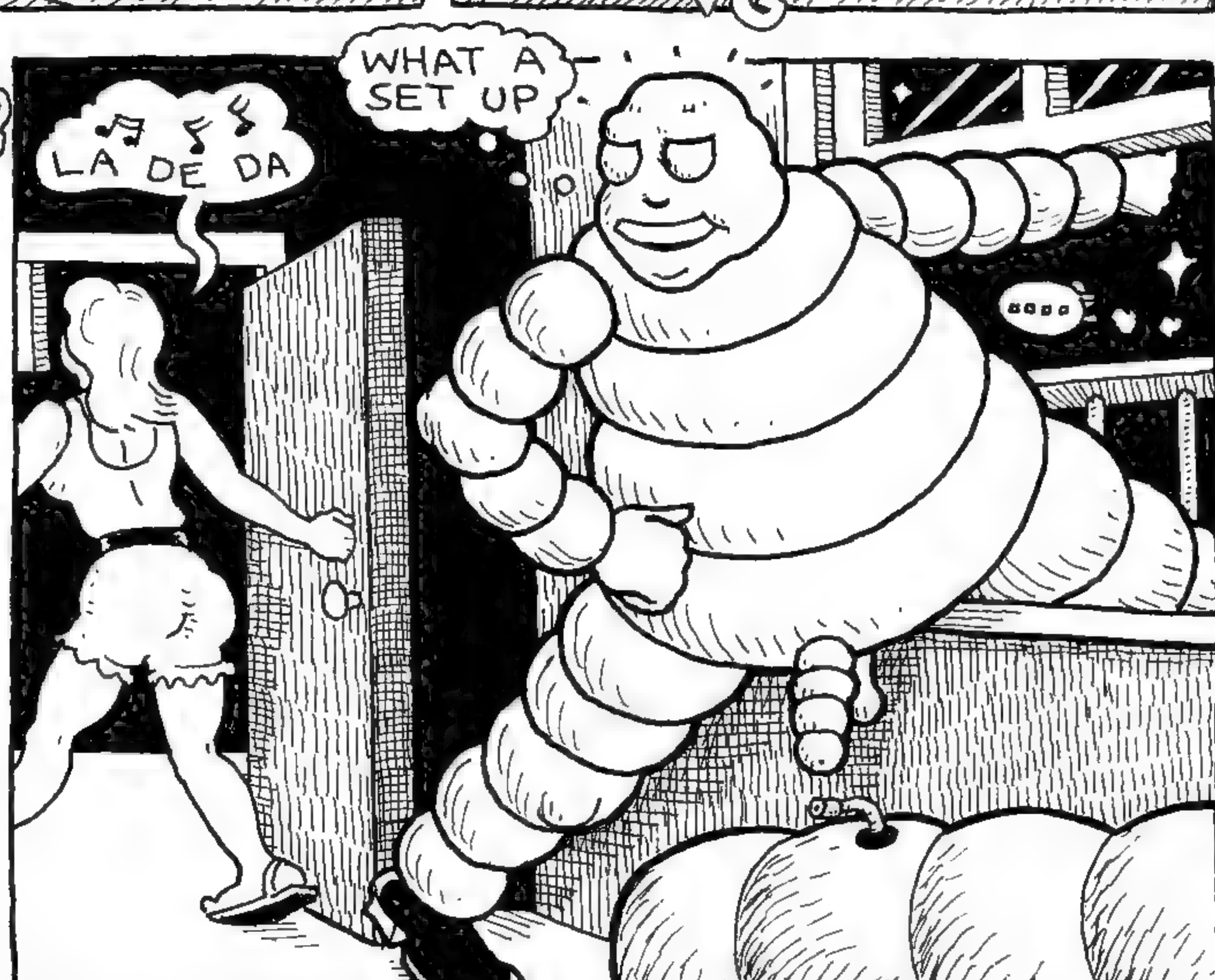
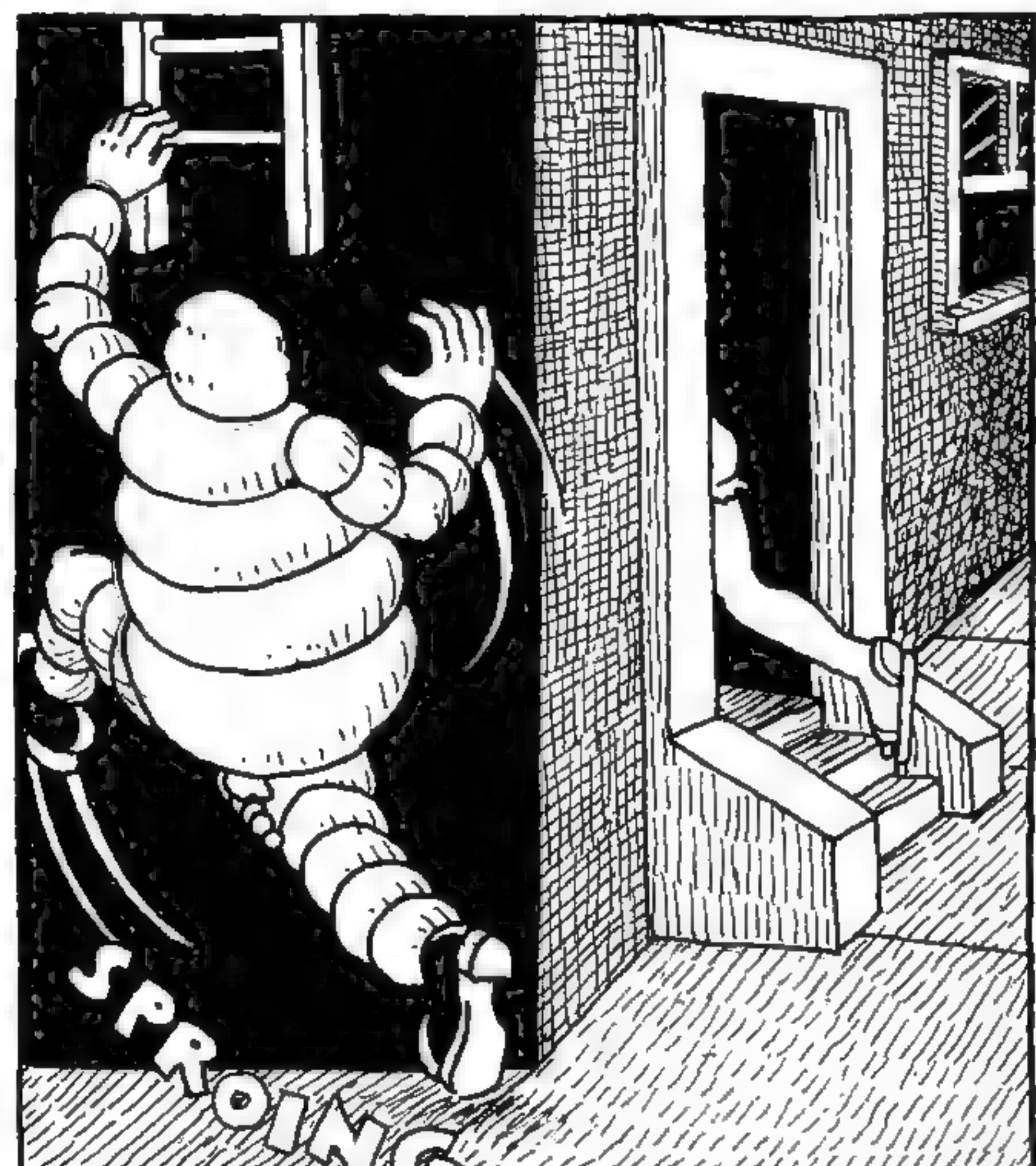
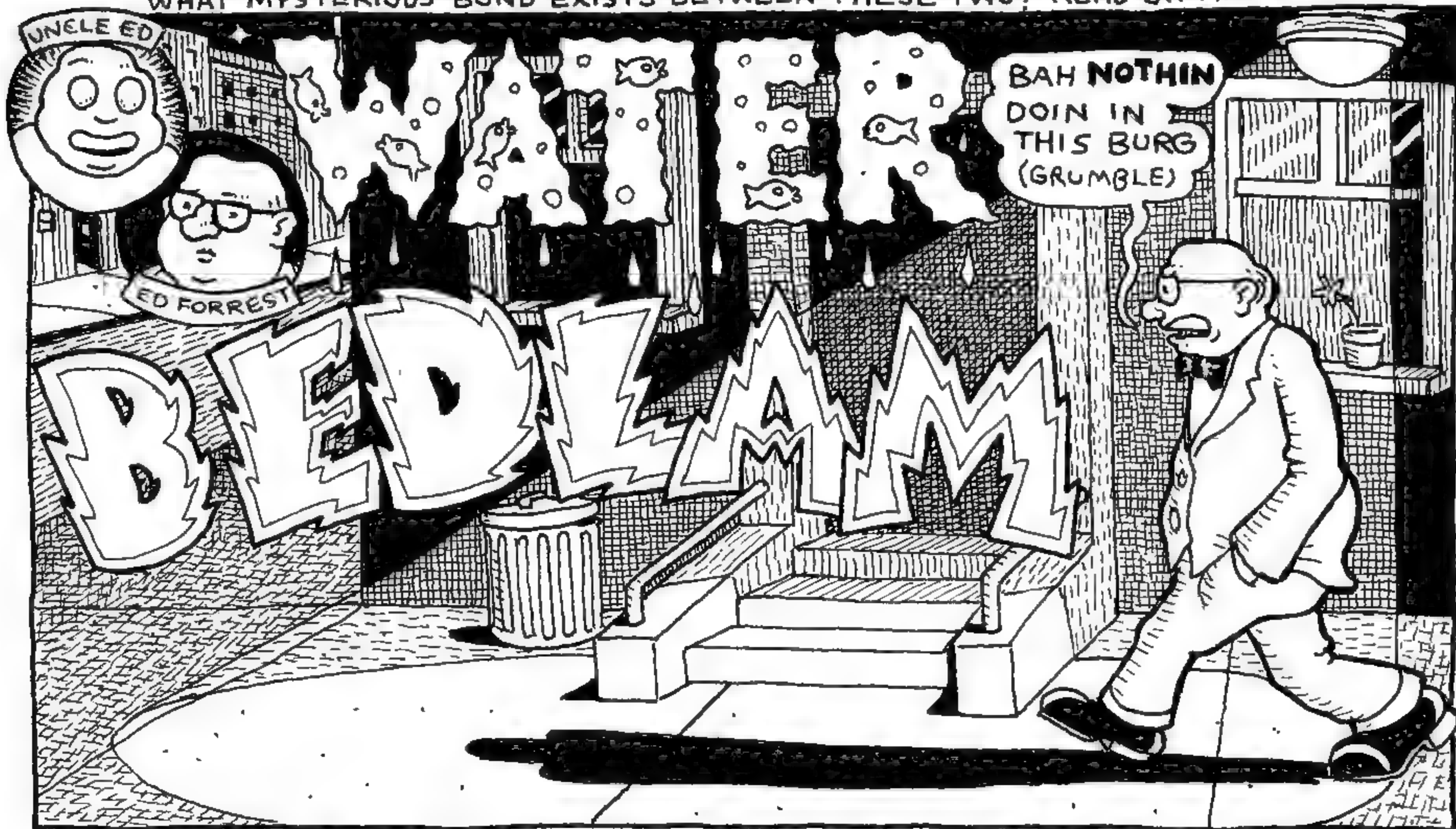


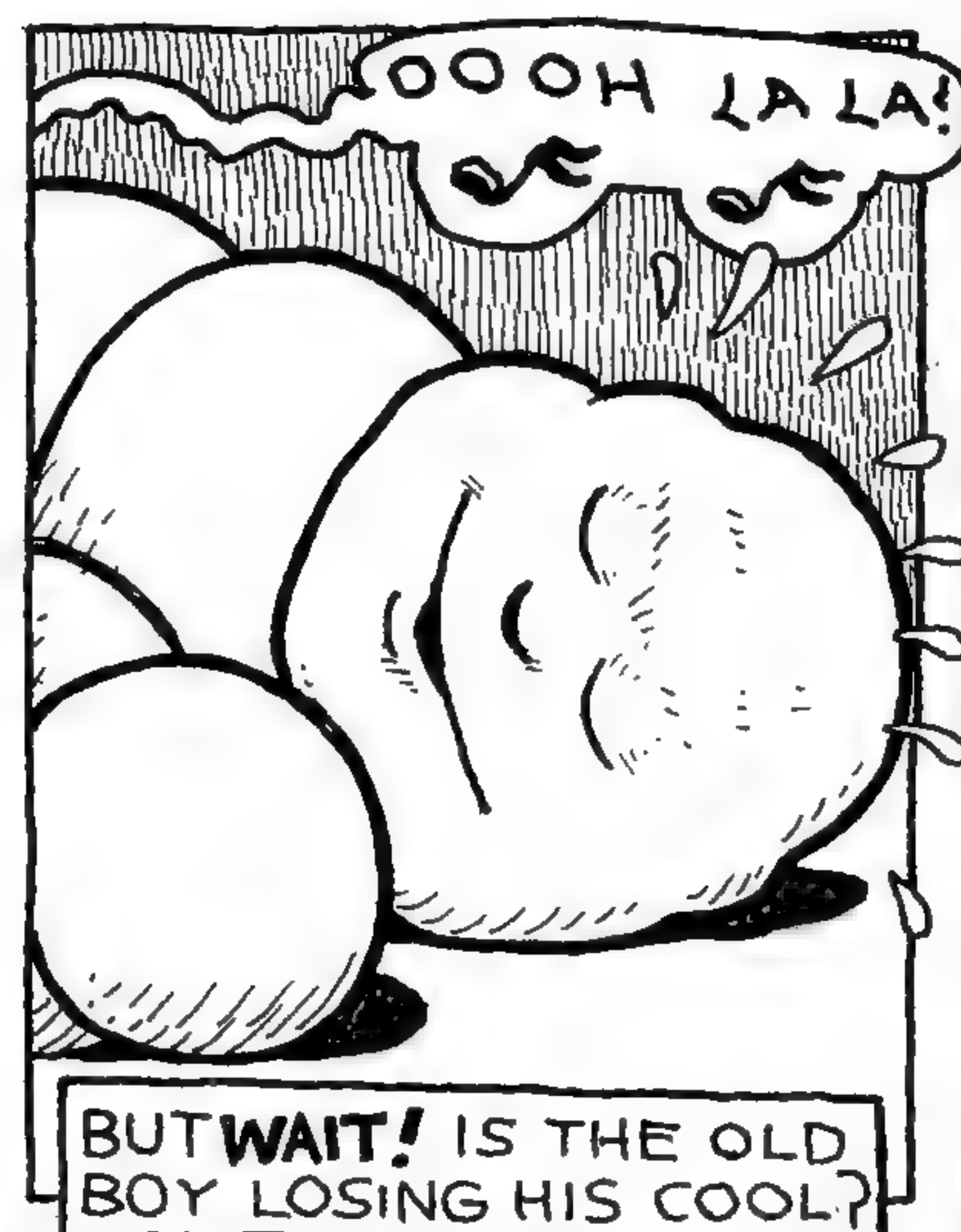
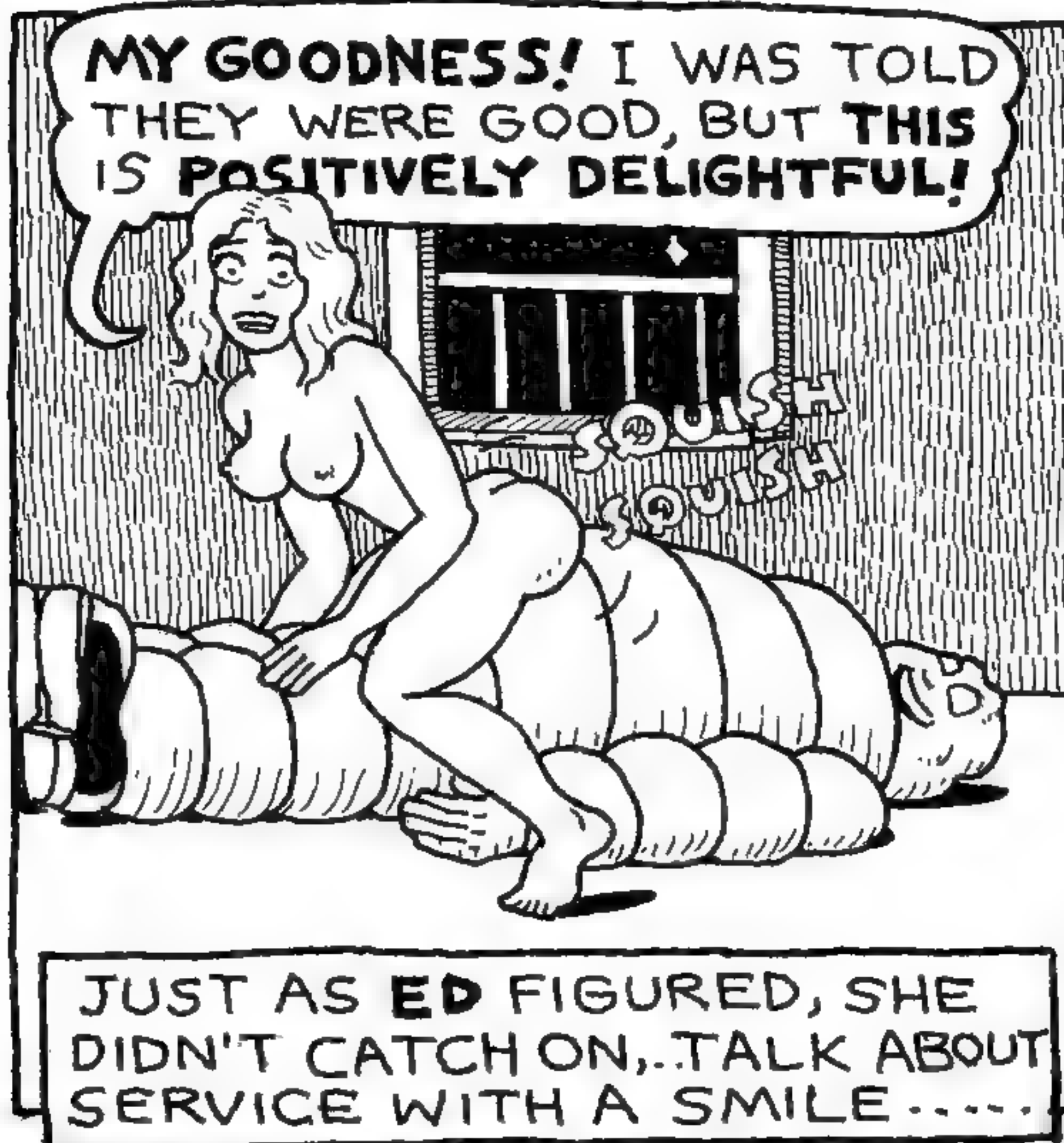
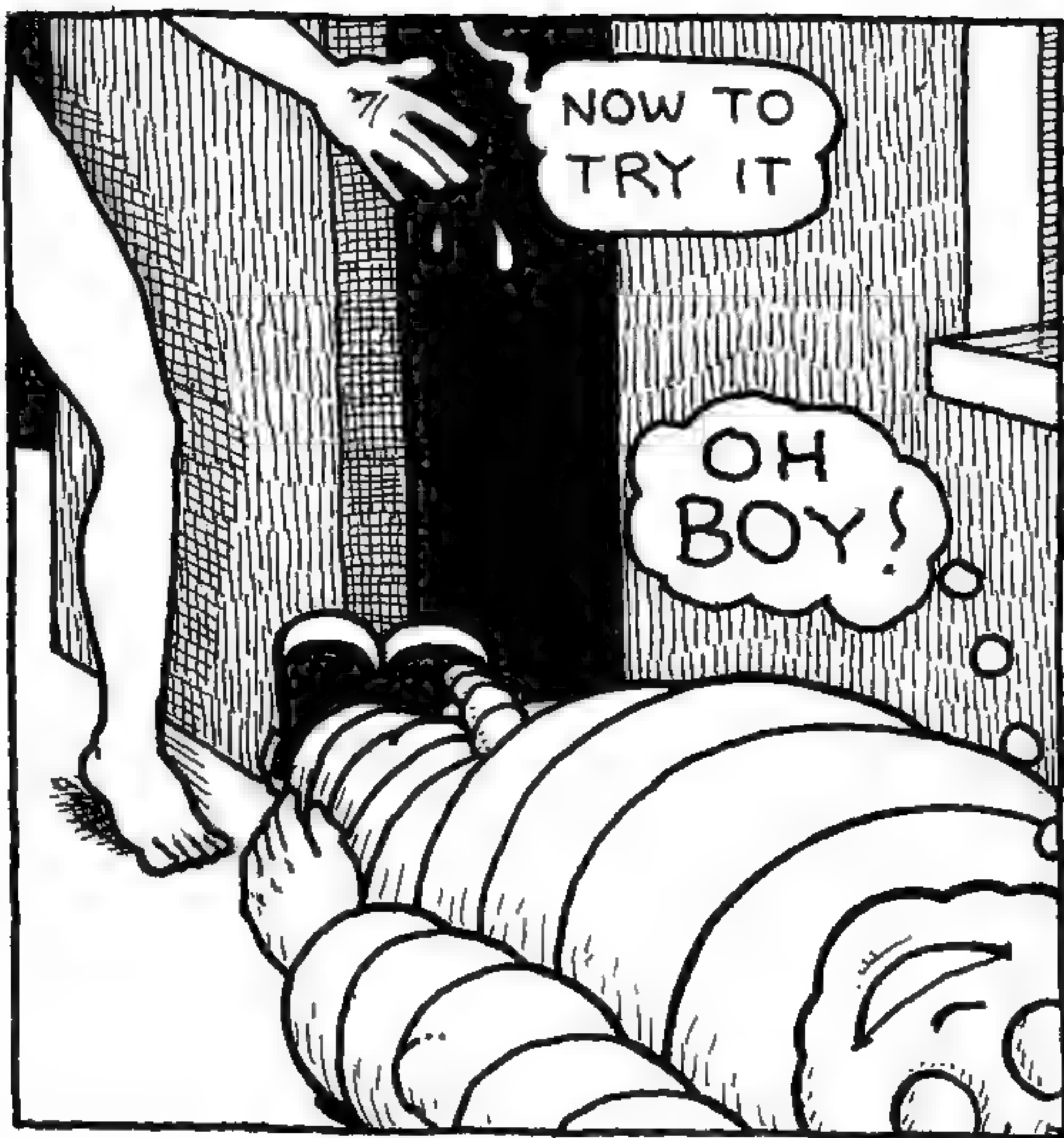
TUMULTY
THROW THAT
DAMN THING
AWAY! IT'S
BEGINNING
TO STINK!

GAA!

AND YOU BETTER
BELEIVE, THIS ISN'T
THE END





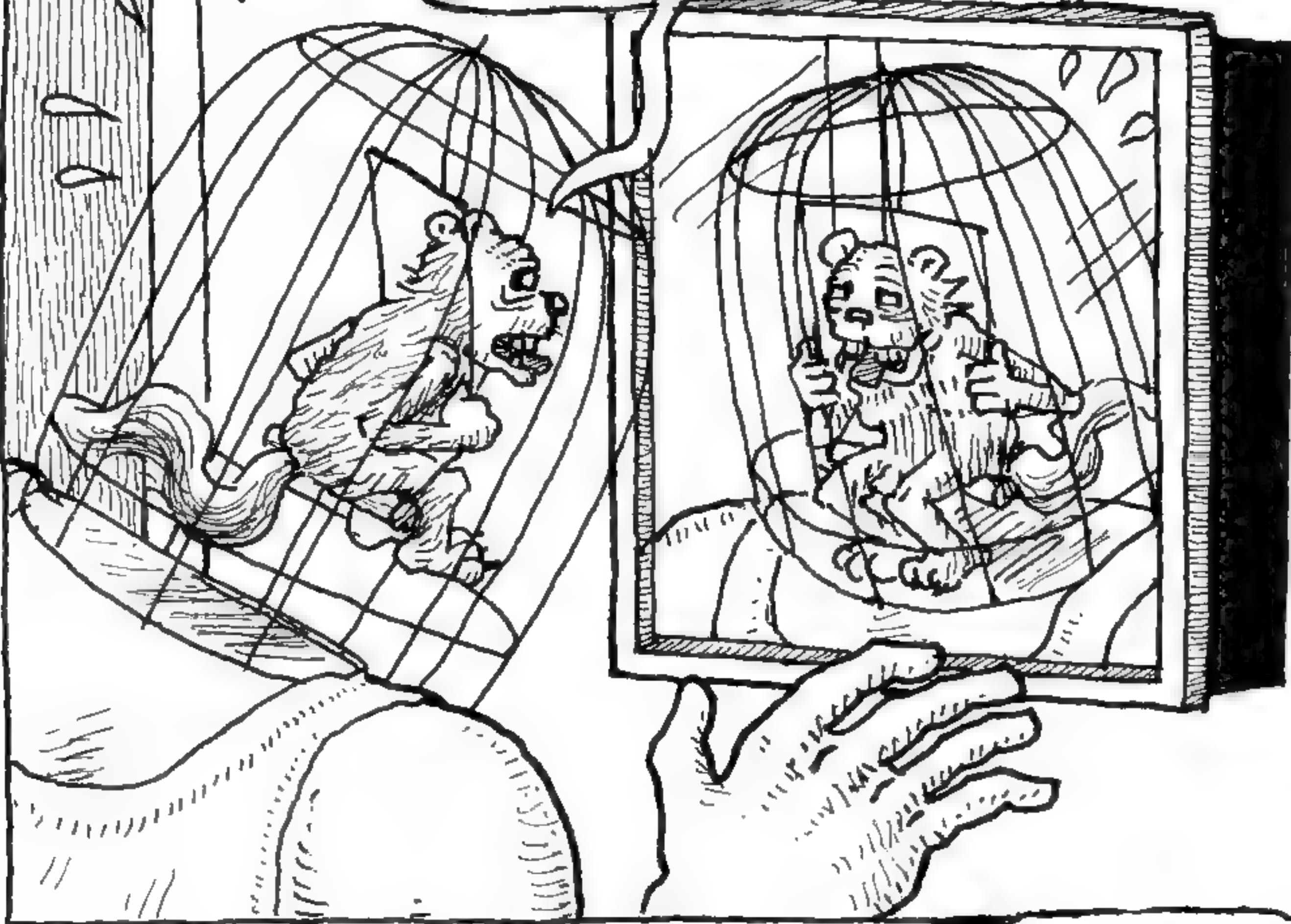


BE IT WHAT IT WILL, ALL TOO FEW OF US CAN DISCERN IN TIME
JUST WHEN IT IS THAT WE'VE HAD.....

...ONE TOO MANY

FOR MYSELF, CLIFTON WELT RIDGELY
IT OCCURED ONE MORNING WHEN
I DISCOVERED MY HEAD HAD BECOME A

(SQUIRREL CAGE!)



I LOST NO TIME GETTING
INTO MY DUDS.....



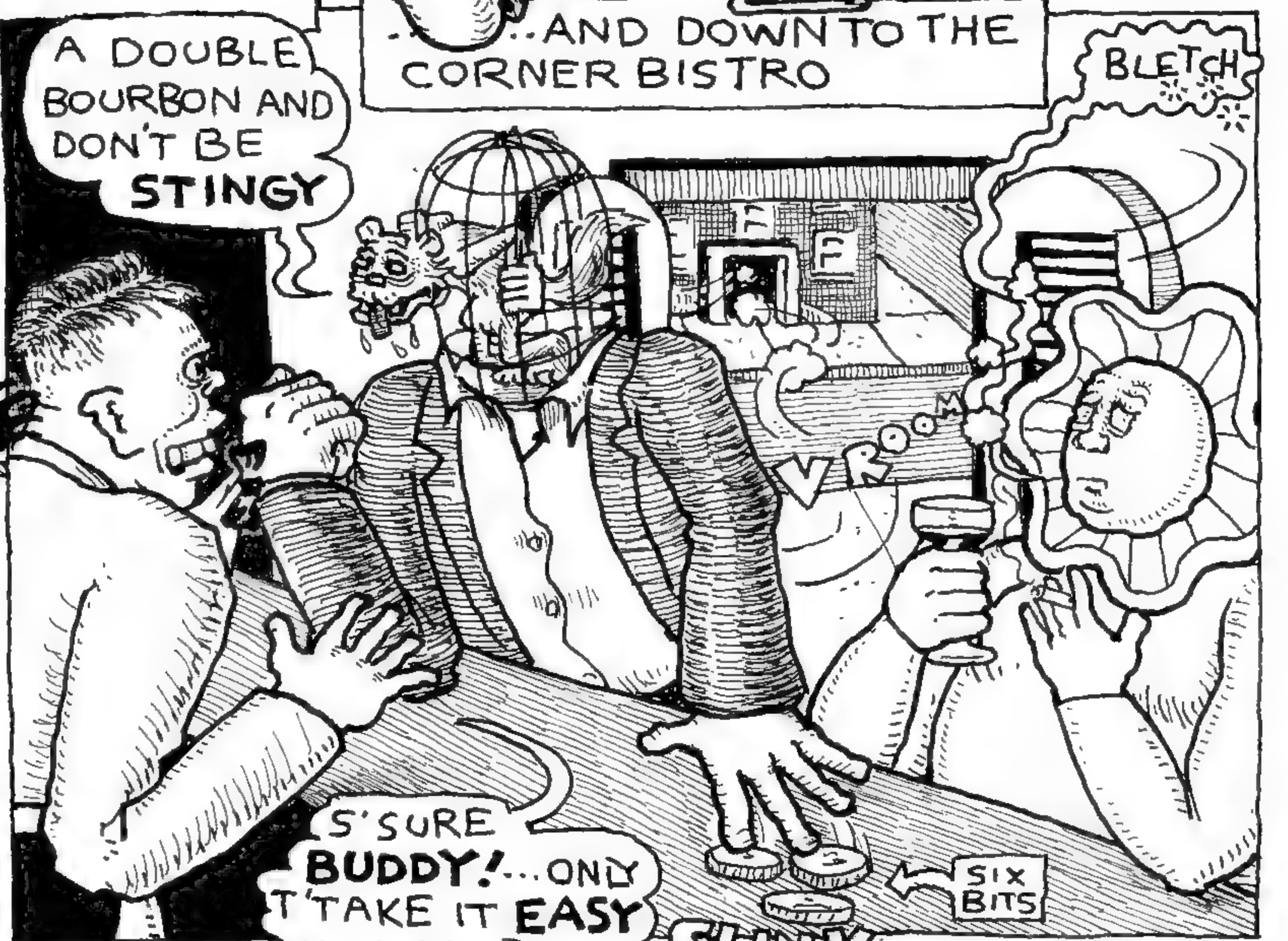
HOLY MOTHER
OF GOD!



A DOUBLE
BOURBON AND
DON'T BE
STINGY

...AND DOWN TO THE
CORNER BISTRO

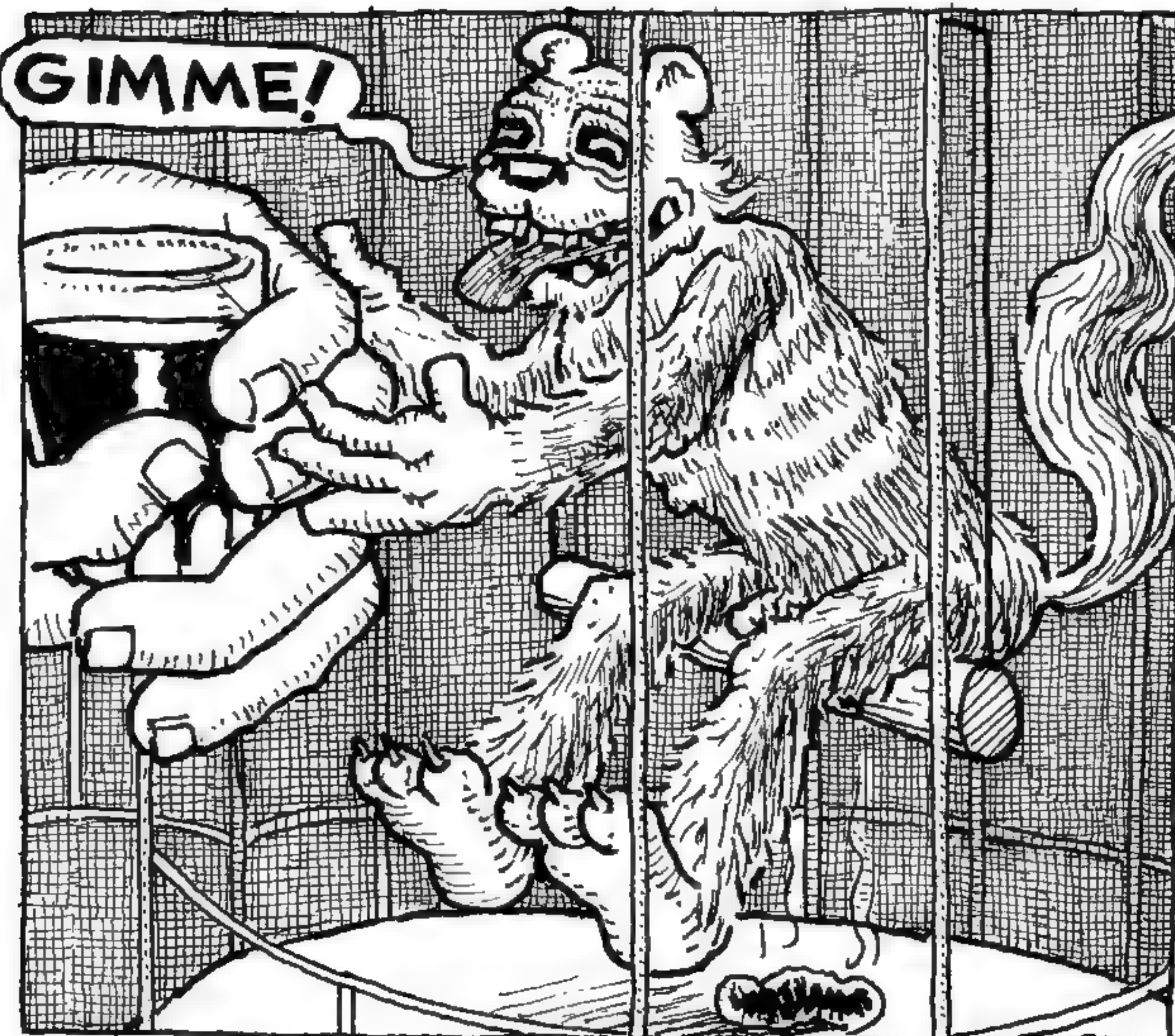
BLECH



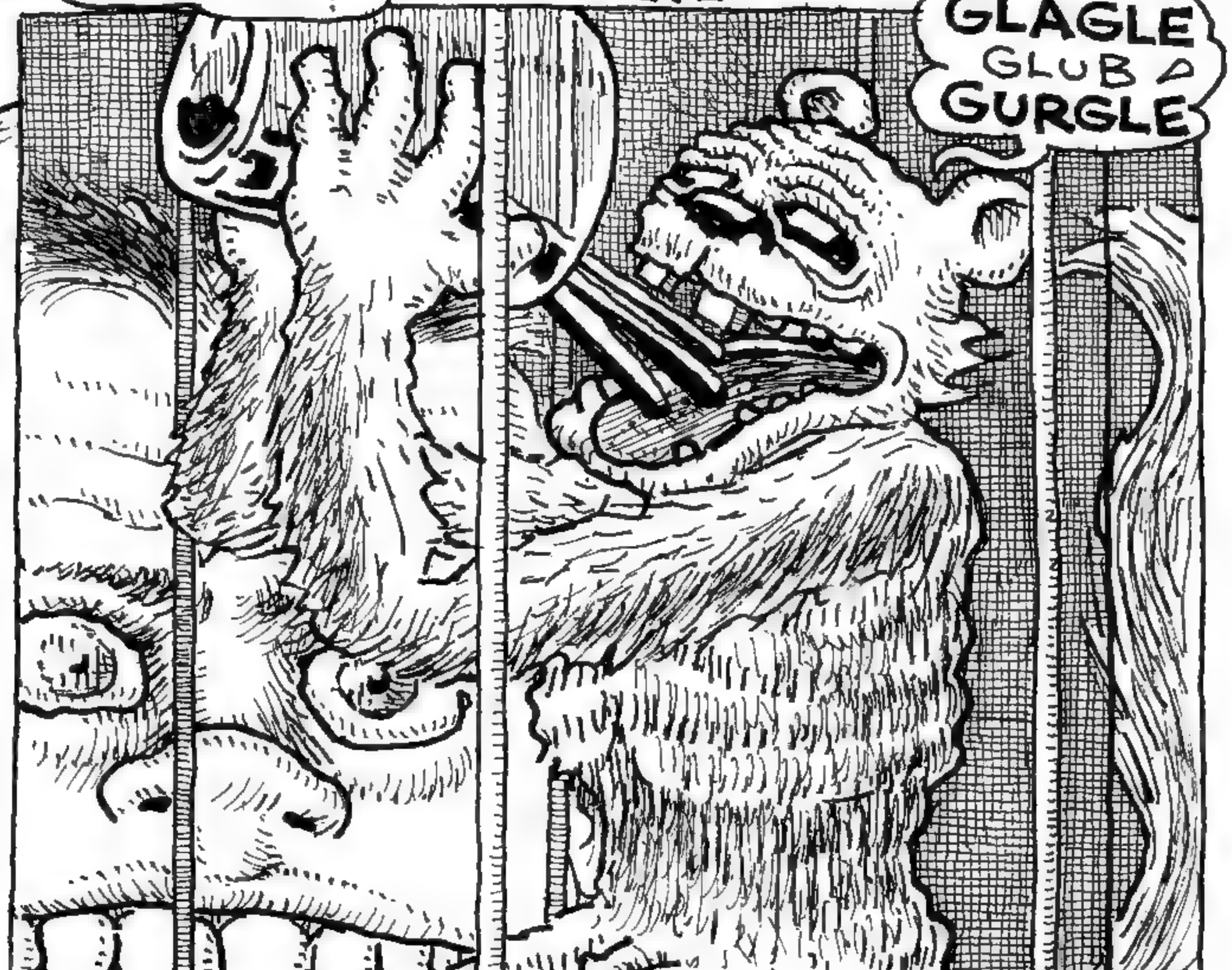
S'SURE
BUDDY!... ONLY
T'TAKE IT EASY
HUH PAL?

SIX
BITS

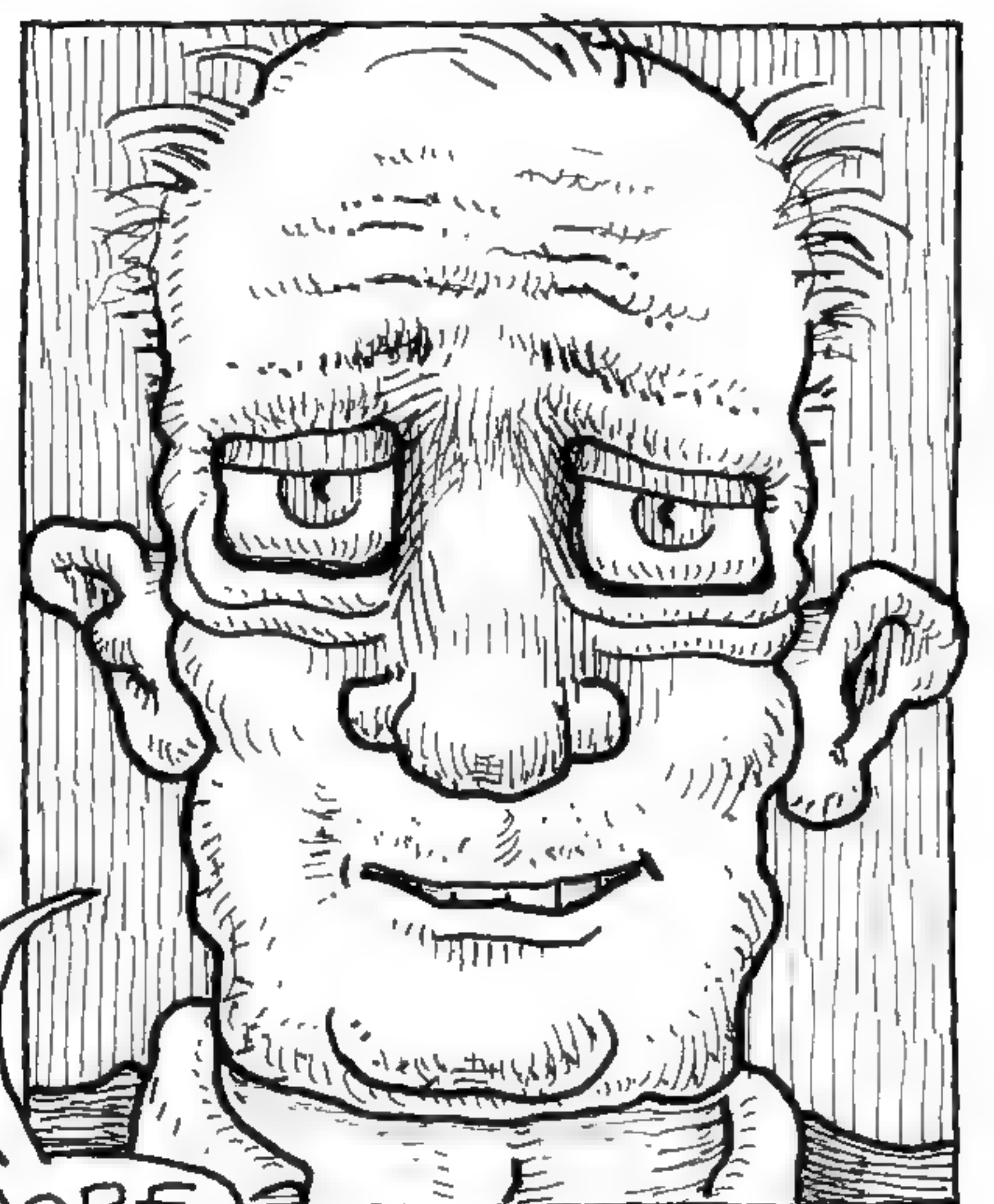
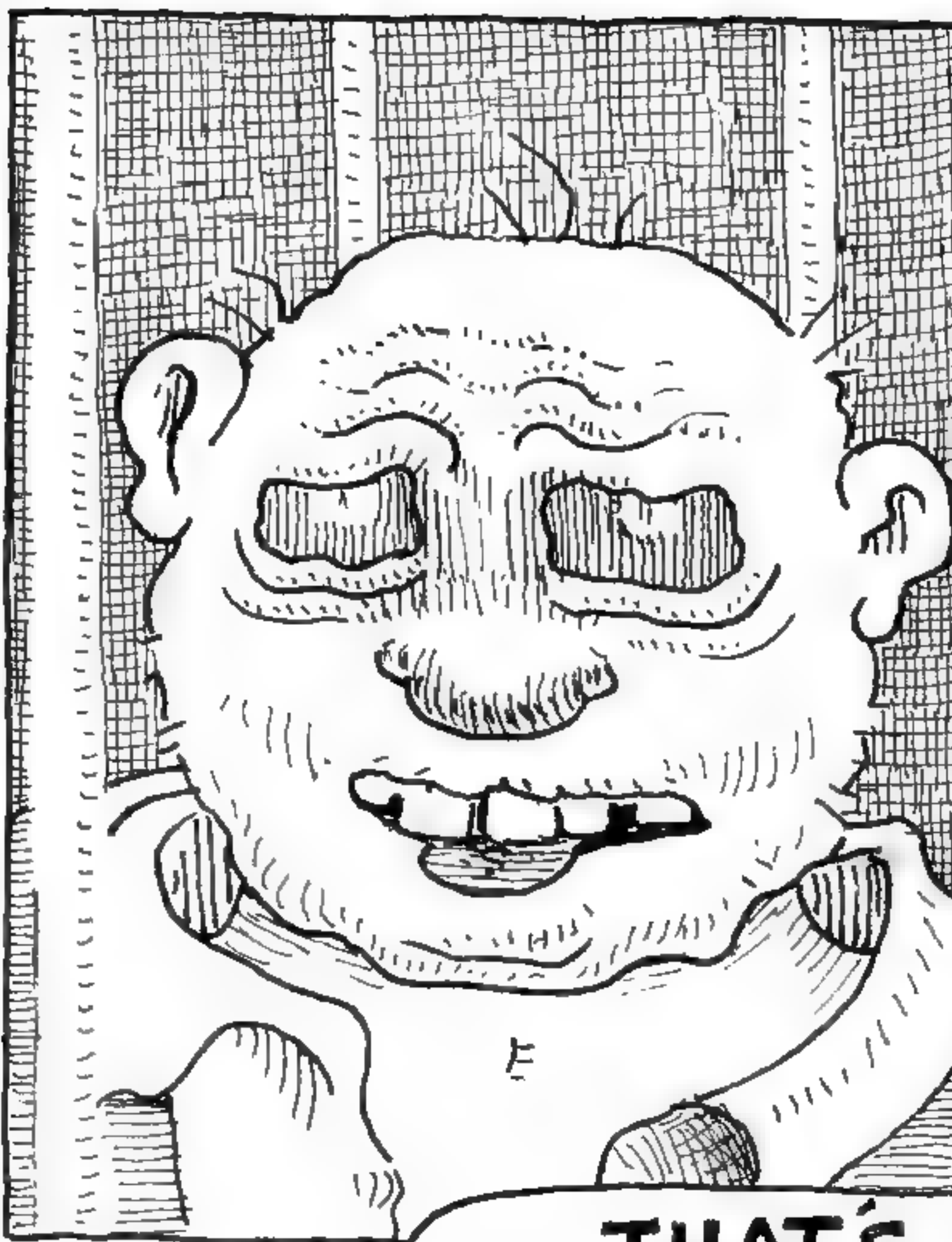
GLINK



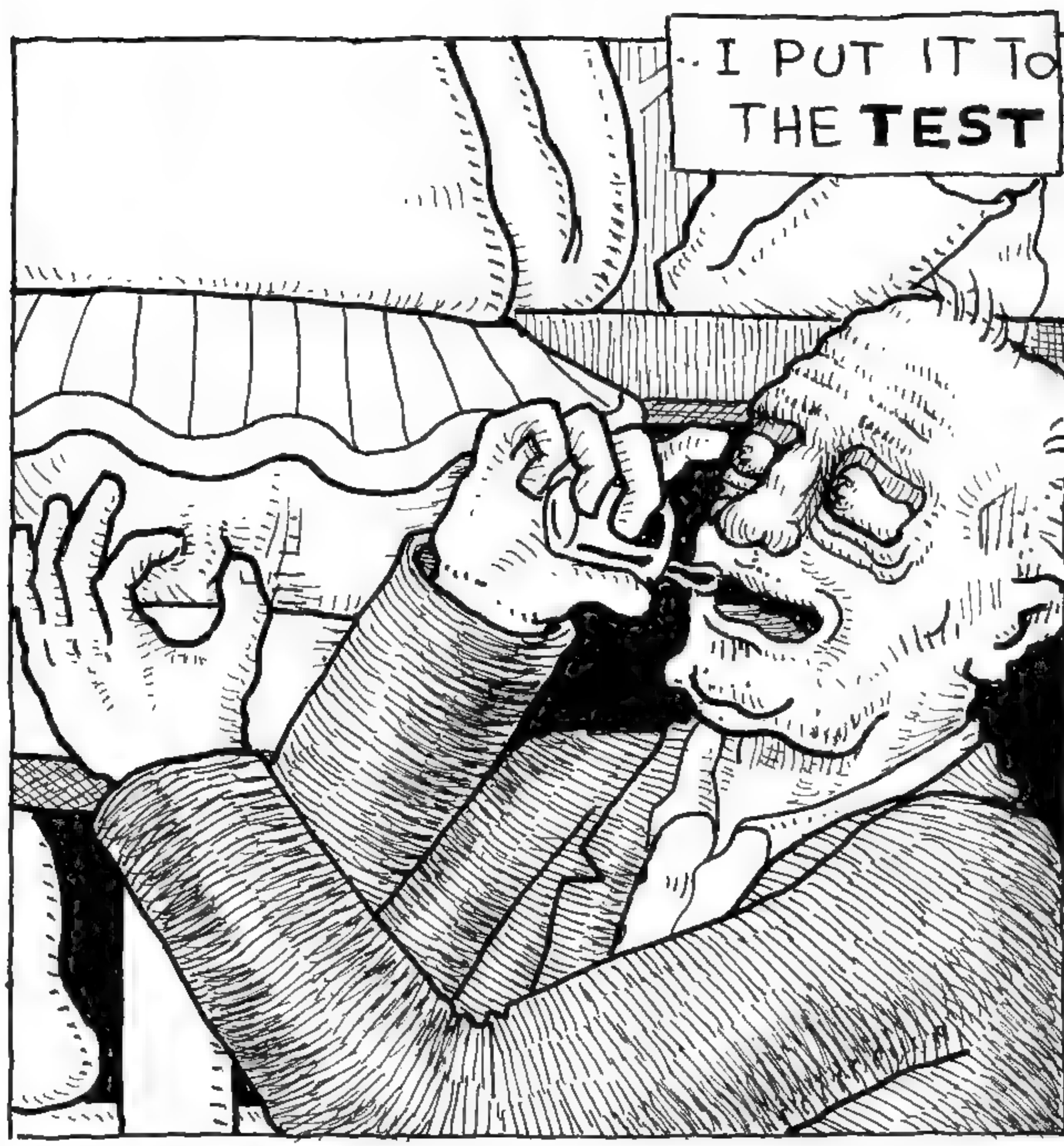
GIMME!



GLAGLE
GLUB A
GURGLE



CREAM
SHERRY



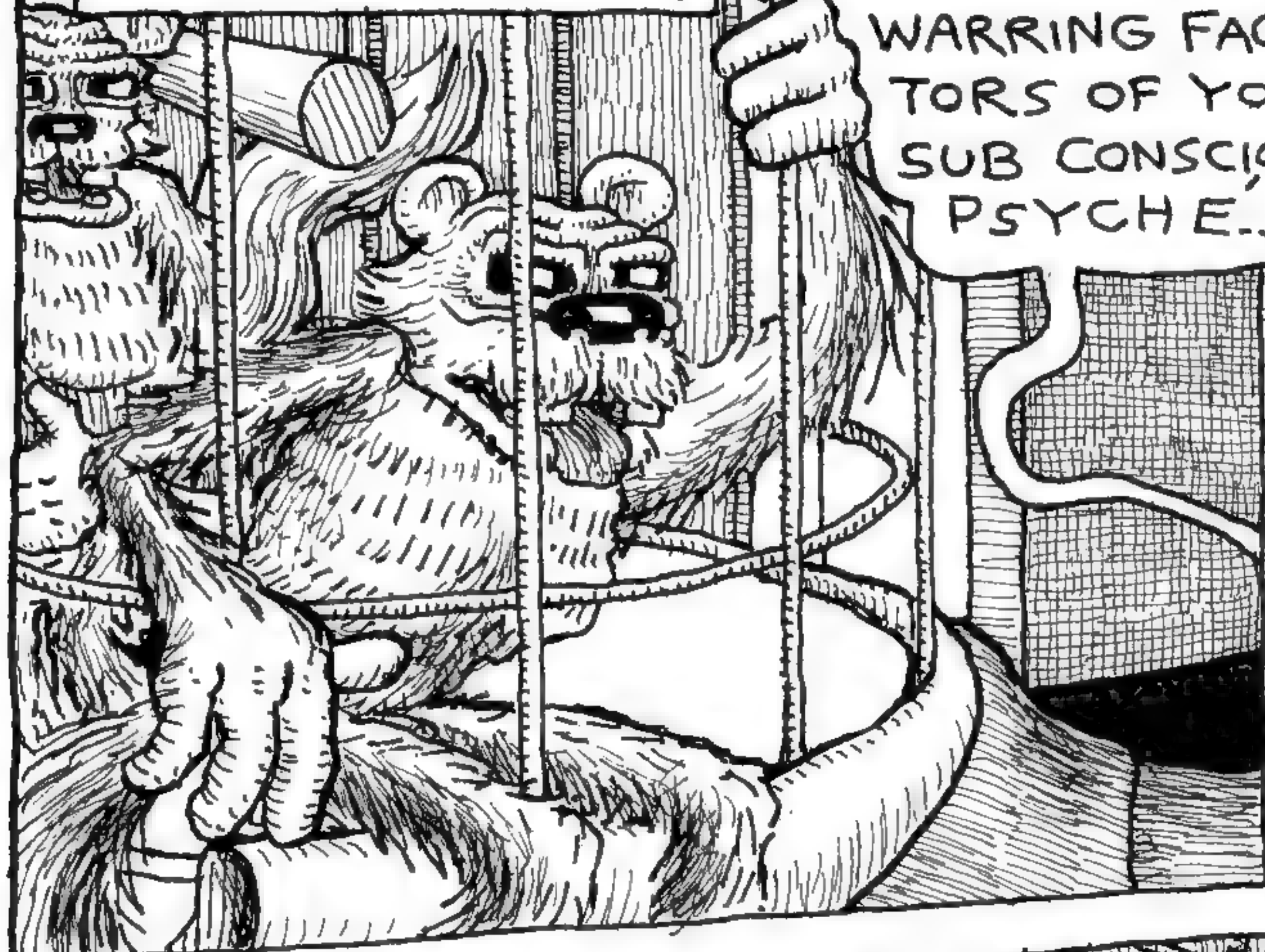
EVEN WORSE, JUST AS THE "WEDDING-
NIGHT" WAS ABOUT TO GET UNDERWAY,

EVERYTHING
WENT BLANK!





BUT WHILE ONE PART OF ME ANE-MICALLY, TOOK IT ALL IN, IN THE BACK OF MY MIND,



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY, IT'S MERELY THE WARRING FAC-TORS OF YOUR SUB CONSCIOUS PSYCHE...



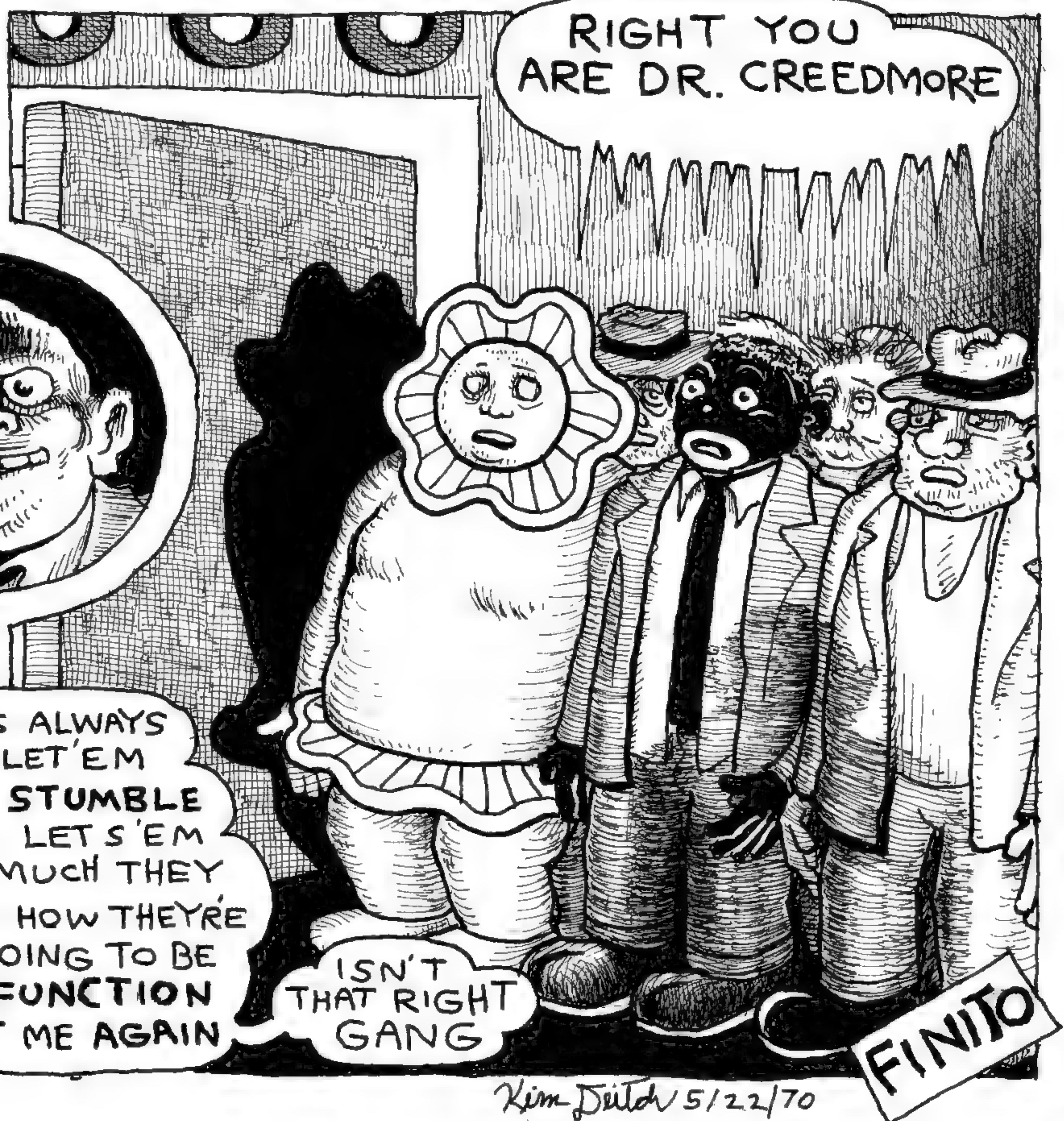
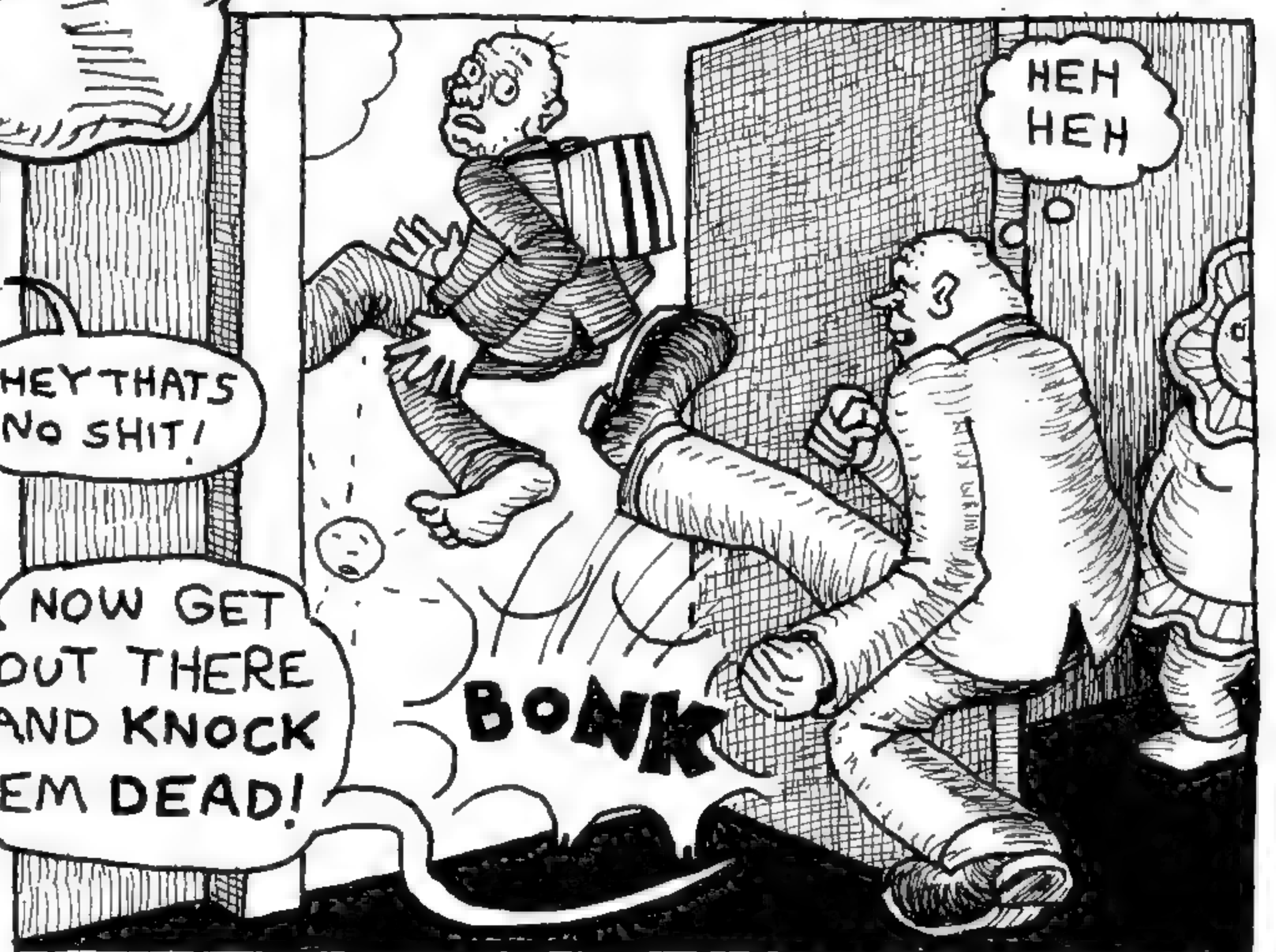
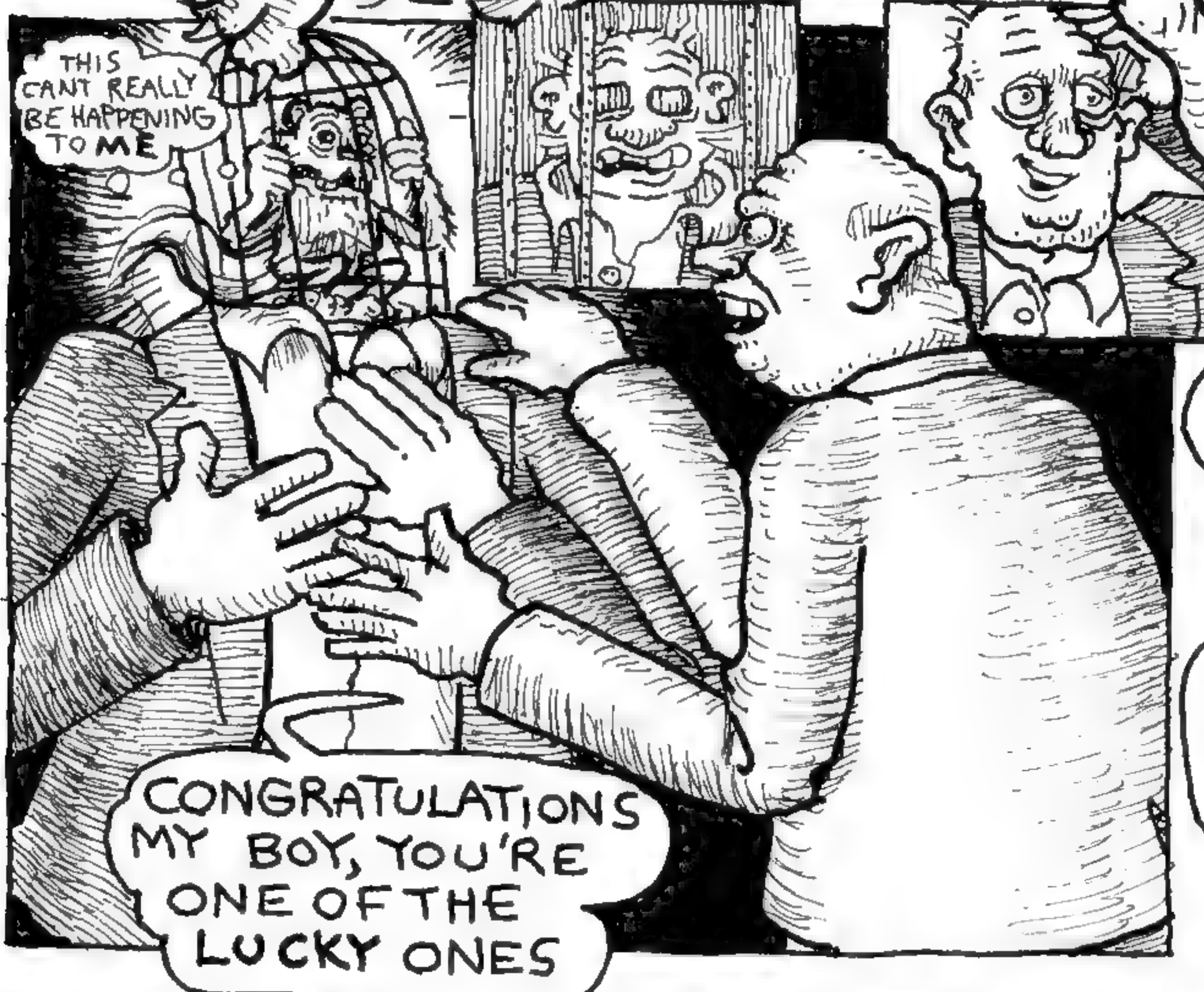
...COMPLICATED OF COURSE BY A REALLY NASTY CASE OF DT'S



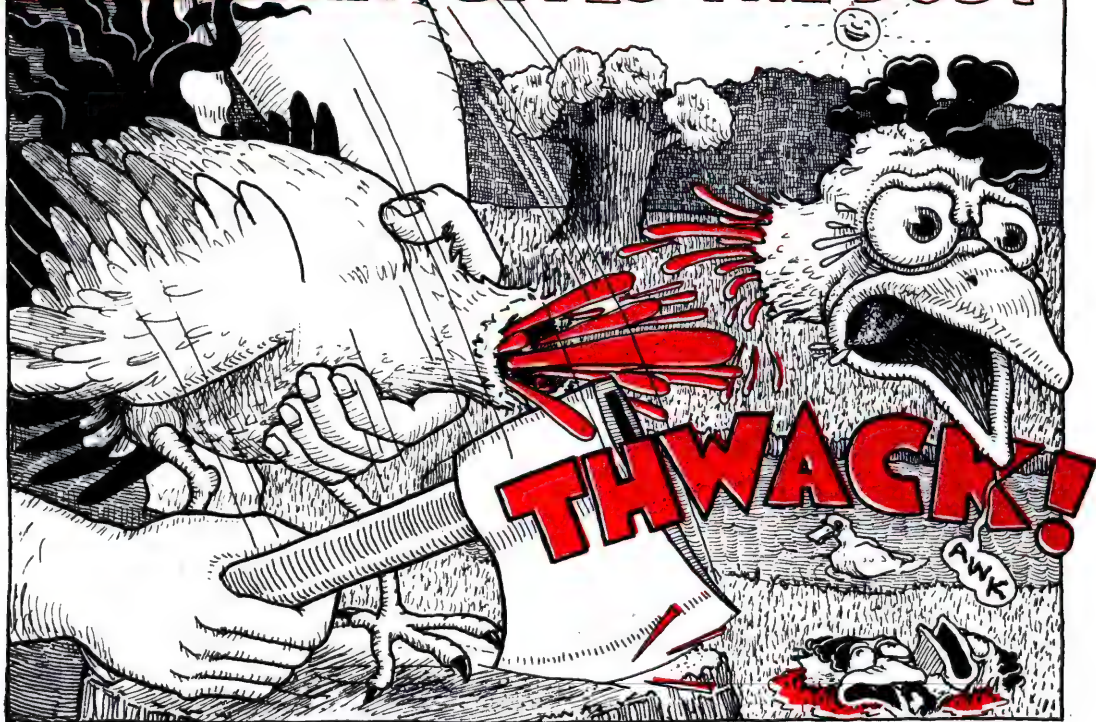
THE WHEELS WERE TURNING!



SAVE TH SERMON FOR TH SUCKERS BALDY, I'M CRASHIN OUT!



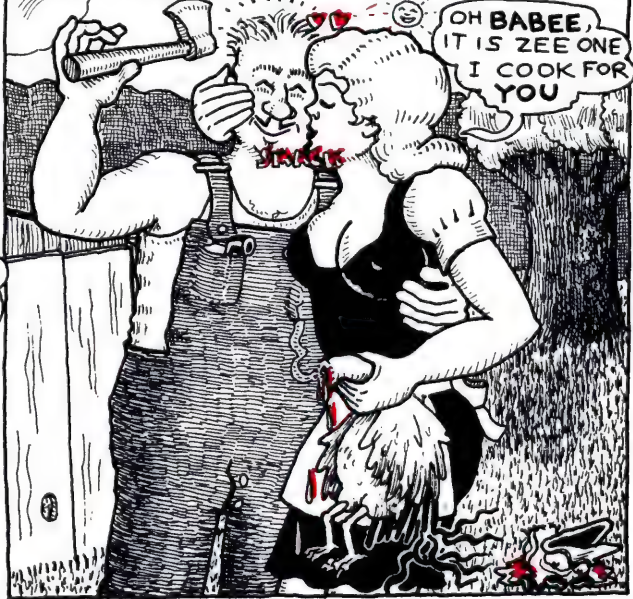
AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, A CHICKEN BITES THE DUST

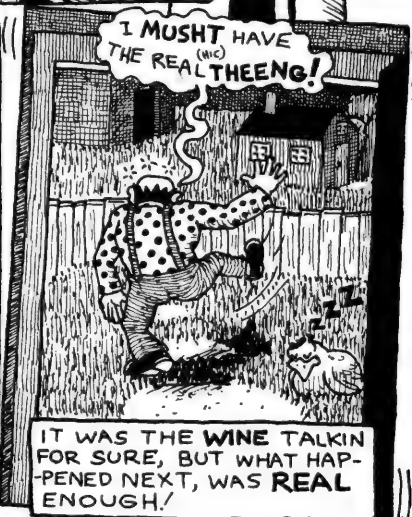
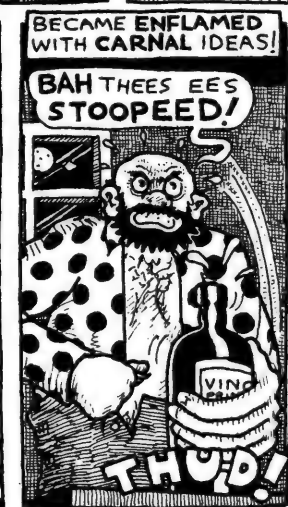
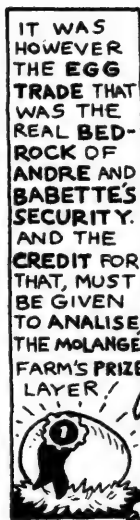


CERTAINLY, NO ONE WAS MORE AWARE OF THIS THAN ANDRE MOLANGE

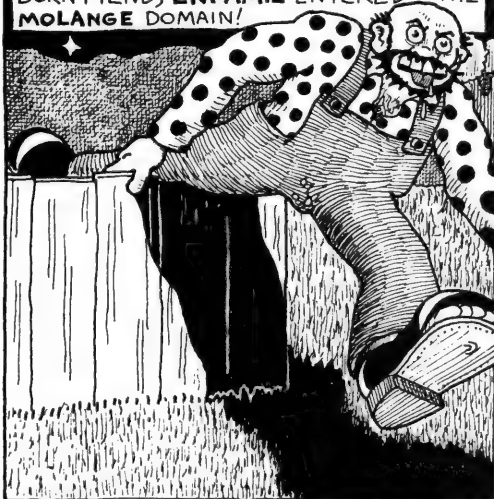


ANDRE AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE, BABETTE HAD A BRISK INCOME FROM THEIR LITTLE CHICKEN FARM





WITH ALL THE SKILL AND STEALTH OF A BORN FIEND, ENFAMIL ENTERED THE MOLANGE DOMAIN!



AND ANDRE? ALAS, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HE WAS FIVE MILES AWAY, A FEATURED SPEAKER AT AN ANNUAL EGG PRODUCE AFFAIR.



BUT NOT SO BABETTE. FEELING A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER, SHE ELECTED TO FORGO THE EVENT IN QUESTION, AND RETIRE EARLY THAT EVENING



THUS AT THE FATEFULL HOUR, SHE WAS HOME, ALONE, ASLEEP, IN BED!

HA EET EEZ ALMOST TOO EEZEE! (DROOL)



A FACT ENFAMIL TOOK FULL COGNIZANCE OF

NOW I GO TO ZEE ARMS OF MY BABEE!



HOWEVER BY THEN, ANDRE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME; --- BUT...

I MUST CHECK ON ZEM!



BEFORE TURNING IN HIMSELF, HE STOPPED OFF TO CHECK THE NOCTURNAL PROGRESS OF HIS LAYING HENS

THE PERVERTED ACT TAKING PLACE UNDER HIS NOSE WAS AN OUTRAGE TO ALL HIS SENSIBILITIES

ENFAMIL!
ANALISE!

ANDRE MON
AMI, LET
ME EXPLAIN

WAAK?

WELL, BABETTE WHO
SLEPT THROUGH EVERY
THING, WAS NO HELP
AT ALL

ANDRE HOW
COULD YOU
DO THEES
THEENG (SOS)

BABETTE, I
I CAN EXPLAIN!

AND ANALISE, WHO'D HAD MANY A
YOUNG COCK PLUCKED FROM HER,
AND BRUTALLY MURDERED BEFORE
HER VERY EYES BY ANDRE,

THUNK

REMAINED SILENT

SURELY MONSIEUR, YOU
DO NOT EXPECT US TO
BELEIVE THEES LIE!

AH THE SUN,
SHE EEZ SO
BEAUTIFUL

CHNG

FOR YOU
ANALISE, I
WOULD DO
EET AGAIN!

HE MUSED TO HIMSELF, AS HIS
HEAD ROLLED DAINTILY INTO A
WAITING WICKER BASKET.

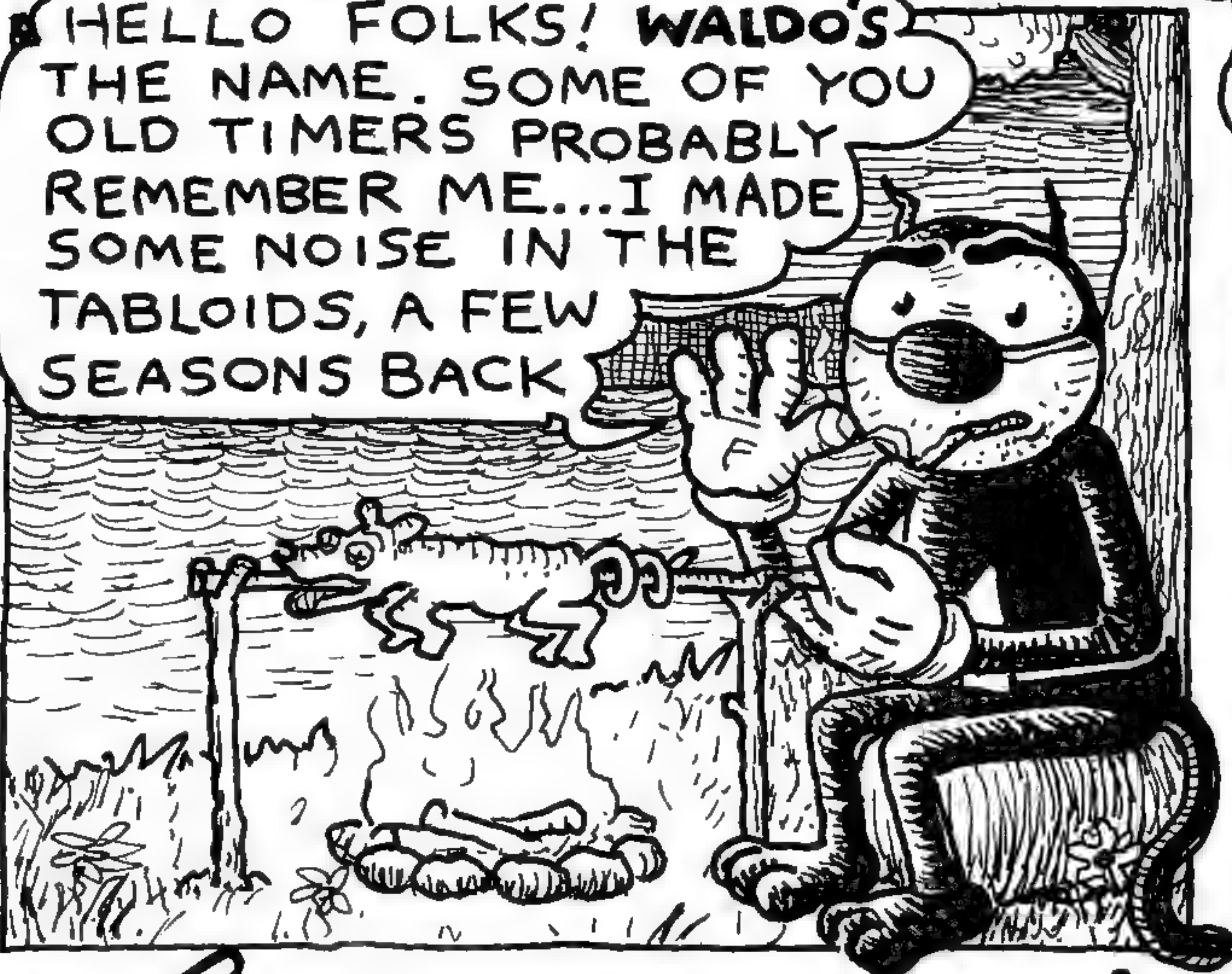
FIN

BLUE BUT TRUE

COMICS

HELLO FOLKS! WALDO'S THE NAME. SOME OF YOU OLD TIMERS PROBABLY REMEMBER ME...I MADE SOME NOISE IN THE TABLOIDS, A FEW SEASONS BACK

MY LUCK STARTED CRAPPIN OUT LONG AGO, BUT THE BIZZARE CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT GOT ME WHERE I AM TODAY, BEGAN LAST CHRISTMAS EVE



AM I BLOO!
AM I BLOOO!
AIN'T THESE STARS IN THE SKY TELLIN YOU



GERTRUDE! IT'S MY WALDO! HE'S UP THERE! I CAN SEE HIM!

HEY DUMMY GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!

YA DUMB CUNT! QUIT THAT HOWL-IN AND LET AN OLD CON GET SOME SLEEP!

IT WAS A LITTLE AFTER 11 AND KITTY, (MY OLD LADY,) WAS EVEN SEEIN THINGS....



TAKE IT EASY HONEY, HE AINT OUT THERE AND YOU KNOW IT

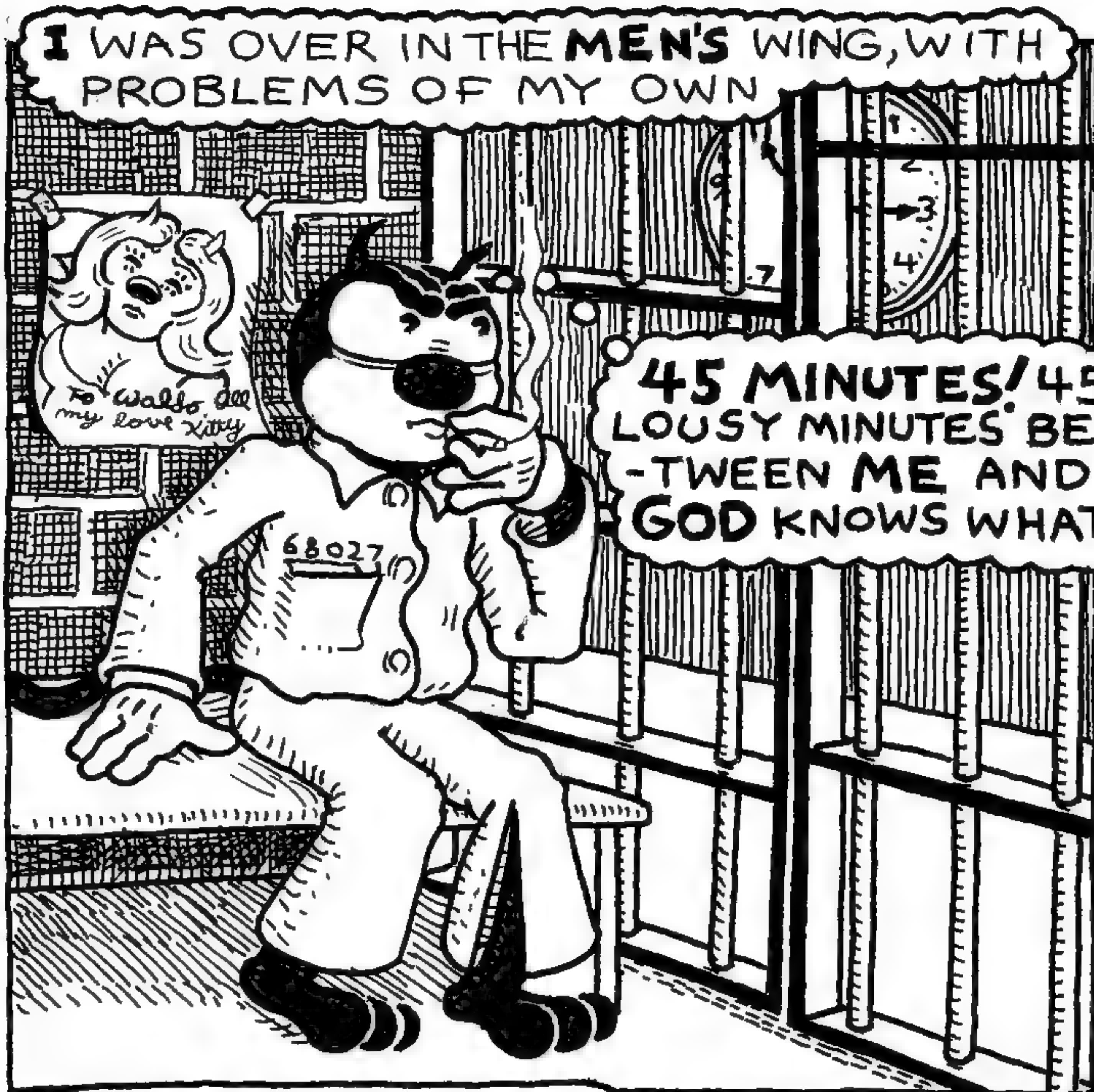
BESIDES, THAT GUY WAS NO GOOD. WHY YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT BUM!

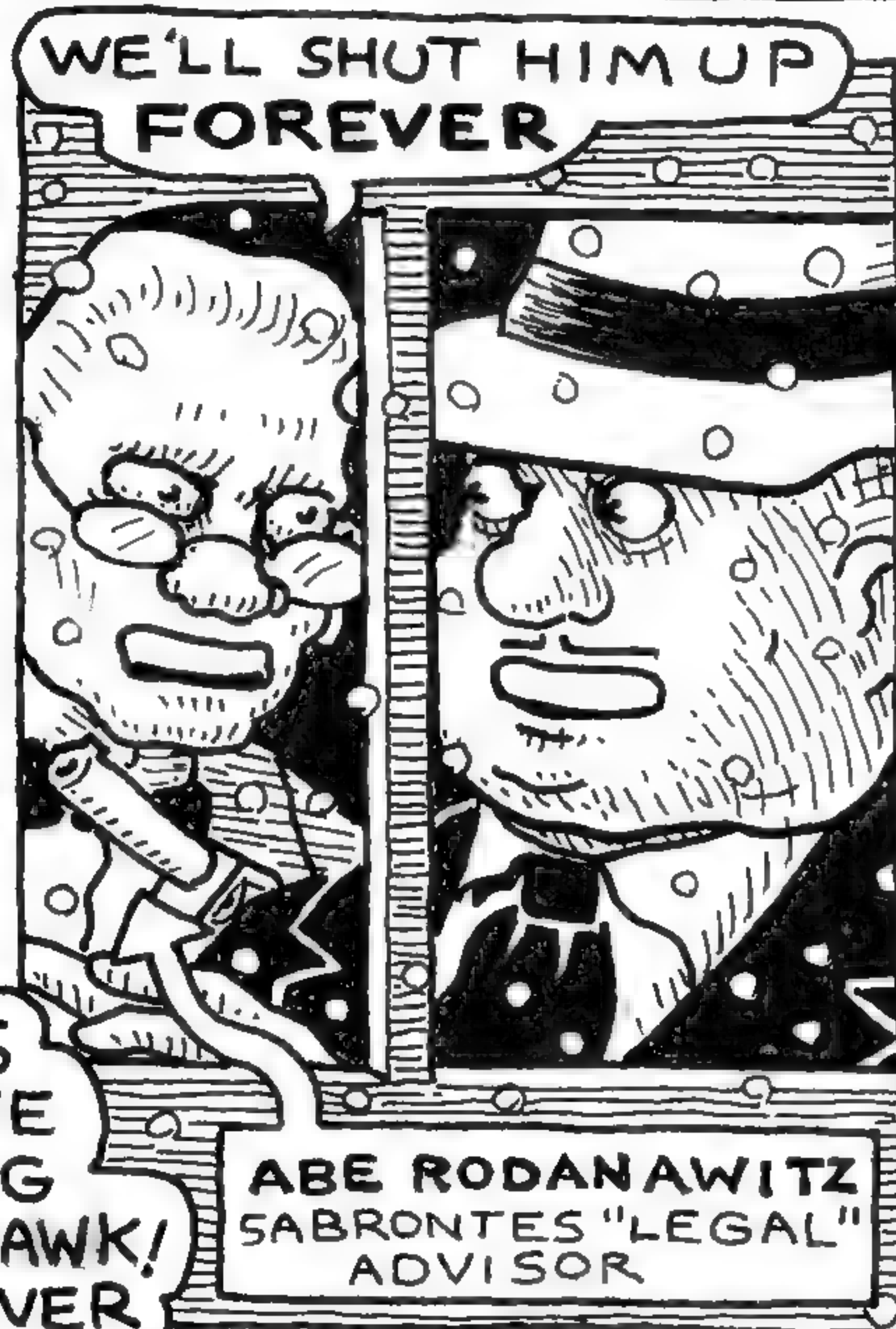


SHE KNEW GERT- RUDE WAS RIGHT,



... BUT SOMEHOW, IT DIDNT SEEM TO MATTER....







JUST THEN **FATE** THREW A COSMIC MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE AFFAIR

WELL BLESS MY SOUL



WHAT A **HELLO** OF A PLACE TO GET STRANDED!



I'D BETTER GIVE EM A HAND



THE PRISON CHAPEL BELL TOLLED MIDNIGHT



OH GERTRUDE HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!



DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT KID!

GASP!



GWAN! OPEN THAT DOOR!

DARLING! YOU'RE ALIVE!

HUH?



MY HERO!

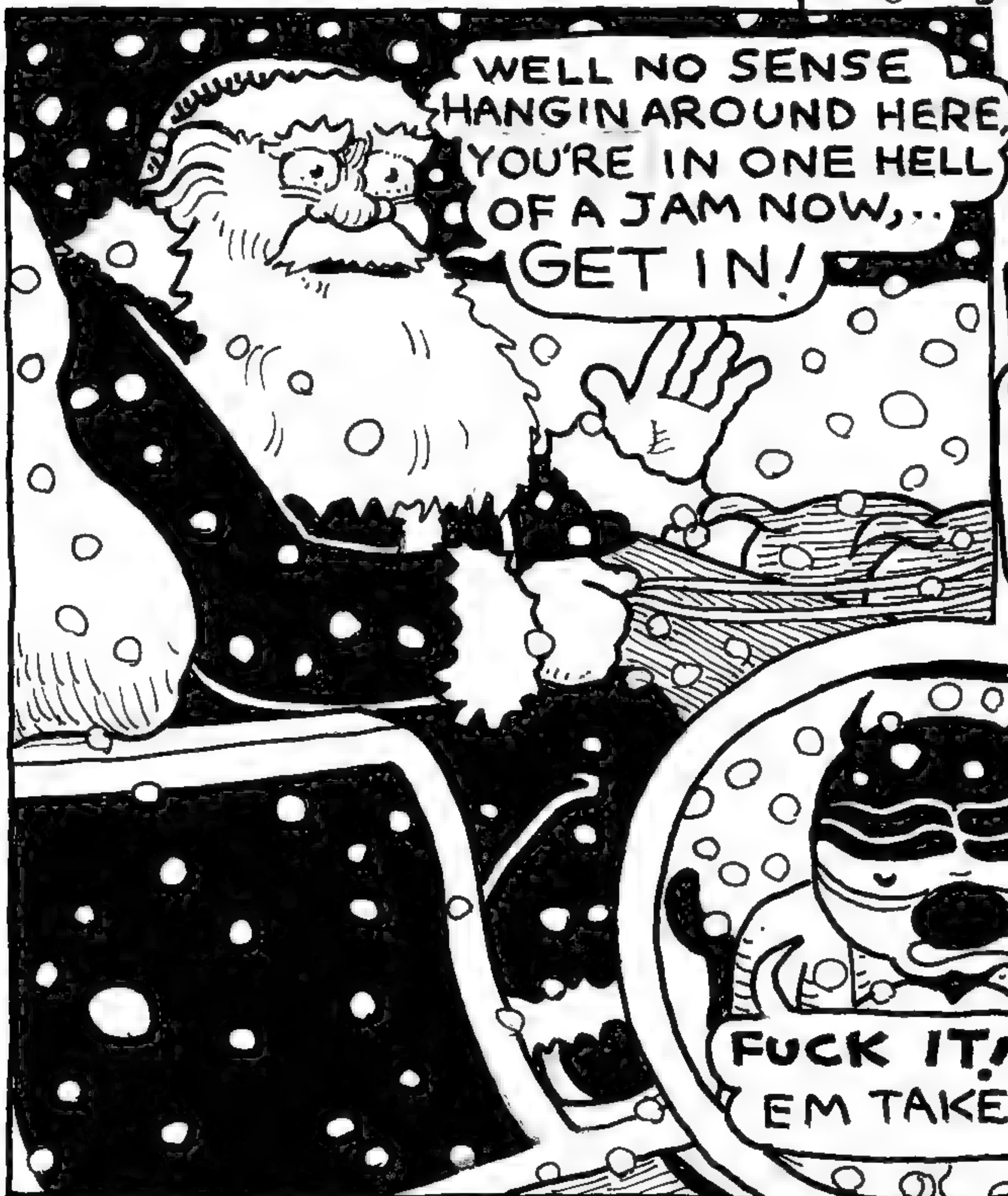
MINUTES LATER

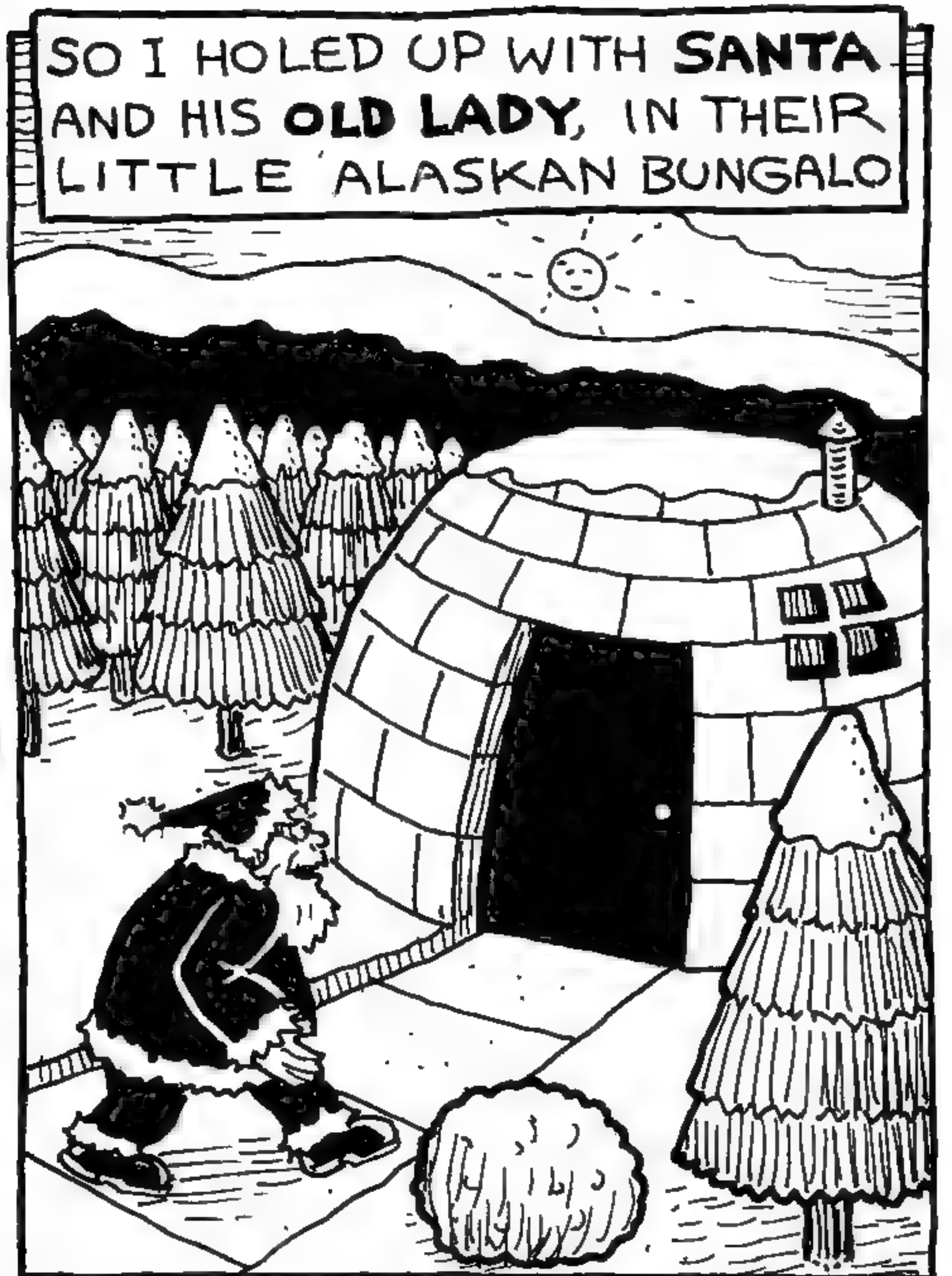
CAN THAT STUFF WILL YA! WE AIN'T OUT OF THE WOODS YET!



SAY, CAN I HELP YOU BOYS OUT?



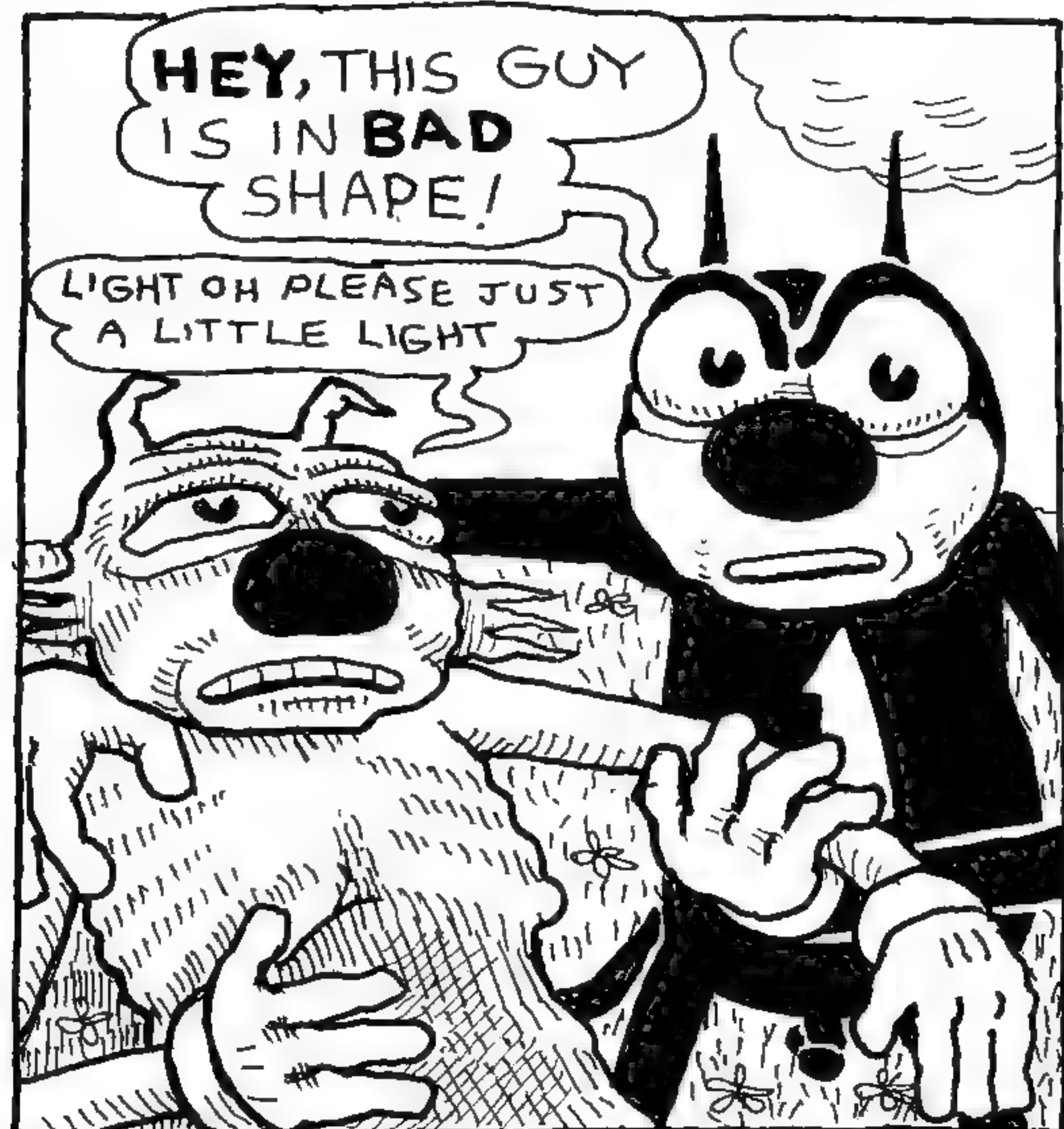


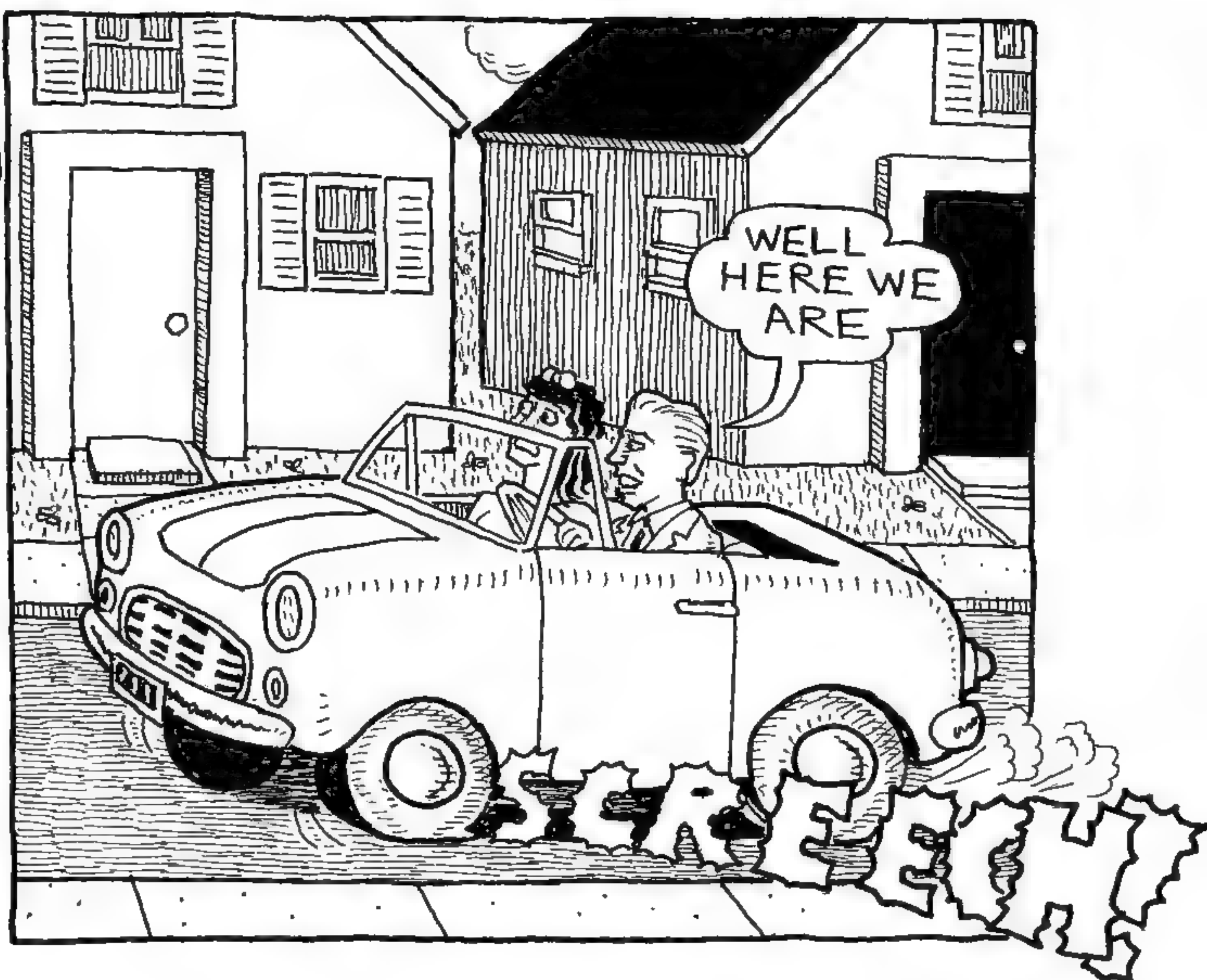
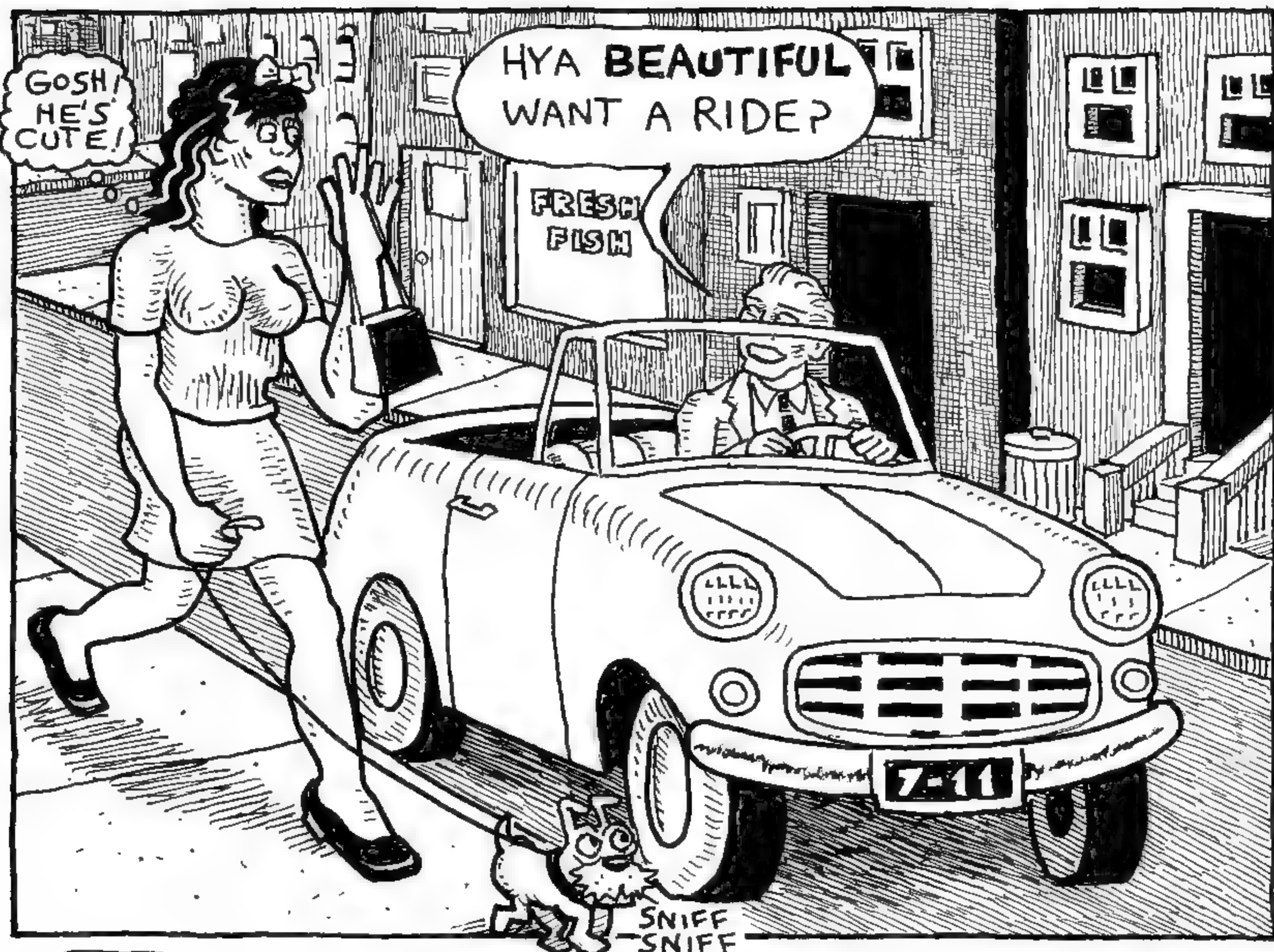


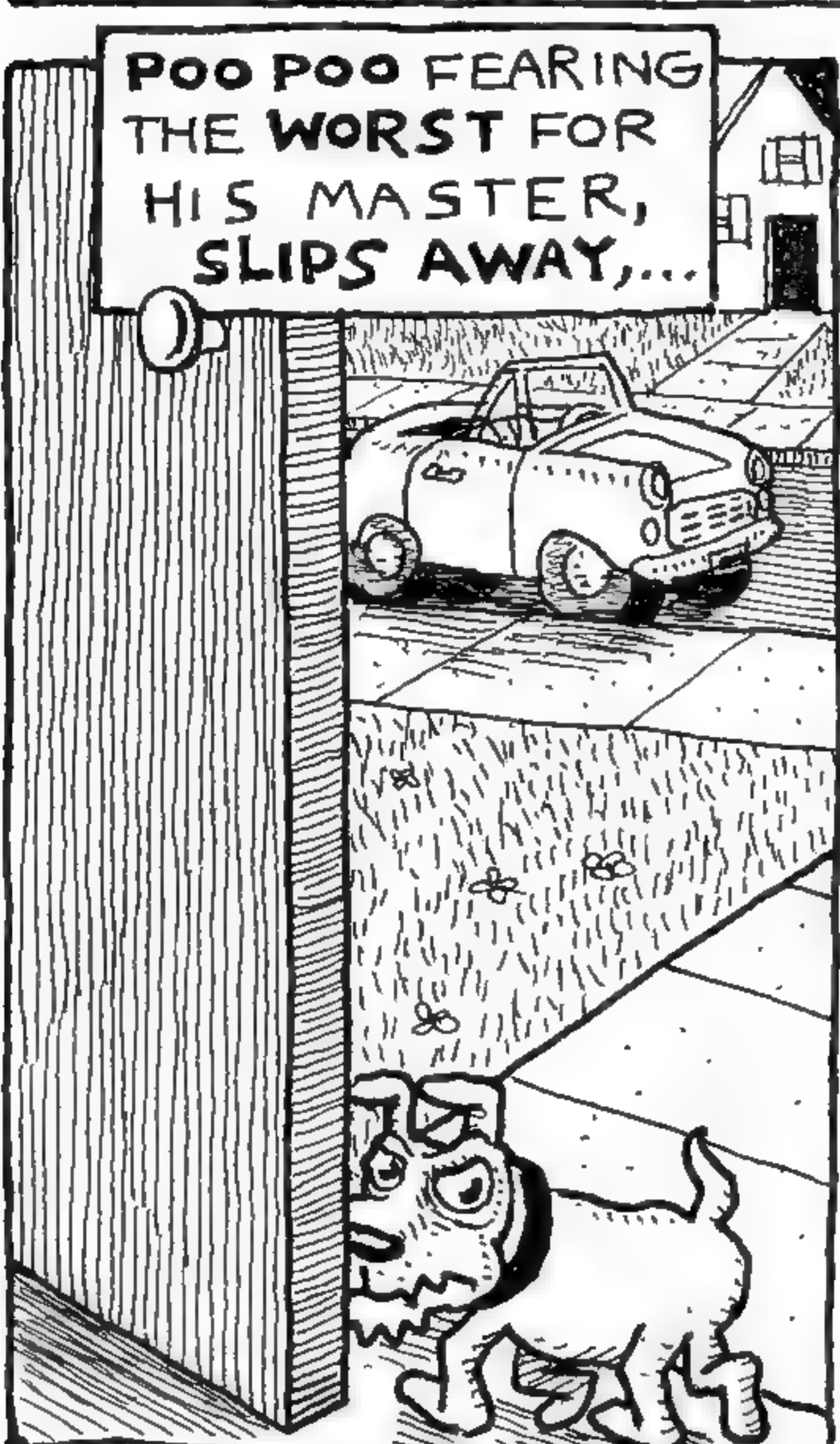
YOUR'E NEARLY THREE AND THAT "CERTAIN LIGHTNING" STILL HASN'T STRUCK; THATS WHEN YOU START TO FEEL...



WORLDWEARY





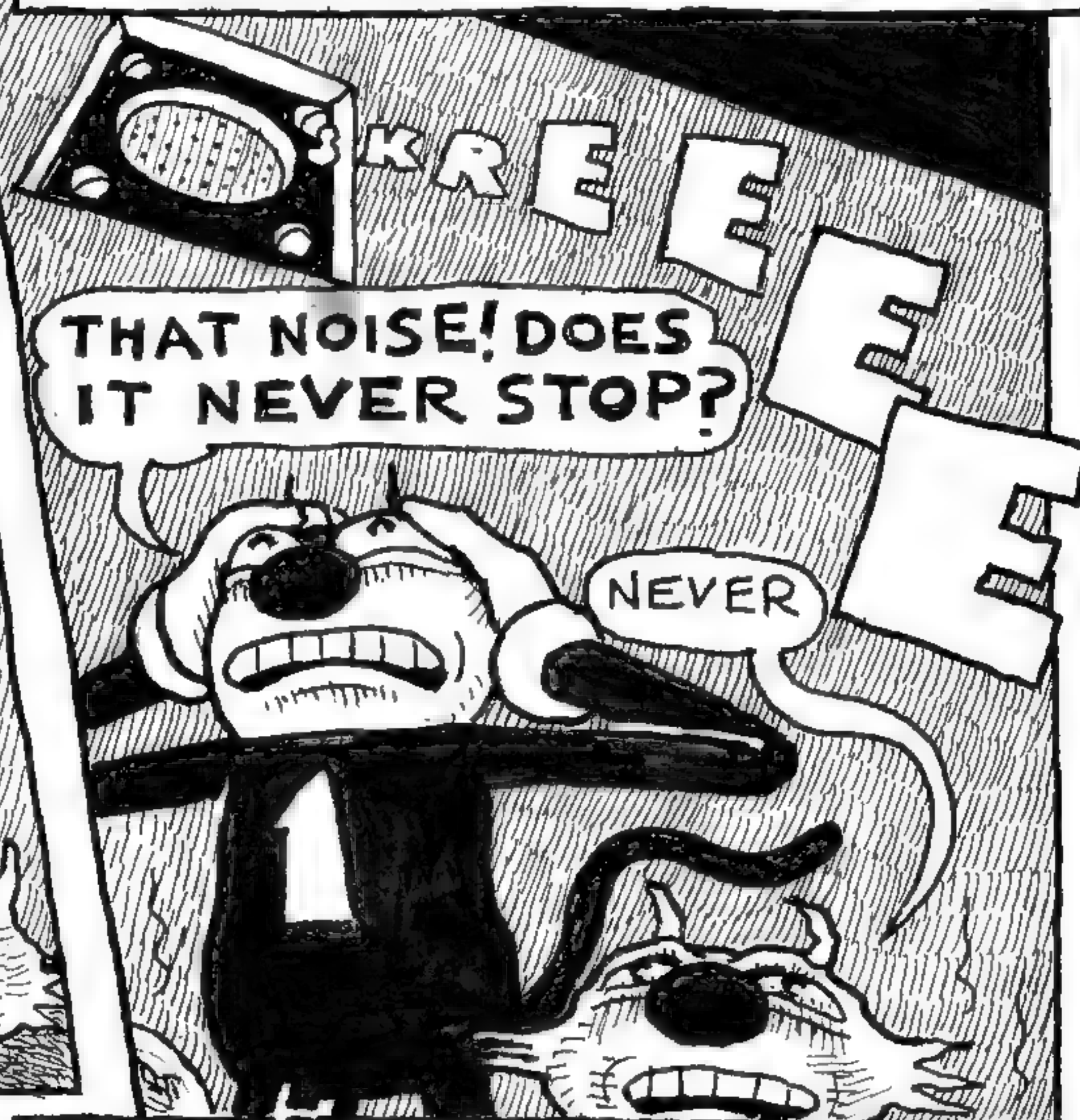




THAT NIGHT, AT A ROADSIDE MOTEL, TWO MILES INTO MEXICO, WALDO HAD A VERY BIZARRE DREAM! SUDDENLY HE WAS IN A GREAT HALL WHICH STANK UNBELIEVABLY!

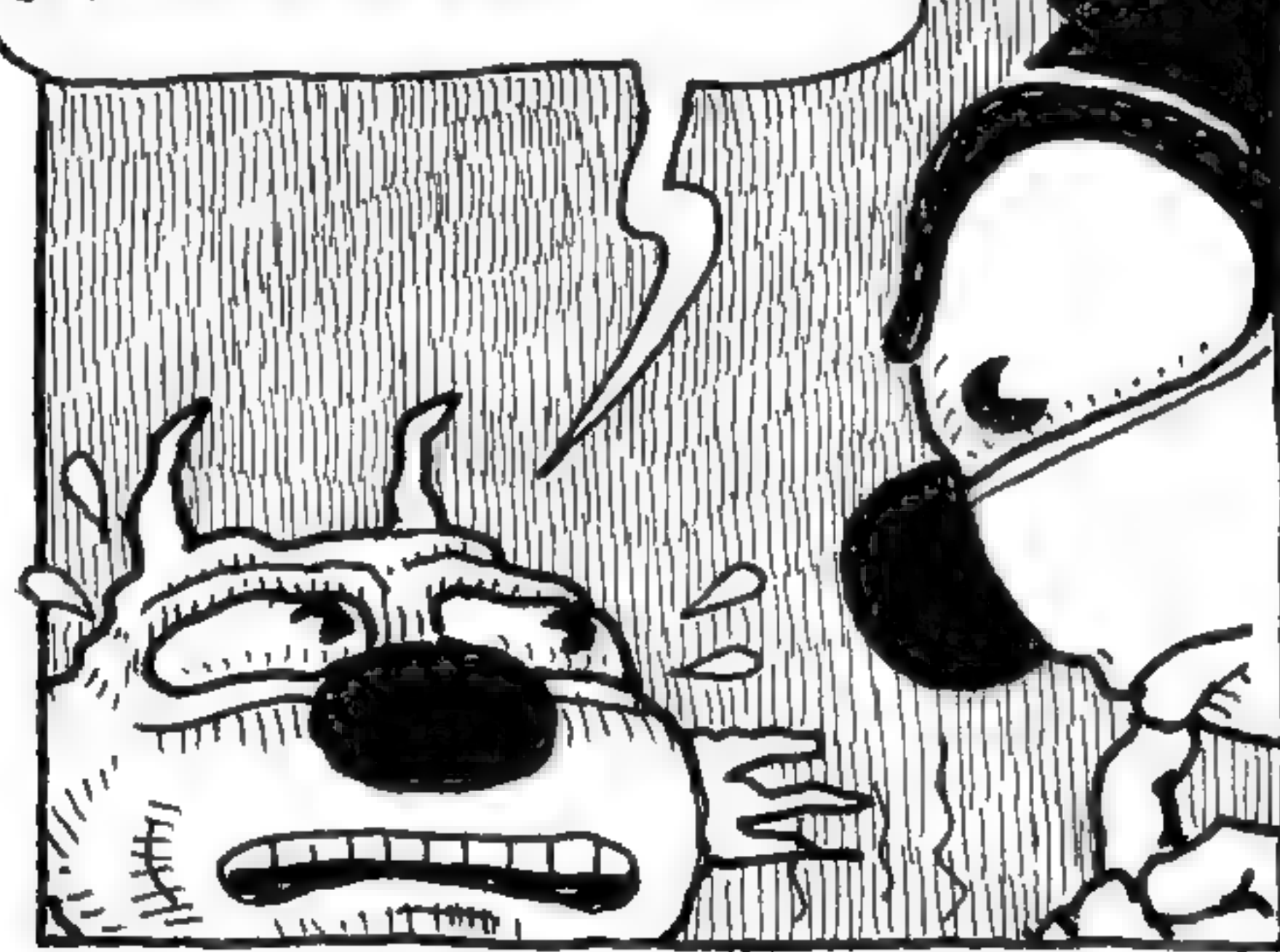
ON IT'S DIRT FLOOR, THERE WERE A DOZEN DETACHED AND PIT-IFULLY WAILING HEADS!

OVER A P.A. SYSTEM ABOVE, CAME THE AMPLIFIED SOUND OF CHALK ENDLESSLY SQUEAKING ACROSS SOME SINISTER AND UNSEEN BLACK BOARD!



THEN SHOUTING TO BE HEARD, THE OLD CAT SAID.....

CHANGE YOUR FILTHY WAYS LAD! WHY LOOK AT YA, NEARLY THREE AND YOU'RE ALLREADY KNEE DEEP IN...



AND HOW TRUE IT WAS! WALDO LOOKED BACK ON ALMOST A QUARTER OF HIS LIFE! DWINDLED AWAY IN PURSUIT OF SELFISH, HEDONISTIC GOALS, AND WOKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT!

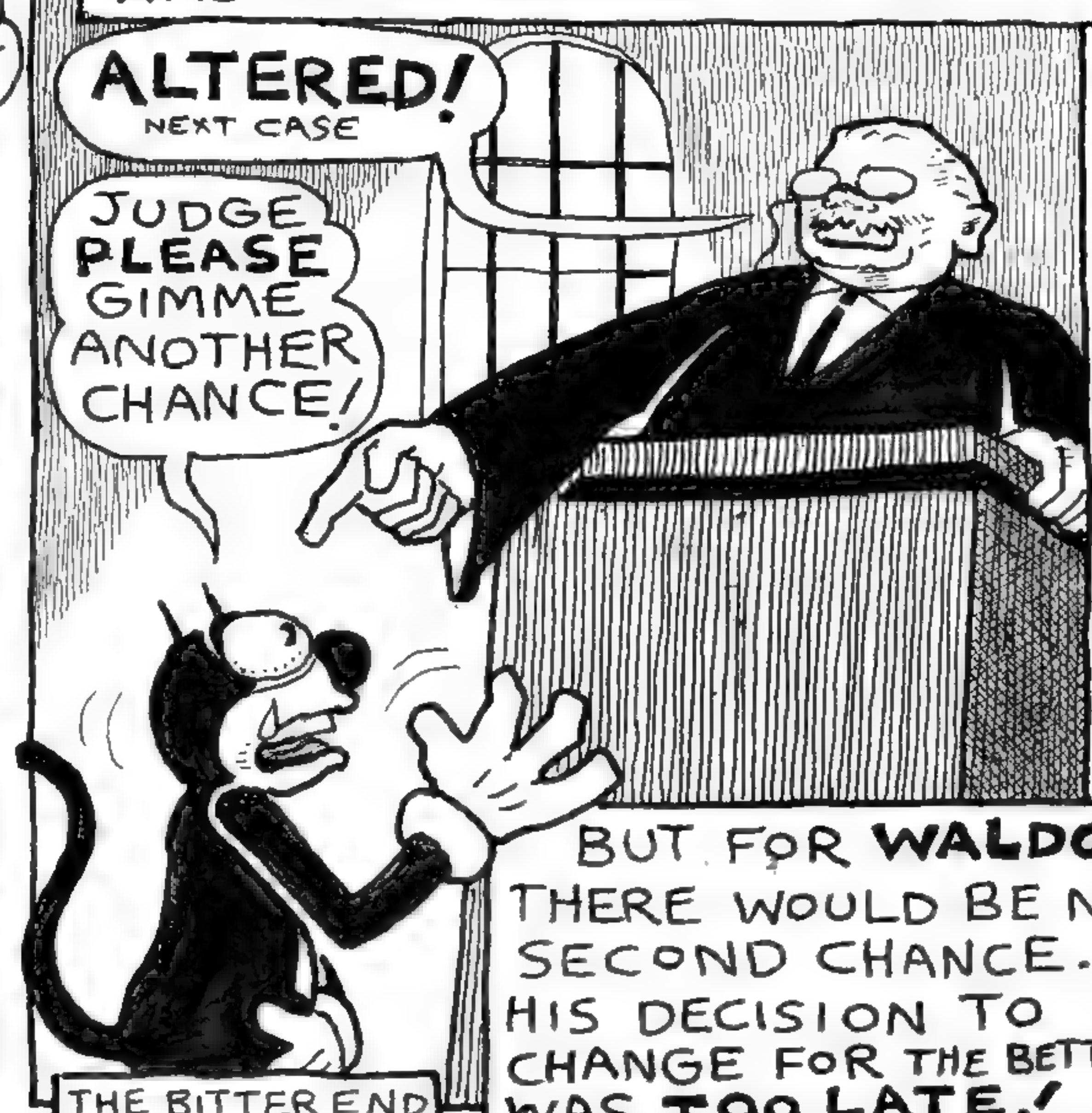


ILL CHANGE! HE BOOMED AS HE SET OUT TO LAY THE CORNER STONE ON A CAREER OF SPIRITUAL REFORM!

UNFORTUNATELY, JUST THEN THE GRIM HAND OF RETRIBUTION REACHED OUT AND SCOOPED HIM UP

HOLD EM HIGH, I WANNA BE ABLE TO COUNT ALL EIGHT OF THEM FINGERS

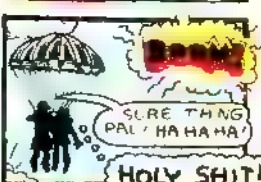
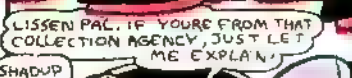
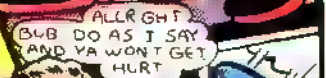
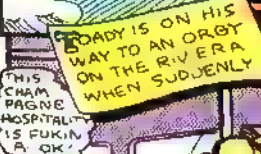
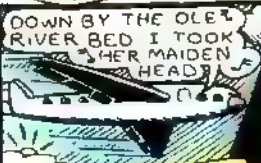
FOUND GUILTY ON THREE FELONIOUS COUNTS AS A SEX OFFENDER, THE DEFENDANT WAS SENTENCED TO BE.....





I'M SURE MOST OF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH GRIFFY'S "TOAD" STORIES, YOU KNOW THOSE NASTY LITTLE PAST CHES THAT POSITIVELY WALLOW IN GROSSNESS. WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW JUST WHAT TRAUMATIC EVENT IN GRIFFY'S EARLY YEARS BROUGHT ON THIS MORASS OF ICONOCLASM; HOWEVER, I THINK WE CAN REST ASSURED THAT THE PROPER AUTHORITIES WILL SOON BE PROBING THIS SITUATION. IN ORDER THAT THE PUBLIC MAY BE FURTHER ACQUAINTED WITH THE PROBLEM, WE NV TE YOUR PERJUSAL

K M O E T C H P H O



HOLY SHIT!

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE STUDIO OF HANS KEESLER, INFAMOUS OUTLAW TAXIDERMIST, SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE BAVARIAN BORDER!



NO IS R,GT, PAL! IT'S GOT NO SAV-WA-FAIRY IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN



BETTER NOTHIN! FRITZ! GIFF ME A FREE HAND UND I VILL SHOW YOU KLASS!



A FEW DAYS LATER



... CAUSING AN EVEN STRANGER AND MORE BIZARRE METAMORPHOSIS BACK IN THE BAVARIAN HINTERLANDS

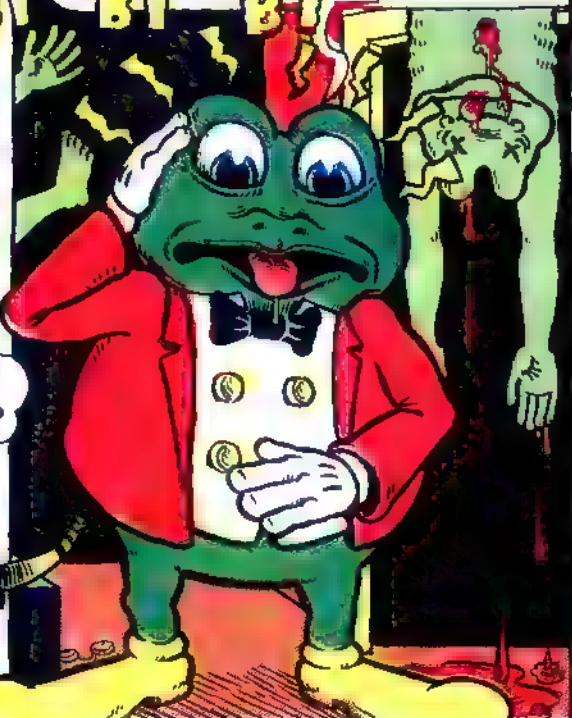
HYA-U-HYA-U-HYA-U-HYA-U



ACH! VAT ISS THIS BI-BI-BI?



ACH DU LIEB-IVA-HIA



CMON!

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT THING?

WHAT TH' HELL-BRING IT! MIGHT COME IN HANDY!!

THE NEXT DAY AT A WISCONSIN HOUSE WARMING PARTY

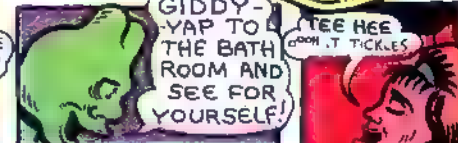


OH TODAY, YOU'VE MADE MY PARTY A SMASHING SUCCESS! YOUR NEW GIRL FRIEND S TOO DIVINE!

BUT DAN-LING, WHERE'S THE SURPRISE YOU PROMISED ME?

SHE IS A PIP I'VE GOTTA ADMIT IT!

GERONIMO!



GIDDY-YAP TO THE BATH ROOM AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

TEE HEE GOM IT TICKLES



SWAN, TELL ME IT A NEW TERRIFIC! OUGA! BOOGA!

YAP YAP!

MELVIN GRIFFITH

PERVERSE PLEASURES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

CORN FED

COMICS

50¢
FUN
BY THE
BUSHEL
FULL!

MILES MICROFT



AUTOFEED
MODEL 16

MADAM FATAL



CANDY KRENSHAW



ADULTS
ONLY!



Ken Geller 3/19/72

CANDY KRENSHAW GETS READY FOR A DATE WITH HER BOY FRIEND



FIRST SHE APPLIES A BASE OF WHITE MAKE-UP, (IT'S VERY IN THIS SEASON)



THEN THE EYEBROWS, LIPS, CHEEKS, NOSE, AND FINALLY,



...HER BRAND NEW WIG!



GOING TO A MASQUERADE YOU SAY? WELL NOT QUITE. YOU SEE CANDY'S A MEMBER OF THAT EVER GROWING CORPS OF CUT UPS THAT COMPRIZE THE.....

CULT

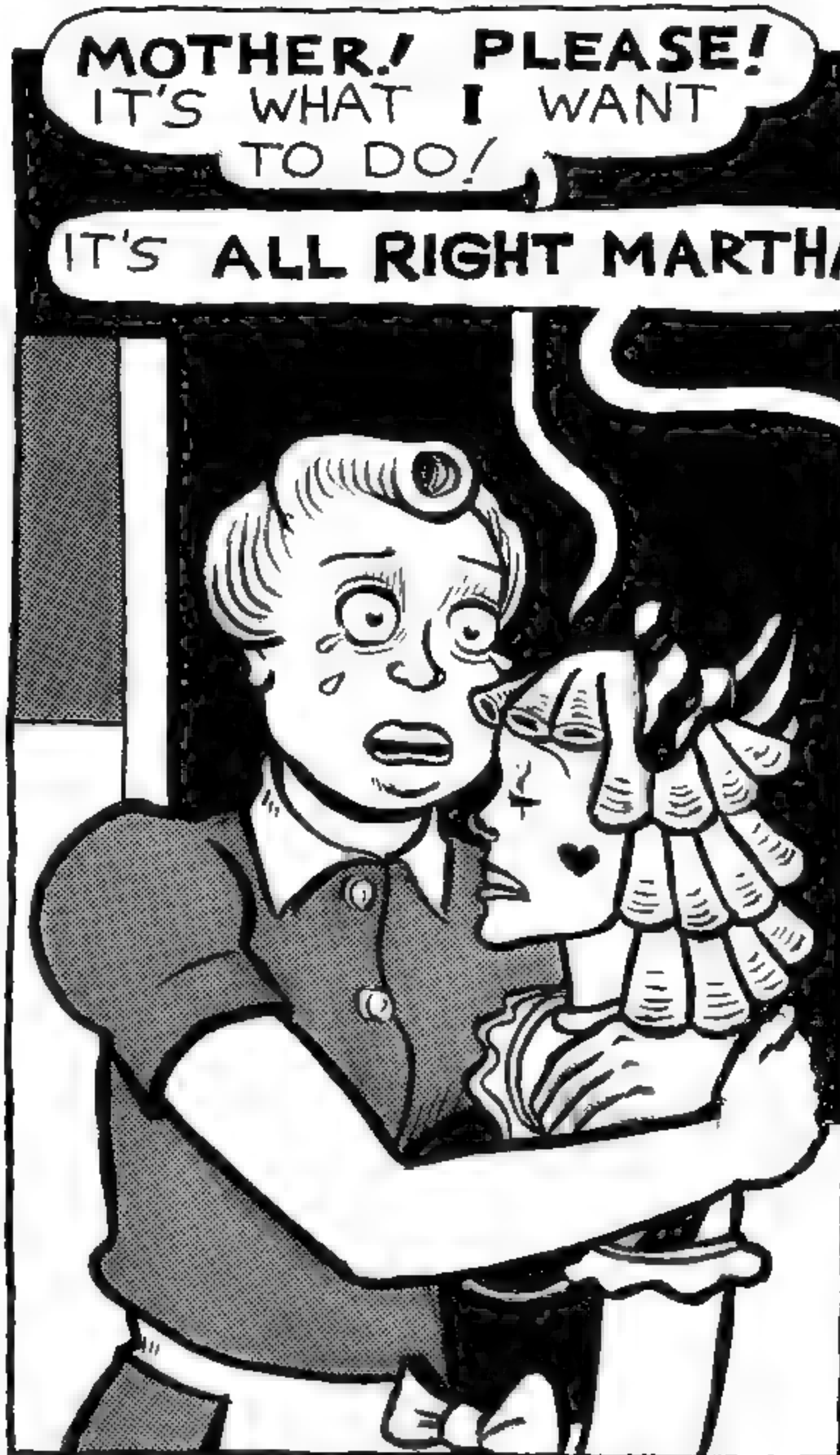
OF THE

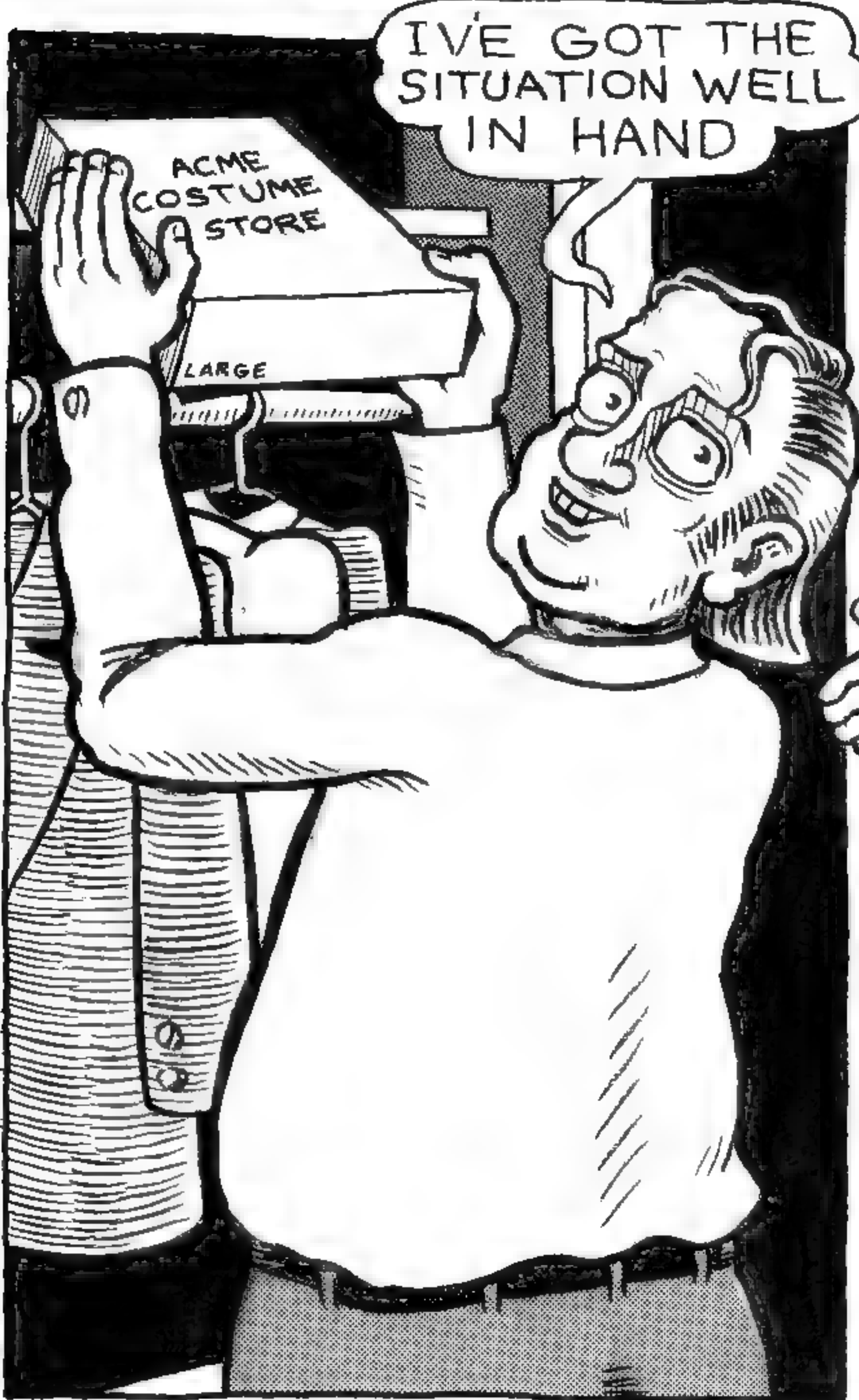


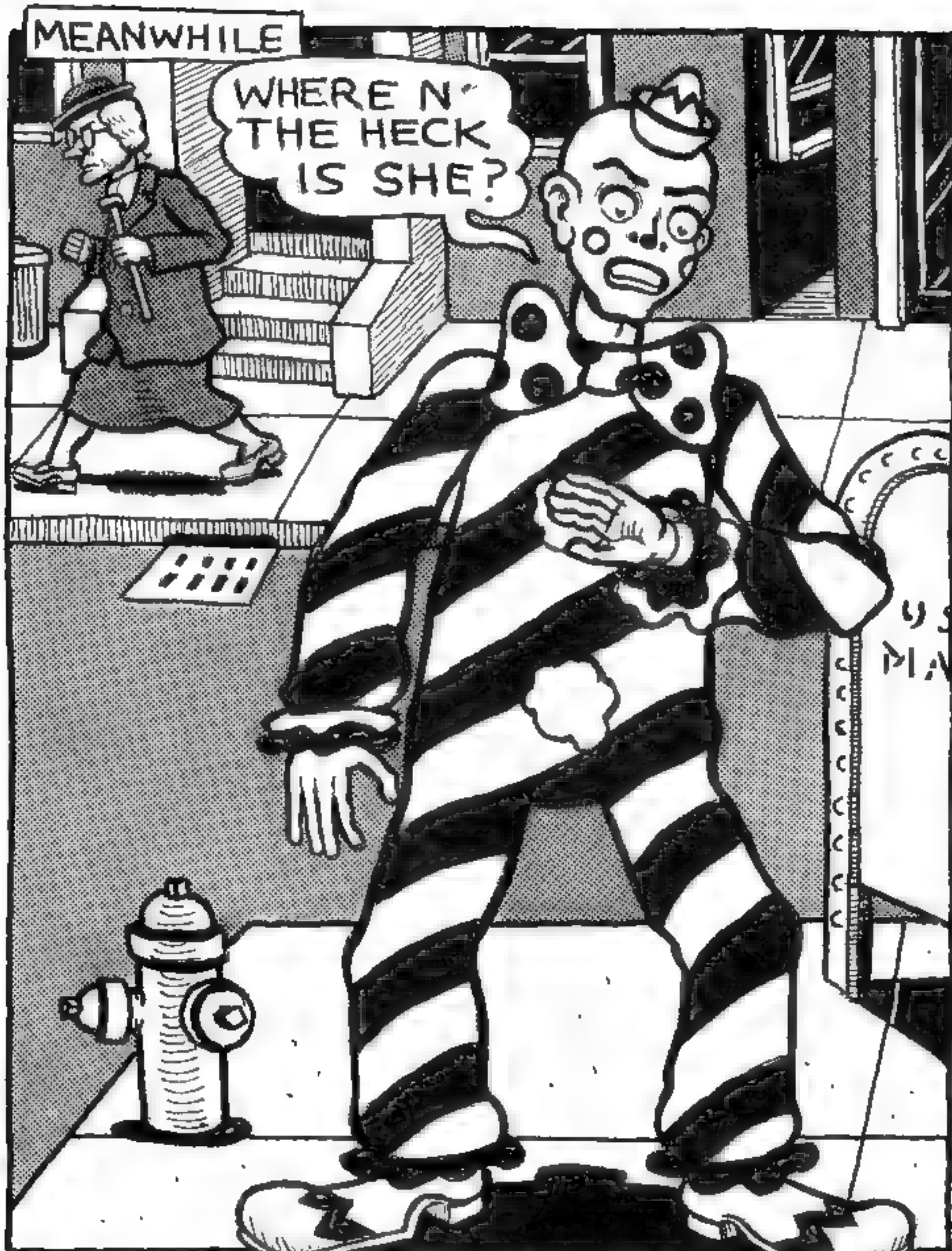
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU'RE CRAZY!

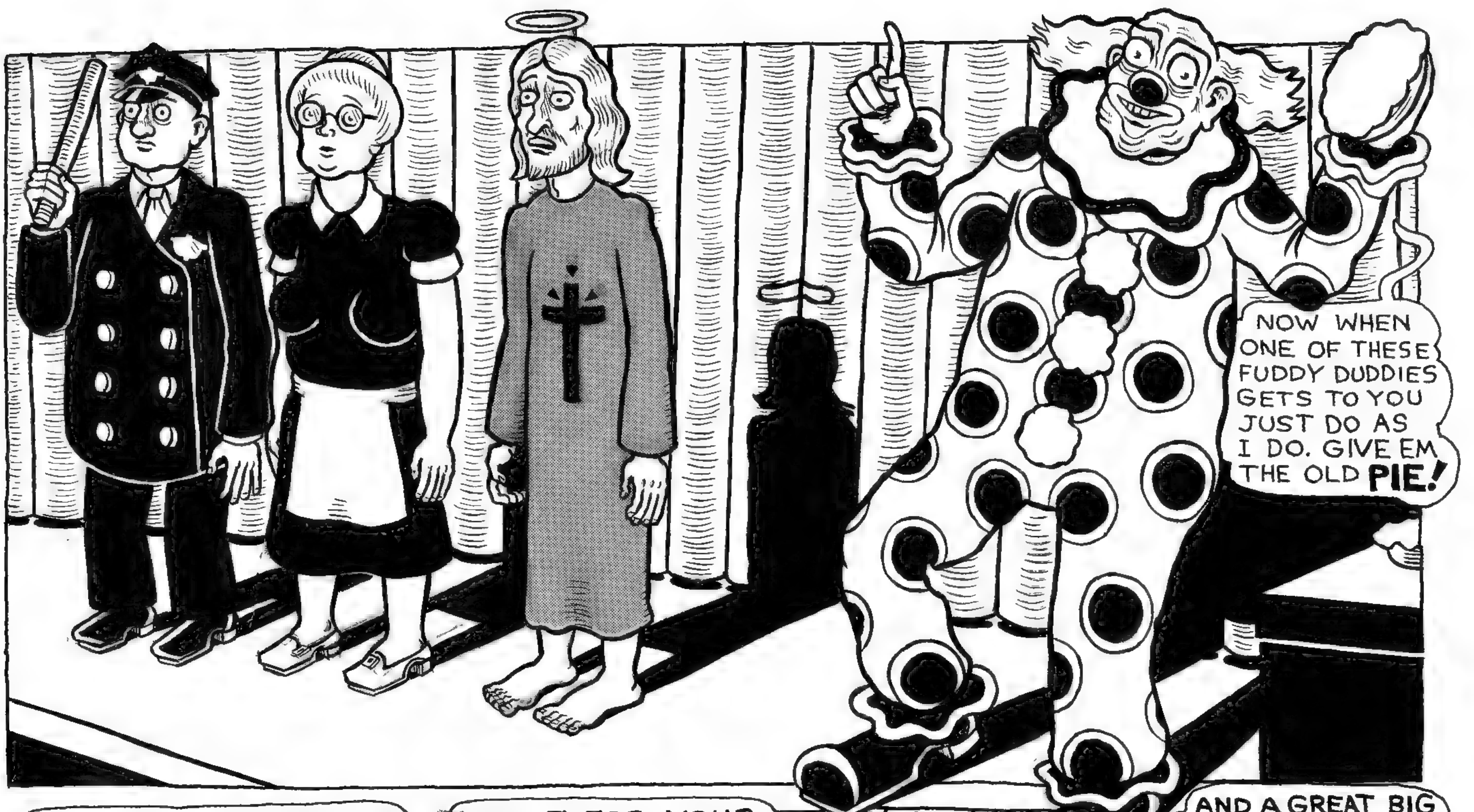
CALL ME THAT AGAIN, AND I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

BY FOWLTON MEANS









NOW WHEN ONE OF THESE FUDDY DUDDIES GETS TO YOU JUST DO AS I DO. GIVE EM THE OLD **PIE!**



COCONUT CUSTARD FOR THE COP ON THE CORNER,

SPLUT!



APPLE FOR YOUR MOTHER,.....

THOP!



AND A GREAT BIG GOOEY BANANA CREAM FOR JESUS!

OH WHAT CRUST!

SMUSH!



I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

REMEMBER GANG, A PASTRY PASTE IN THE FACE IS NO DISGRACE!

RIGHT ON!



I'M GETTING THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE **OUT** OF HERE!



C'MON YOU!

HEY BUB, WHAT DO YA THINK YER DOIN?

EEEEK!



I'LL FIX THAT GOON BUFOON!



SLURSH!



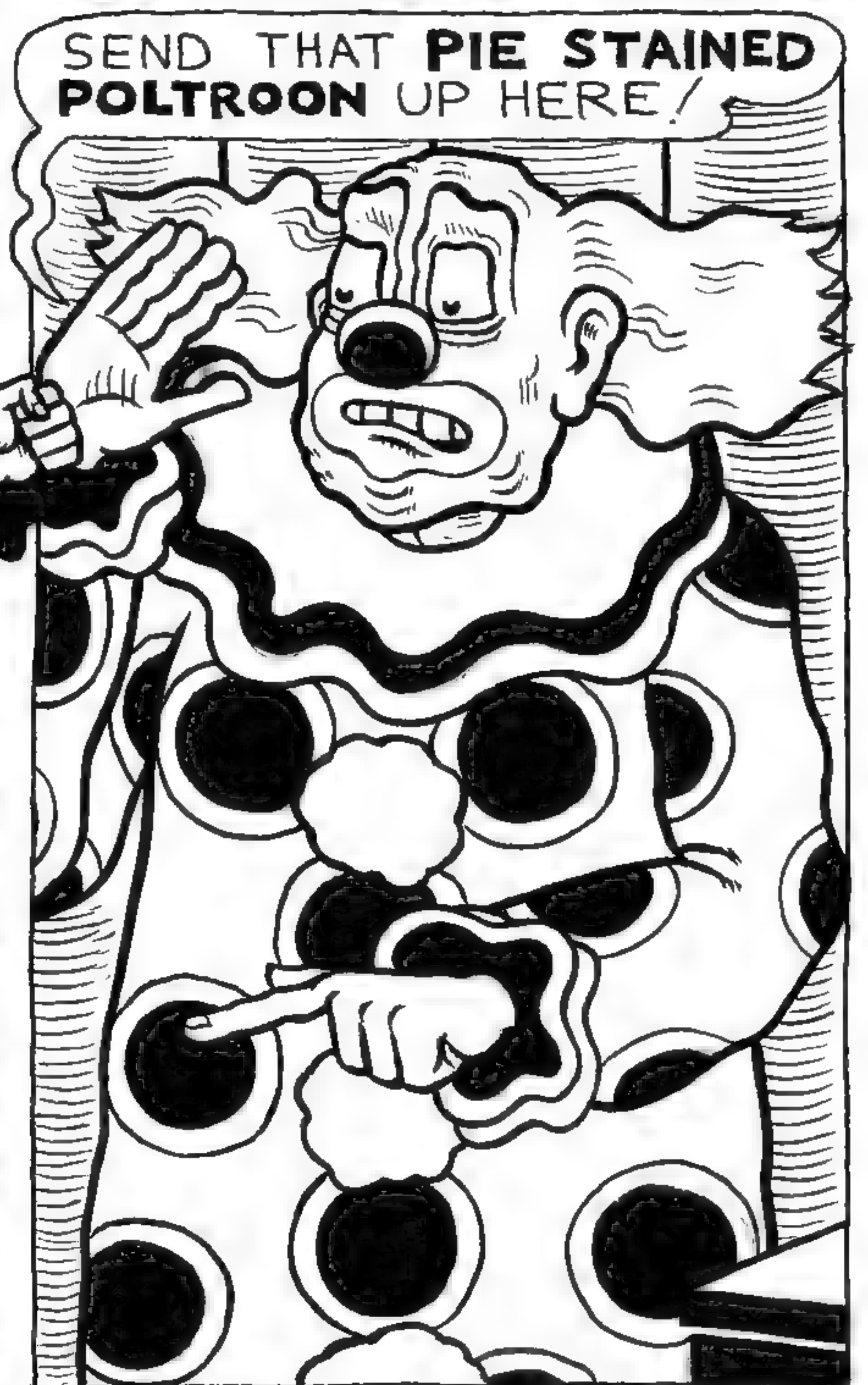
MESS WITH MY GIRL WILL YA?

GO BOY!

GET I'M RANDY!



STOP!



SEND THAT PIE STAINED POLTROON UP HERE!



A MINUTE LATER

LOOK SPORT, THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING,



...AND THE TIME FOR THAT STUFF, IS AFTER THE SHOW AT THIS ADDRESS.... GET ME!



HMM, THIS THING LOOKS MORE SINISTER THAN I FIGURED.... BETTER PLAY ALONG A WHILE LONGER!



AT 112
MOANING OAK BLVD.





I HAD A HUNCH
YOU WERE A
FINK!



C'MON PAL, ME'N YOU ARE
LAMMIN OUTA HERE BEFORE
THOSE **PIGS** SHOW UP!

10 MINUTES
LATER....



WE INTERRUPT THIS
PROGRAM TO BRING YOU
THE FOLLOWING BULLETIN...
JUST MOMENTS AGO, POLICE
RAIDED A **CLOWNIE** PARTY
AT 112 MOANING OAK BLVD!

...ALTHOUGH THE AUTHORITIES
MADE 63 ARRESTS AND
SIEZED SIZABLE CACHES
OF DRUGS AND WEAPONRY,
BOZO, THE GROUPS RING
LEADER WAS NOWHERE
TO BE FOUND

...AND AS LONG AS
I'M FREE, OUR LITTLE
MOVEMENT WILL GROW,
EVER POWERFUL!

...OUR PRANKS, **EVER
MORE MALEVOLENT!**

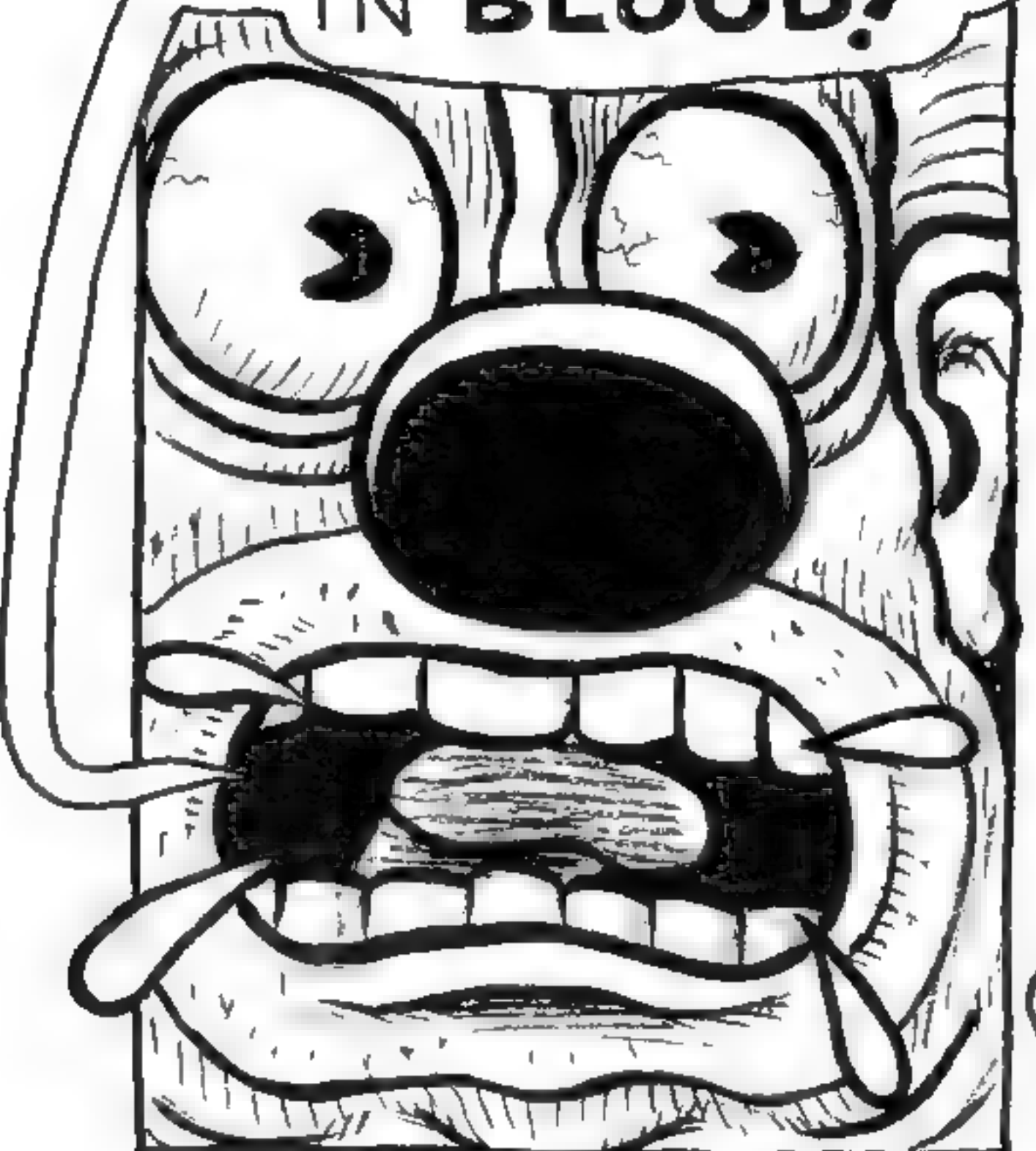
LISTEN TO
THAT WILL YA!
WE GOT OUT OF
THERE JUST IN
TIME!



AIN'T IT THE
TRUTH...THEY'LL
**NEVER GET
ME!**



WE SHALL **PURGE**
THE WORLD OF
**REPRESSIVE CAP-
ITALIST GLOOM**
WITH A **SMIRK**
AND A **SNICKER**.
FOR THE HUMAN
SPIRIT CAN BE
TRULY LIBERATED
ONLY WHEN THE
**LAST PIG OPPRES-
SER IS BATHED**
IN **BLOOD!**



SAY, YOU'RE NO ORDINARY
PERVERT YOU'RE A
COMMIE!



I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN

OH RILLY?
HOW VERY
QUAINT!

NEVER THE LESS, YOU
WILL HAVE TO BE
LIQUIDATED, FOR AS
MAO SAYS, "ONE
WEAK LINK CAN
TOPPLE EVEN THE
MOST **EFFICIENT OF**
INSURGENCIES...
SO SORRY

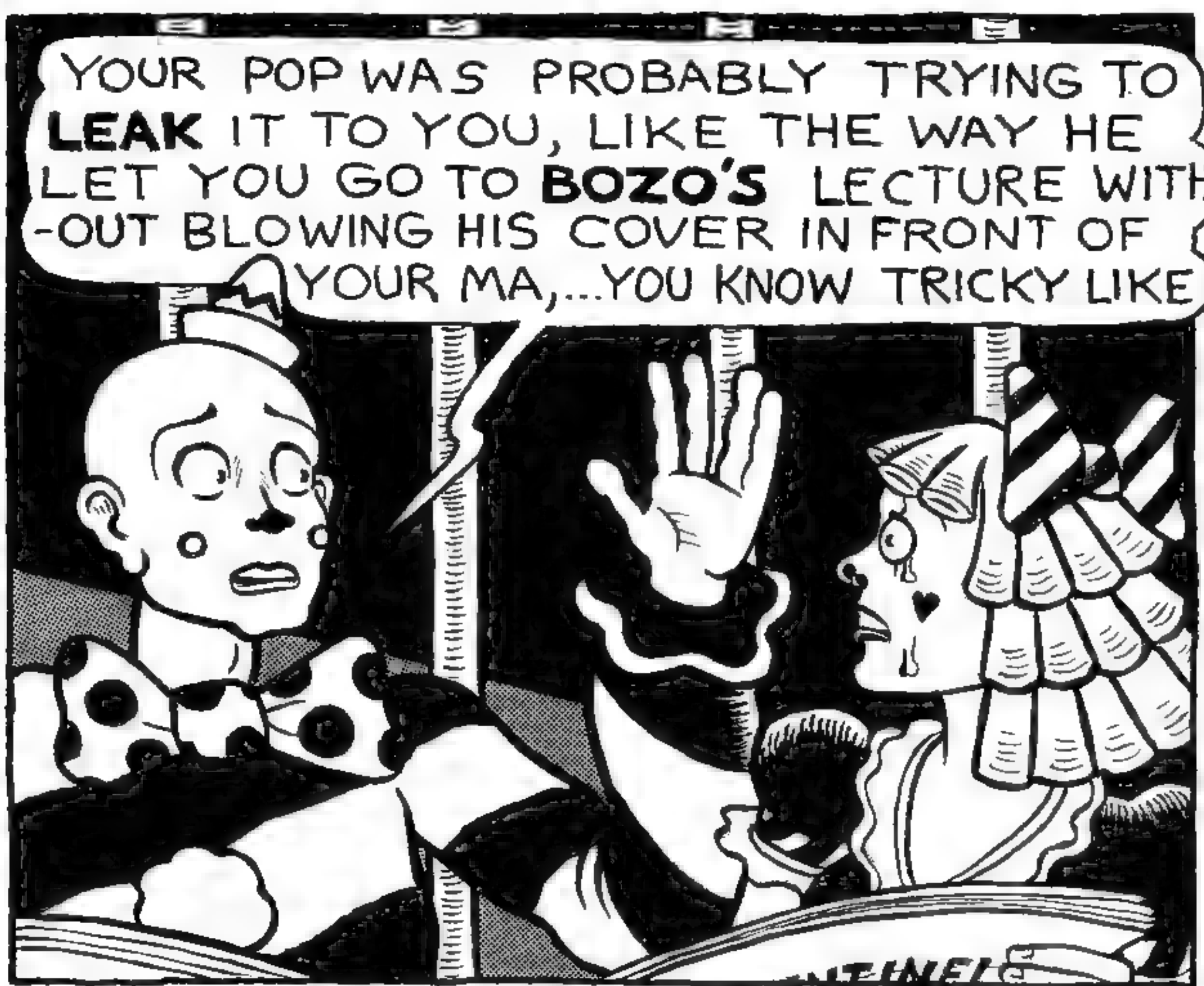


WELL MR. **BOZO**, OR
SHOULD I SAY **PINKO**,
MAYBE **MY GOOSE IS**
COOKED,.....

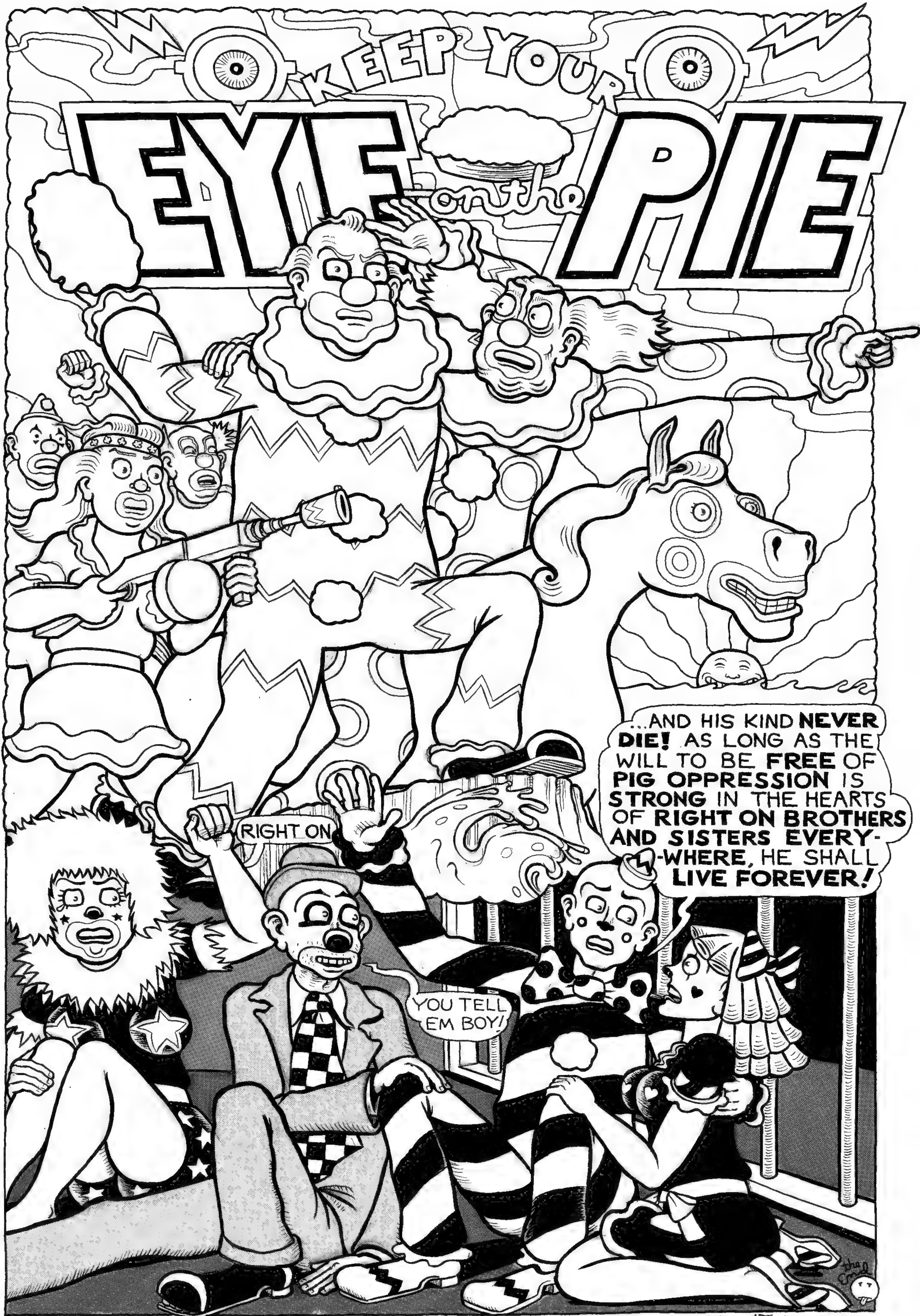




IMAGINE THAT! DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR HIS KIND! BUT, GEORGE IS NOT BEING REVILED IN ALL CORNERS.....
... DOWNTOWN AT THE LOCAL LOCK-UP, A DIFFERENT SONG IS SUNG...



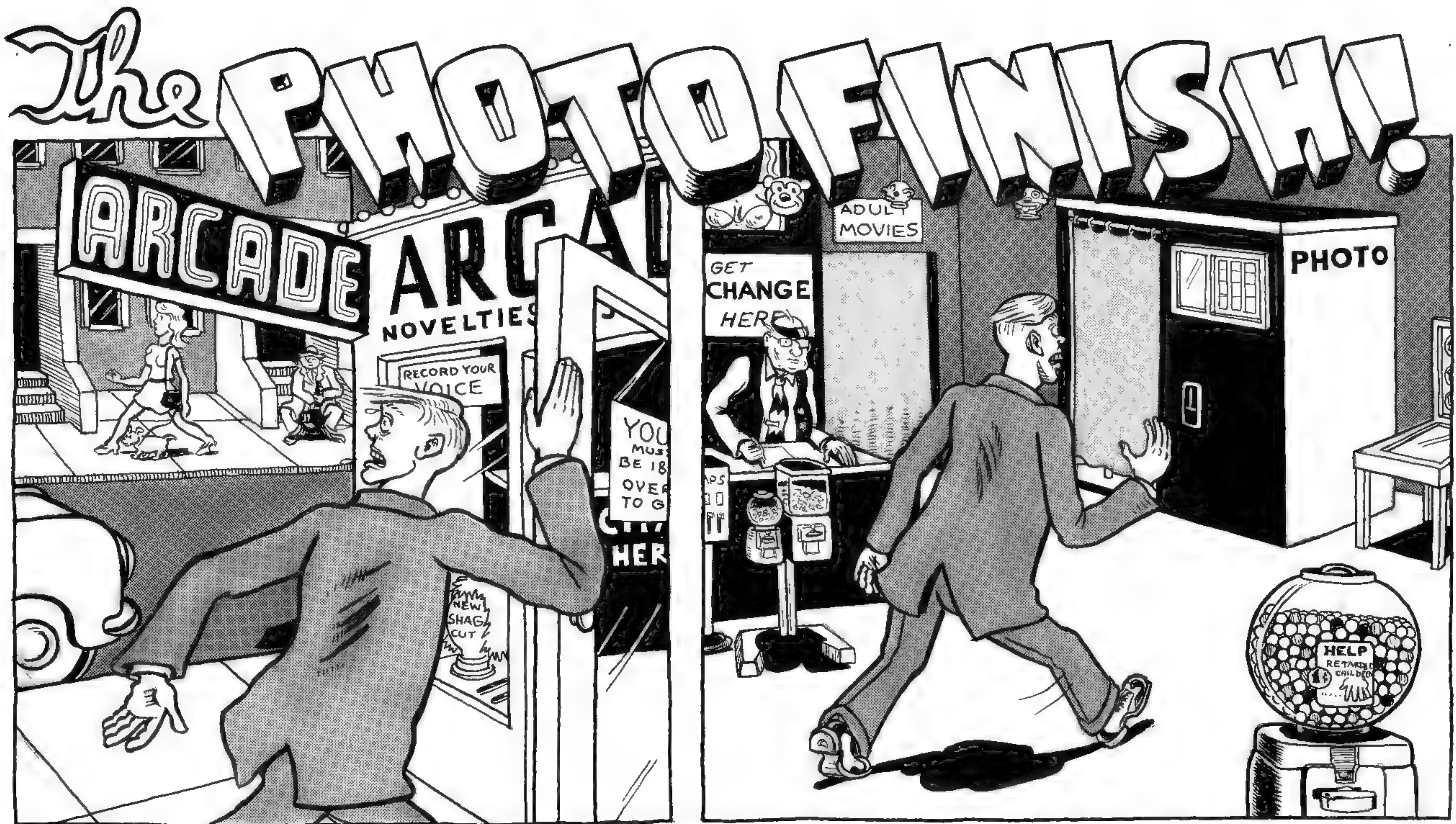
OVER



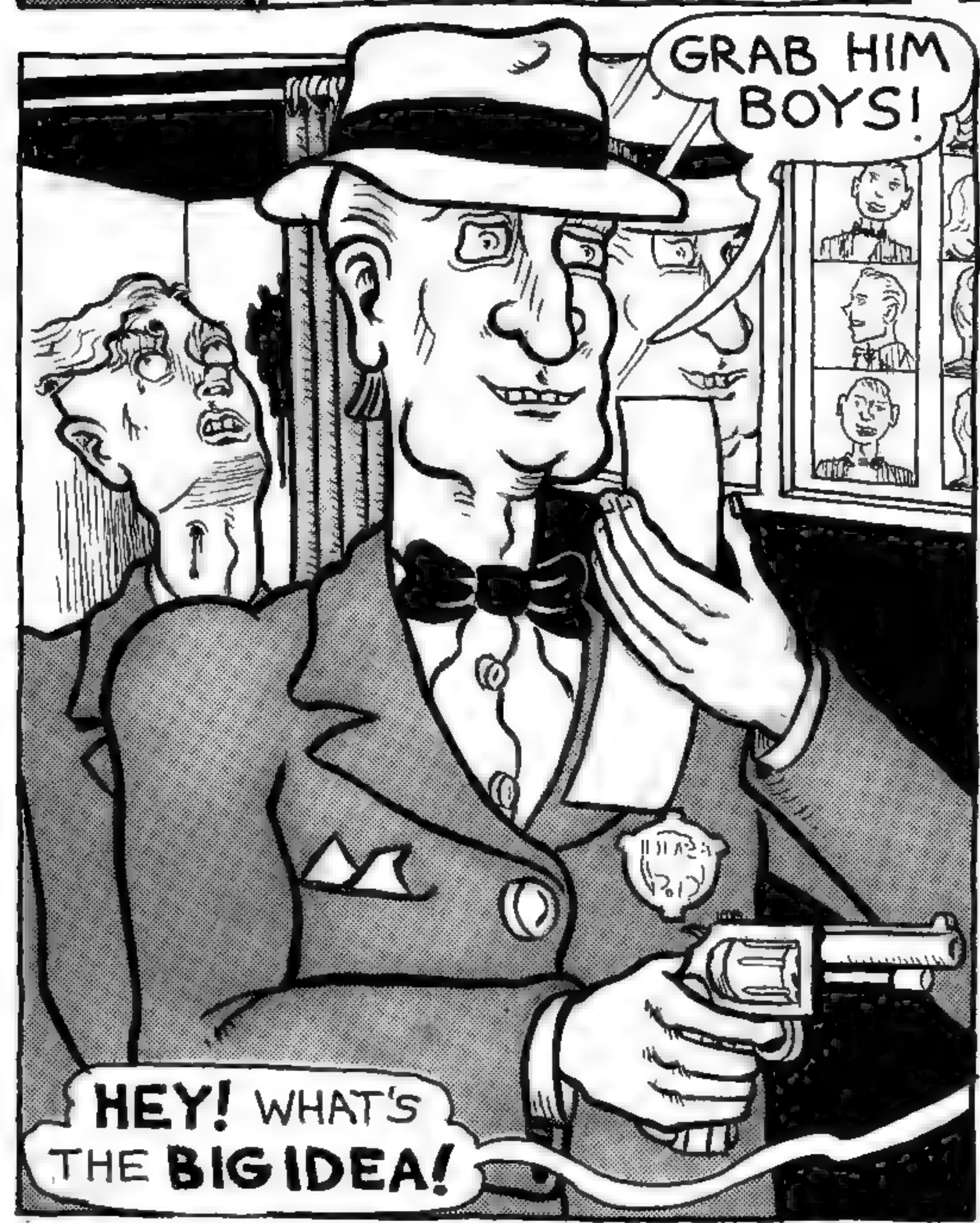
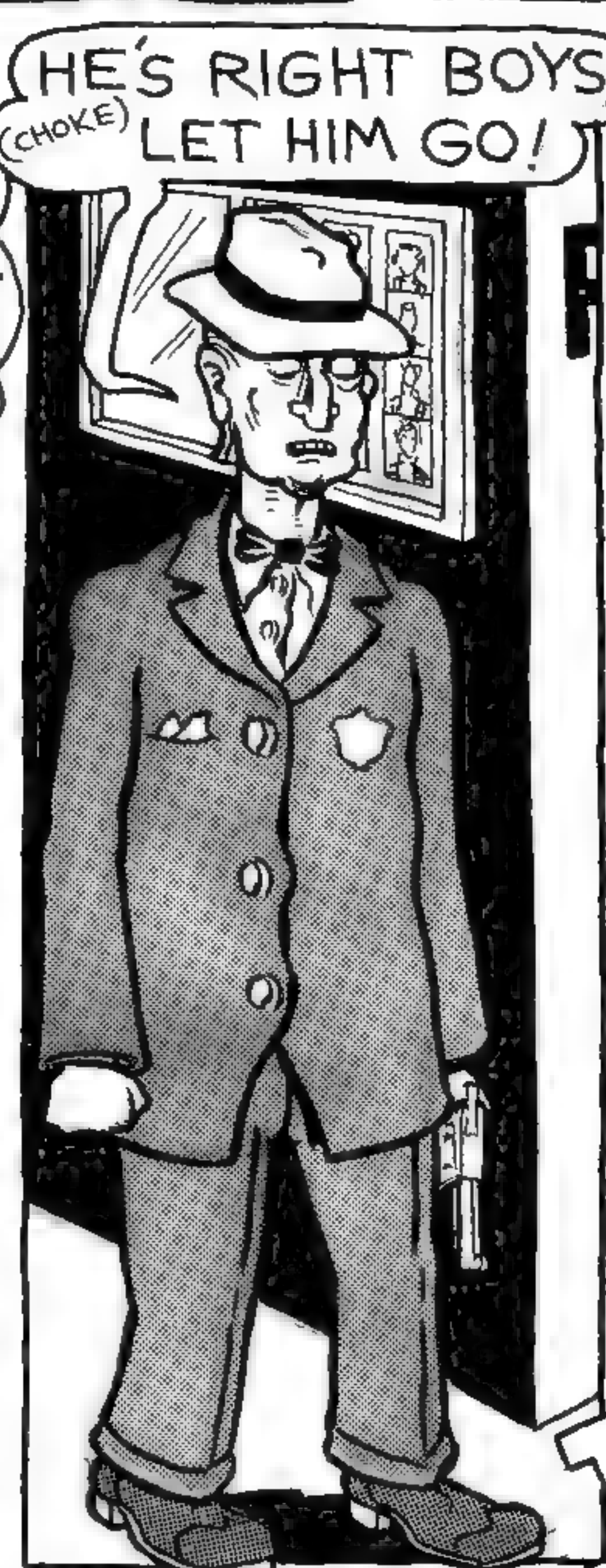
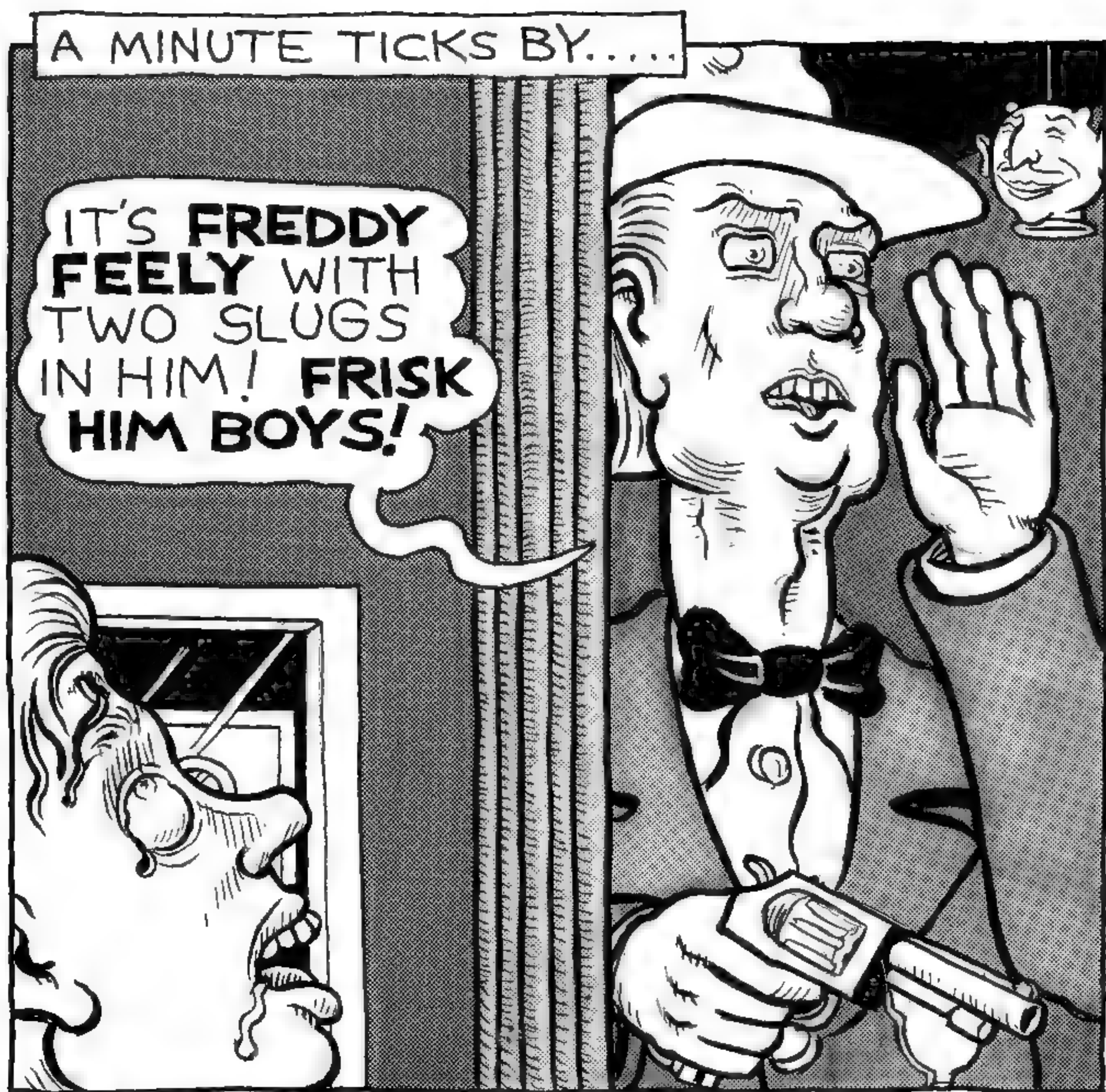
...AND HIS KIND NEVER
DIE! AS LONG AS THE
WILL TO BE **FREE** OF
PIG OPPRESSION IS
STRONG IN THE HEARTS
OF **RIGHT ON BROTHERS**
AND **SISTERS EVERY-**
WHERE, HE SHALL
LIVE FOREVER!

RIGHT ON

YOU TELL
EM BOY!









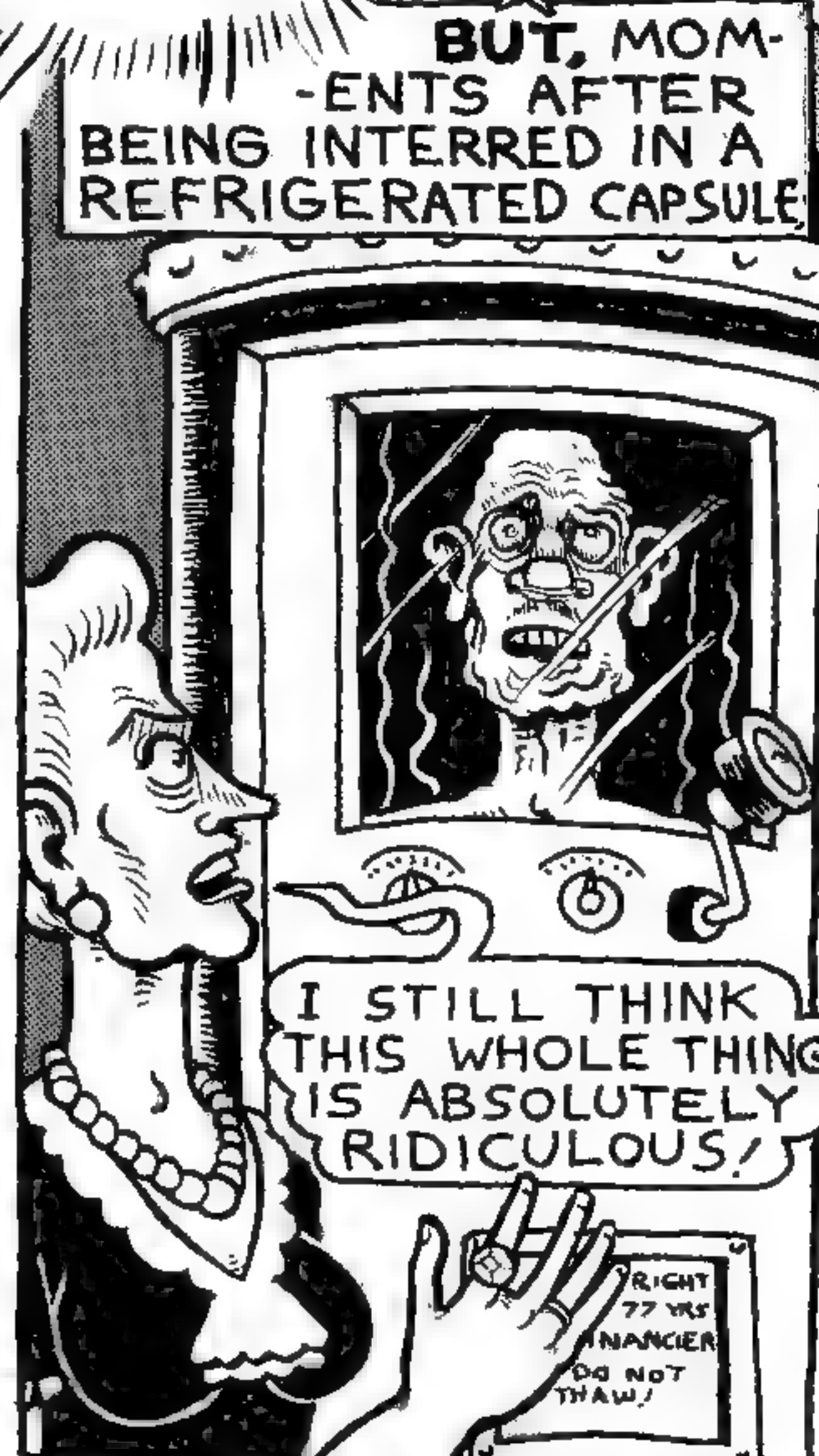


HUGO CARTRIGHT STARES TRANSFIXED AS HIGH-LIGHTS OF HIS SEVENTY SEVEN YEARS ON EARTH WHIZ BY.....



FREEZING ROOM

THEN, SNATCHED BY SCIENCE, A FAINT HEART BEAT AWAY FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH, HE IS QUICK FROZEN!



BUT, MOMENTS AFTER BEING INTERRED IN A REFRIGERATED CAPSULE

I STILL THINK THIS WHOLE THING IS ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS!



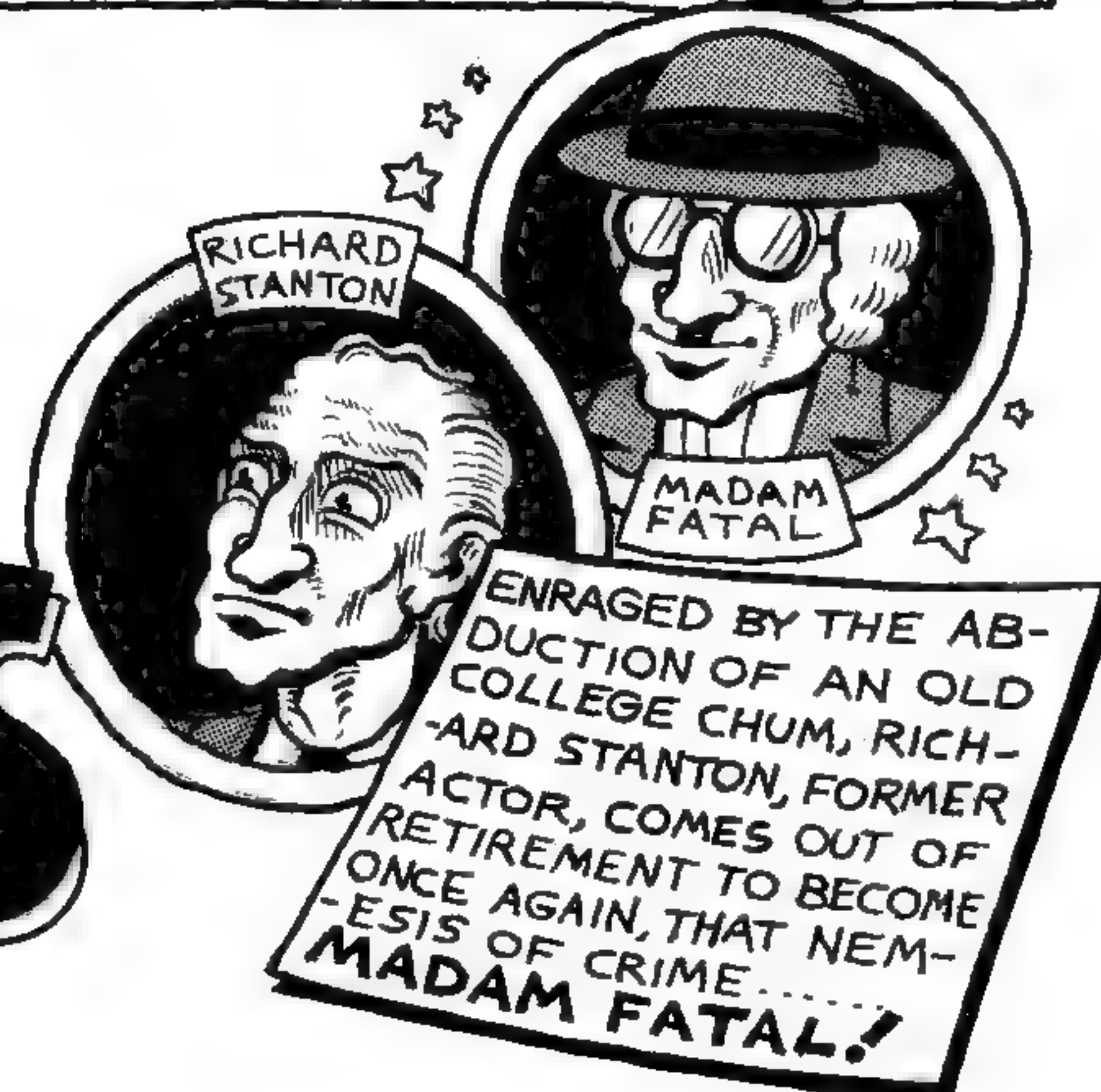
HE IS ABDUCTED AT GUN POINT

JOIN US NOW AS

MADAM FATAL

PURSUES THE

KIDNAPPERS



ENRAGED BY THE ABDUCTION OF AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM, RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR, COMES OUT OF RETIREMENT TO BECOME -ESIS OF CRIME... MADAM FATAL!



MADAM FATAL
FLINGS HER
STEEL
RIMMED
HAT WITH
UNCOMMON
EXPERTISE

HERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER!

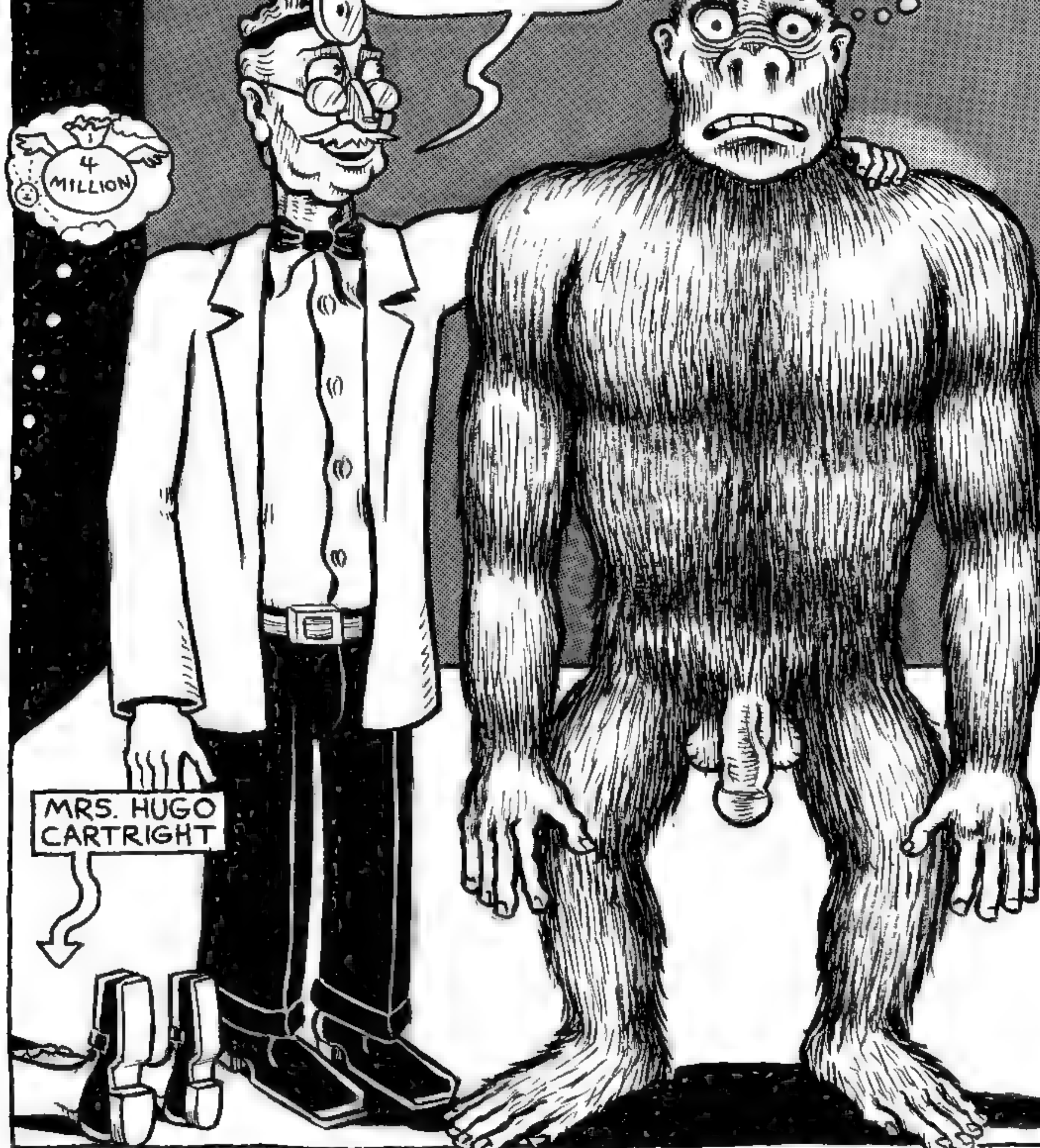
DON'T WORRY
BOSS,.....

I'LL
HANDLE
THIS!

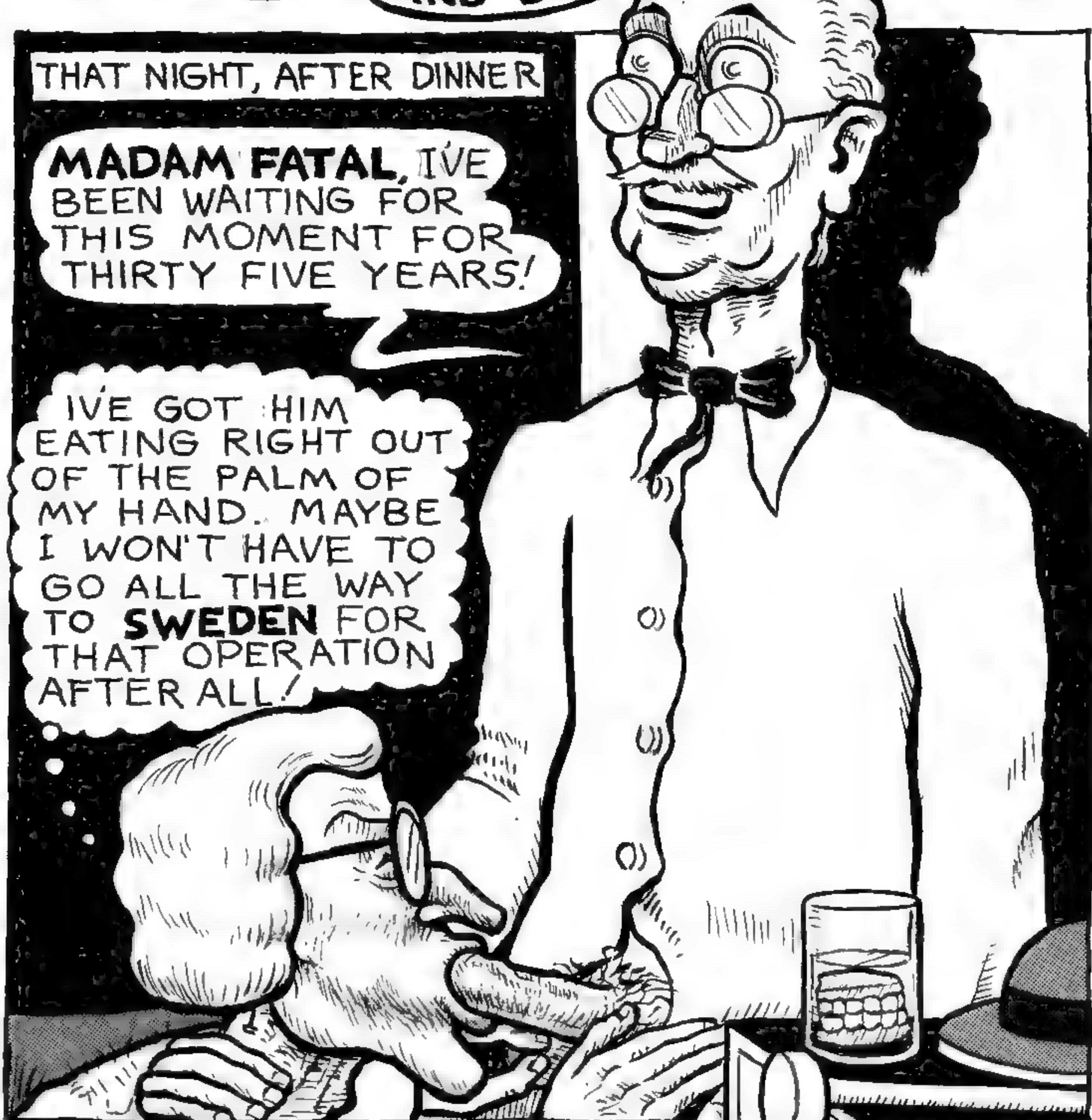
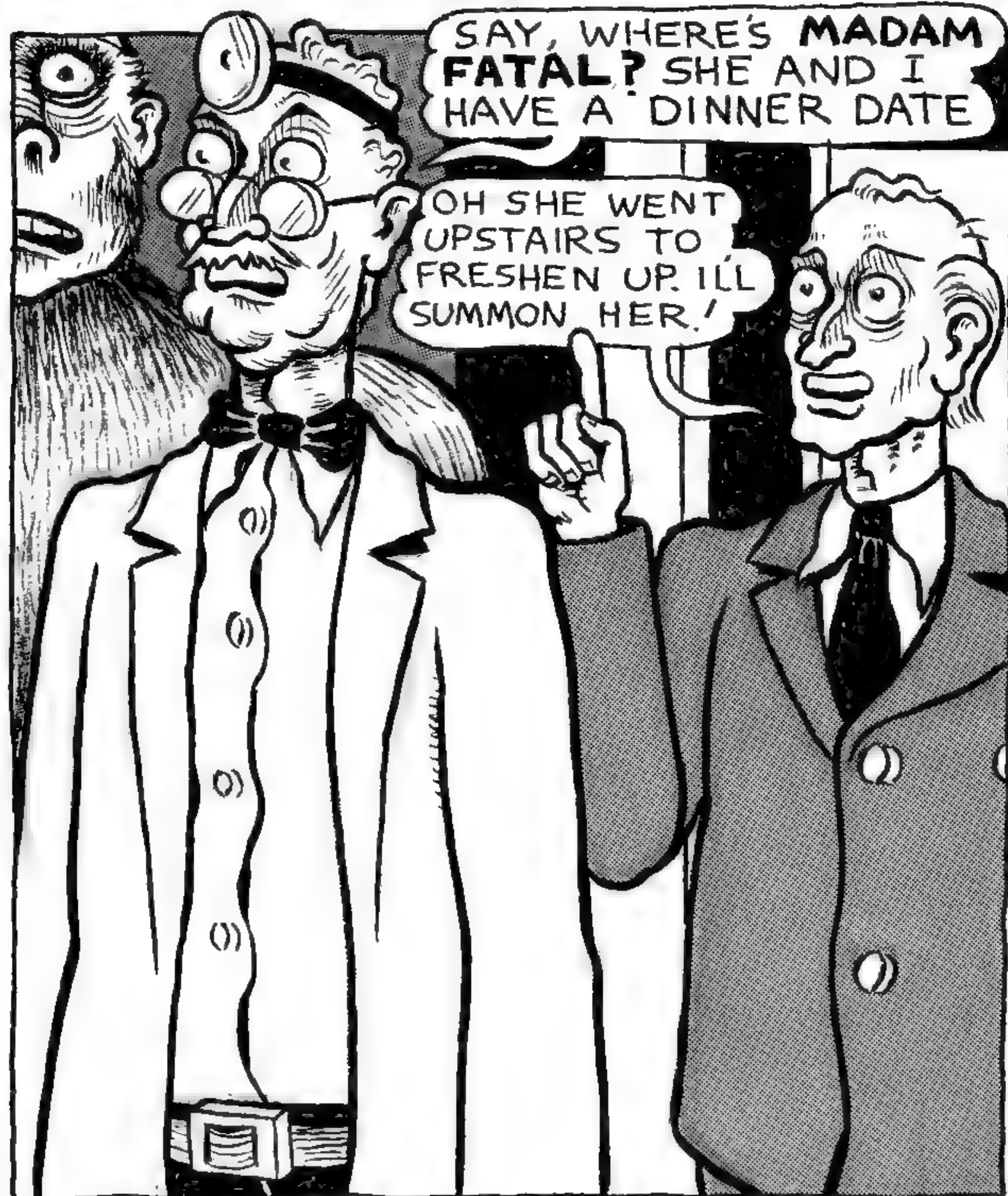
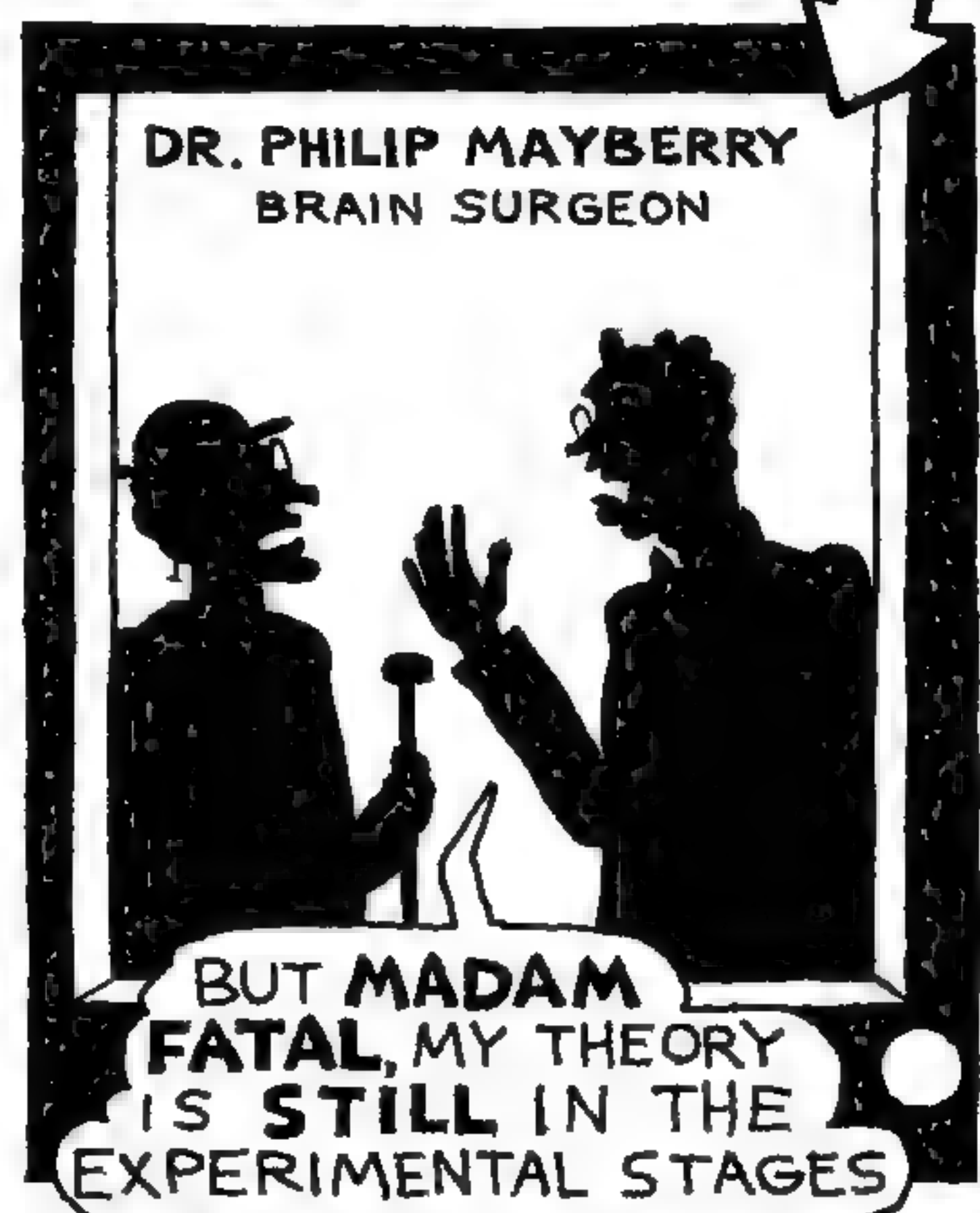




I REALIZE IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND OLD BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE



HUGO! YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS!



BESIDES BEING MENTALLY STIM-
ULATING, POT IS A **LIBERATING** DRUG. I
REMEMBER ONE NIGHT DURING THE
SUMMER OF LOVE, WHEN AFTER SMOK-
ING A FEW "NUMBERS," I WALKED OUT
ONTO 9TH STREET STARK NAKED!

SOMEBODY
GET A
COP!
QUICK!

I'M FREE
I TELL
YOU FREE!

GET BACK
IN THE
HOUSE
YOU
FOOL!

FORTUNATELY MY
'OLD LADY' PULLED
ME IN BEFORE THE
COPS ARRIVED. THUS
IT **REMAINED** A LIB-
ERATING EXPERIENCE



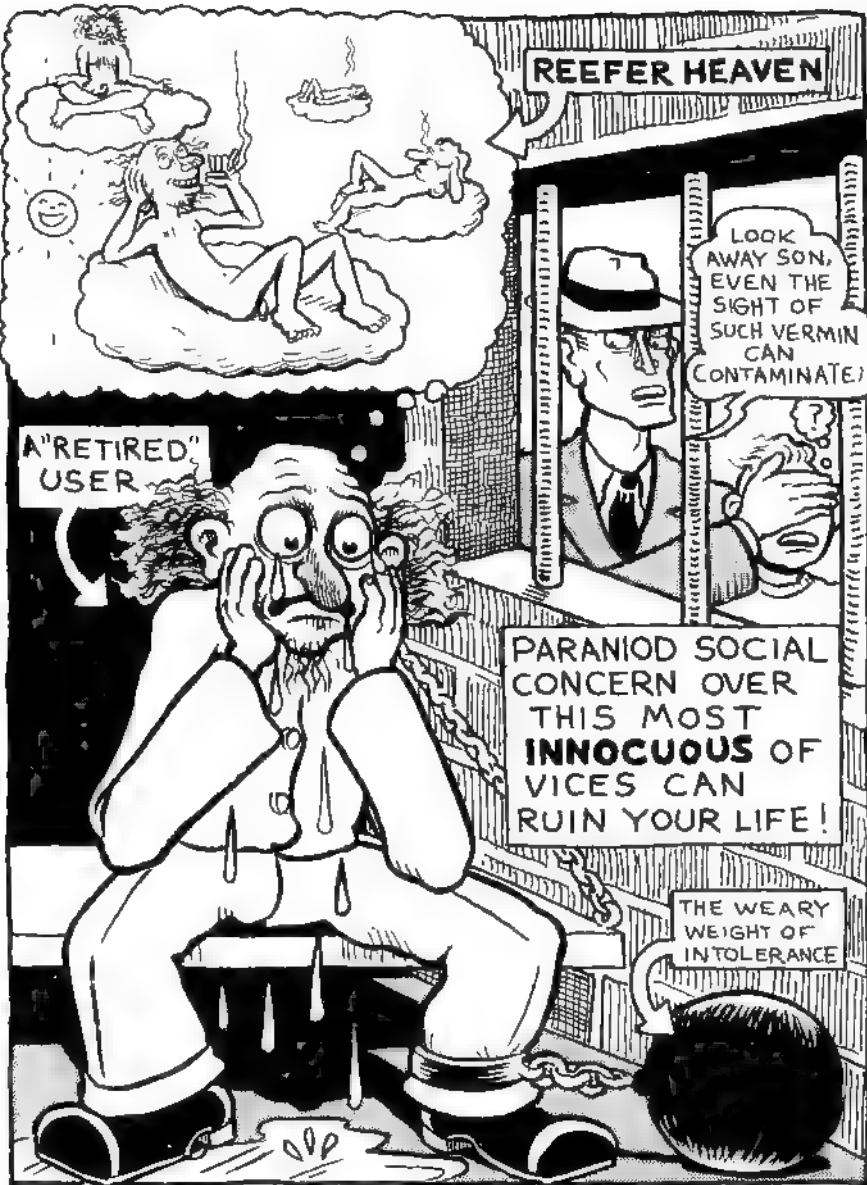
REEFER HEAVEN

LOOK
AWAY SON,
EVEN THE
SIGHT OF
SUCH VERMIN
CAN
CONTAMINATE!

A "RETIRED"
USER

PARANOID SOCIAL
CONCERN OVER
THIS MOST
INNOCUOUS OF
VICES CAN
RUIN YOUR LIFE!

THE WEARY
WEIGHT OF
INTOLERANCE



A MILES MICROFT ADVENTURE

BY
FOWLTON
MEANS



VENUSIAN

ILLUSTRATED BY K. DEITCH

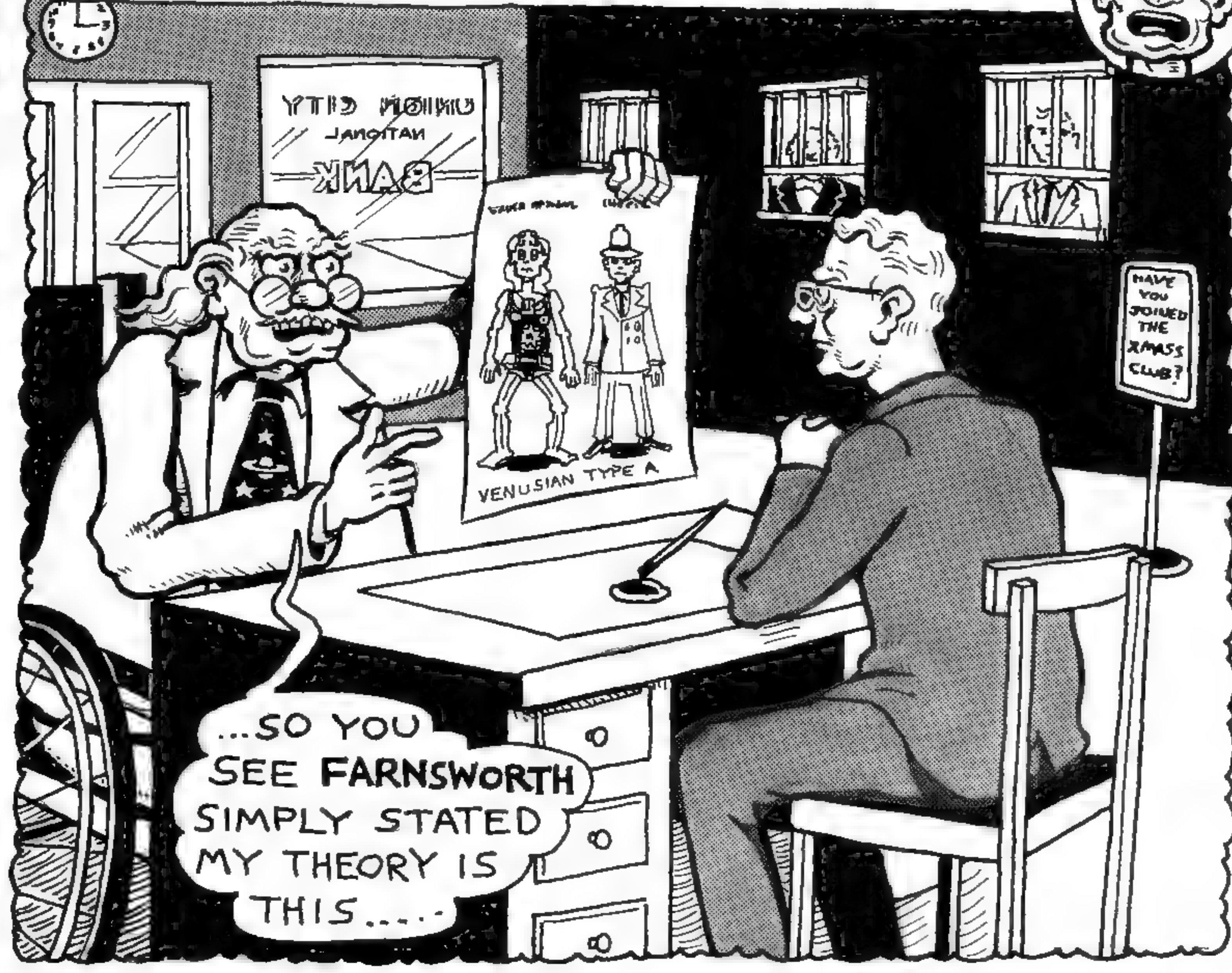
OUR STORY BEGINS AS MILES MICROFT VISITS IAN FARNSWORTH AT THE MELFORD REHABILITATION CENTER



MICROFT, THE WORLD HAS FORSAKEN ME! YOU'RE MY FINAL HOPE

EASY DOES IT, OLD TOP, JUST START IN AT THE BEGINNING

AS CHIEF LOAN COUNSELOR OF THE UNION CITY NATIONAL BANK, I MET MANY UNUSUAL PEOPLE, BUT NONE SO BIZARRE AS RIDDEL VON ECKMEISTER



...SO YOU SEE FARNSWORTH SIMPLY STATED MY THEORY IS THIS....

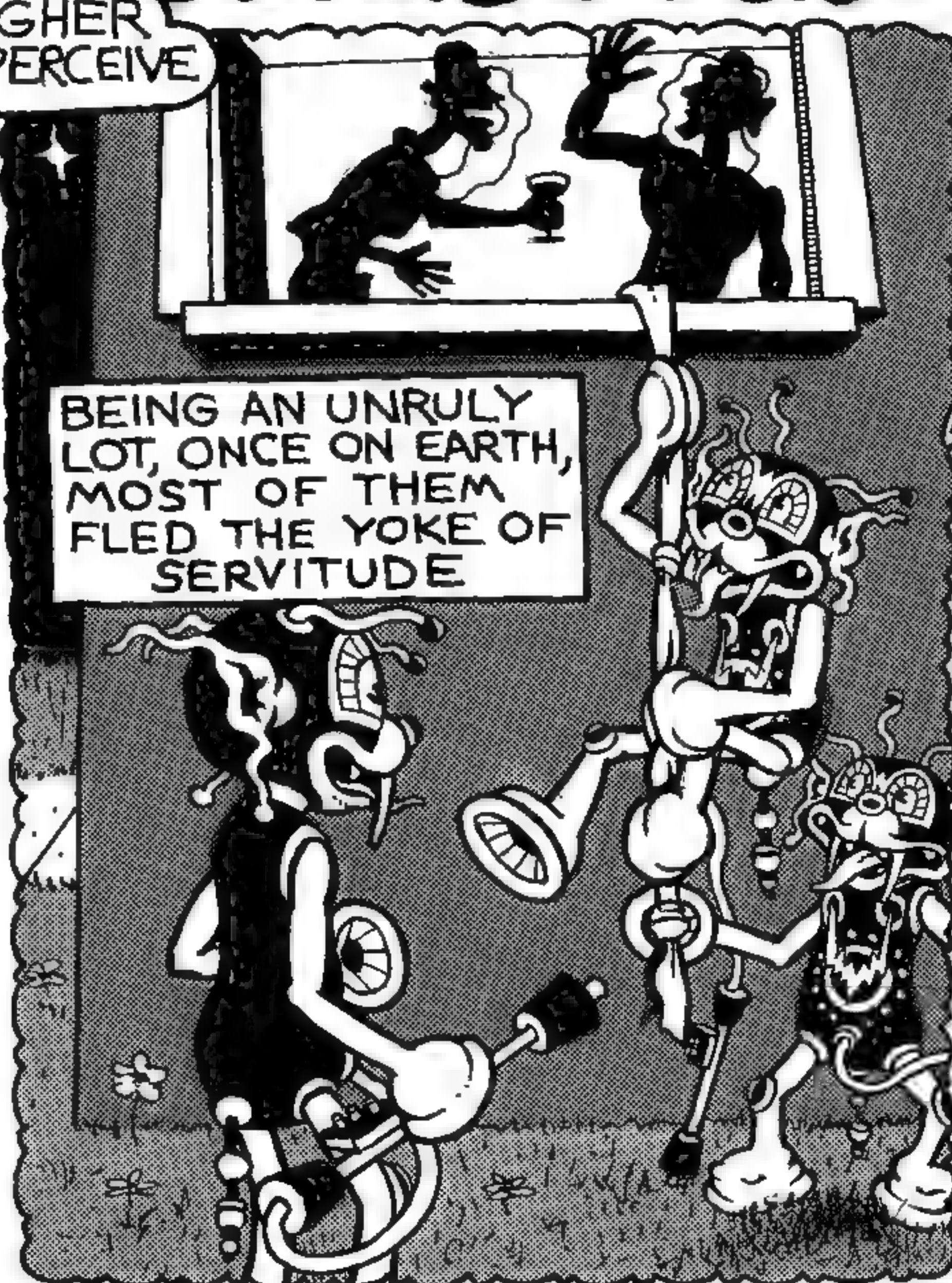
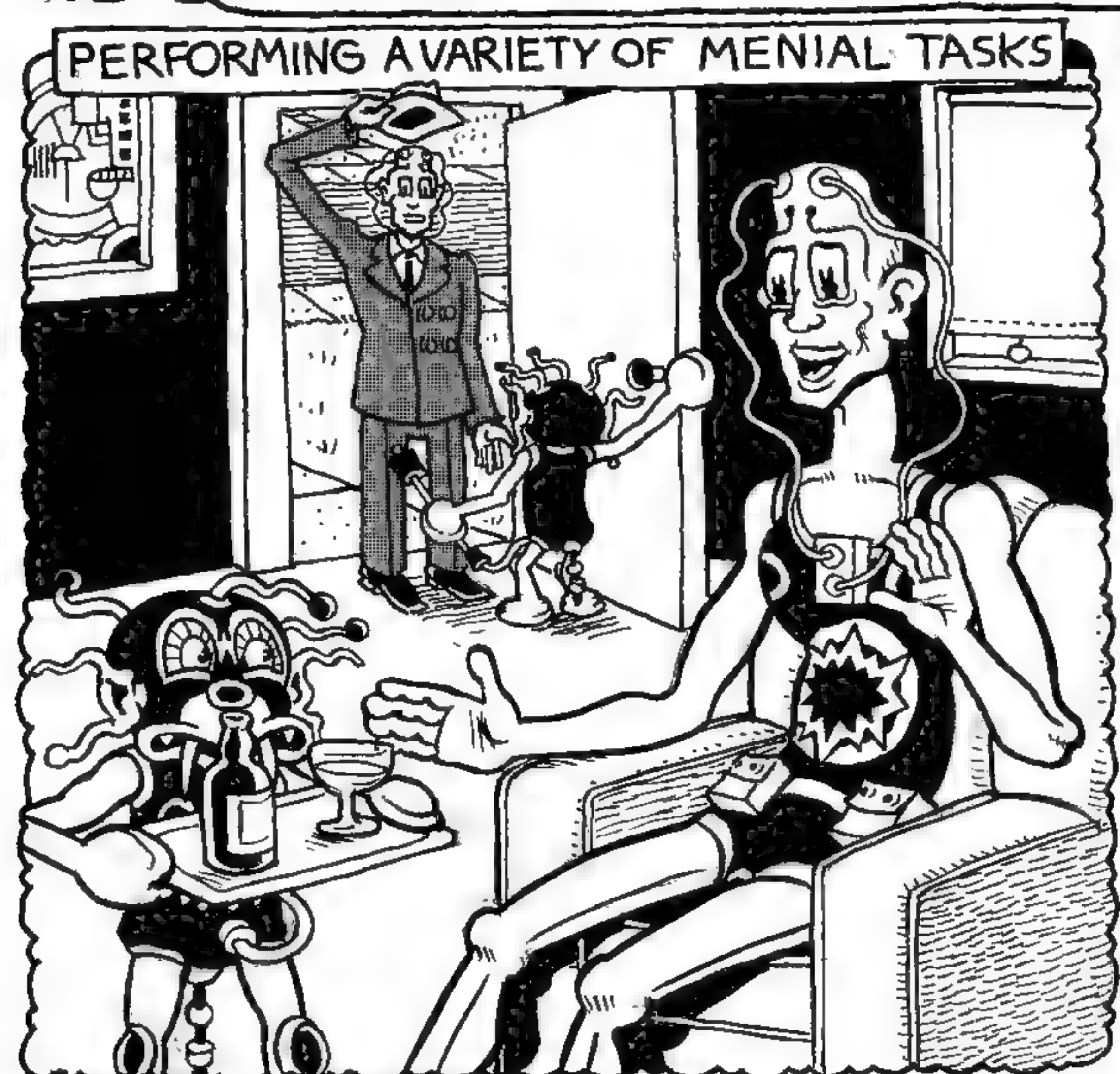
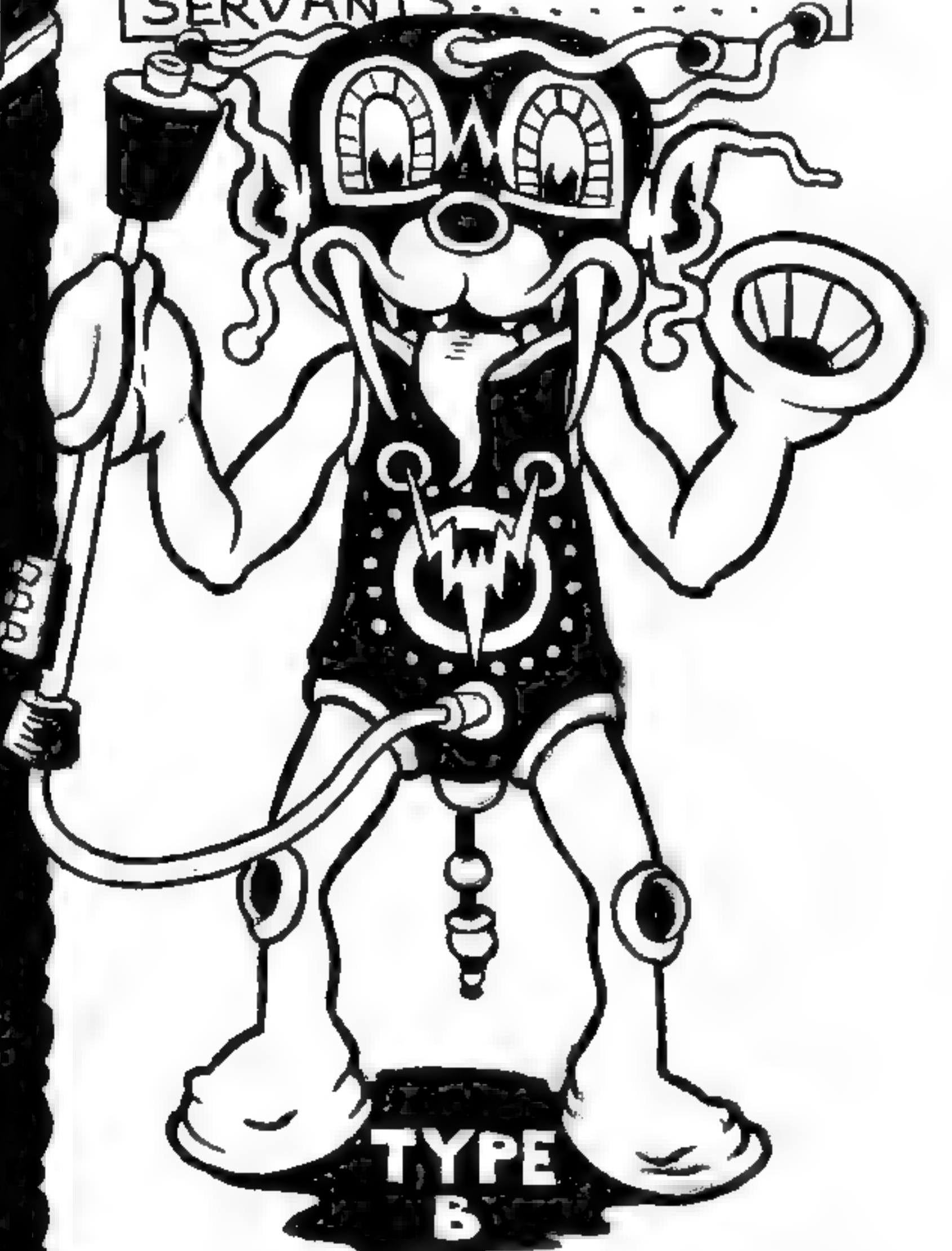
HAVE YOU JOINED THE X-MASS CLUB?

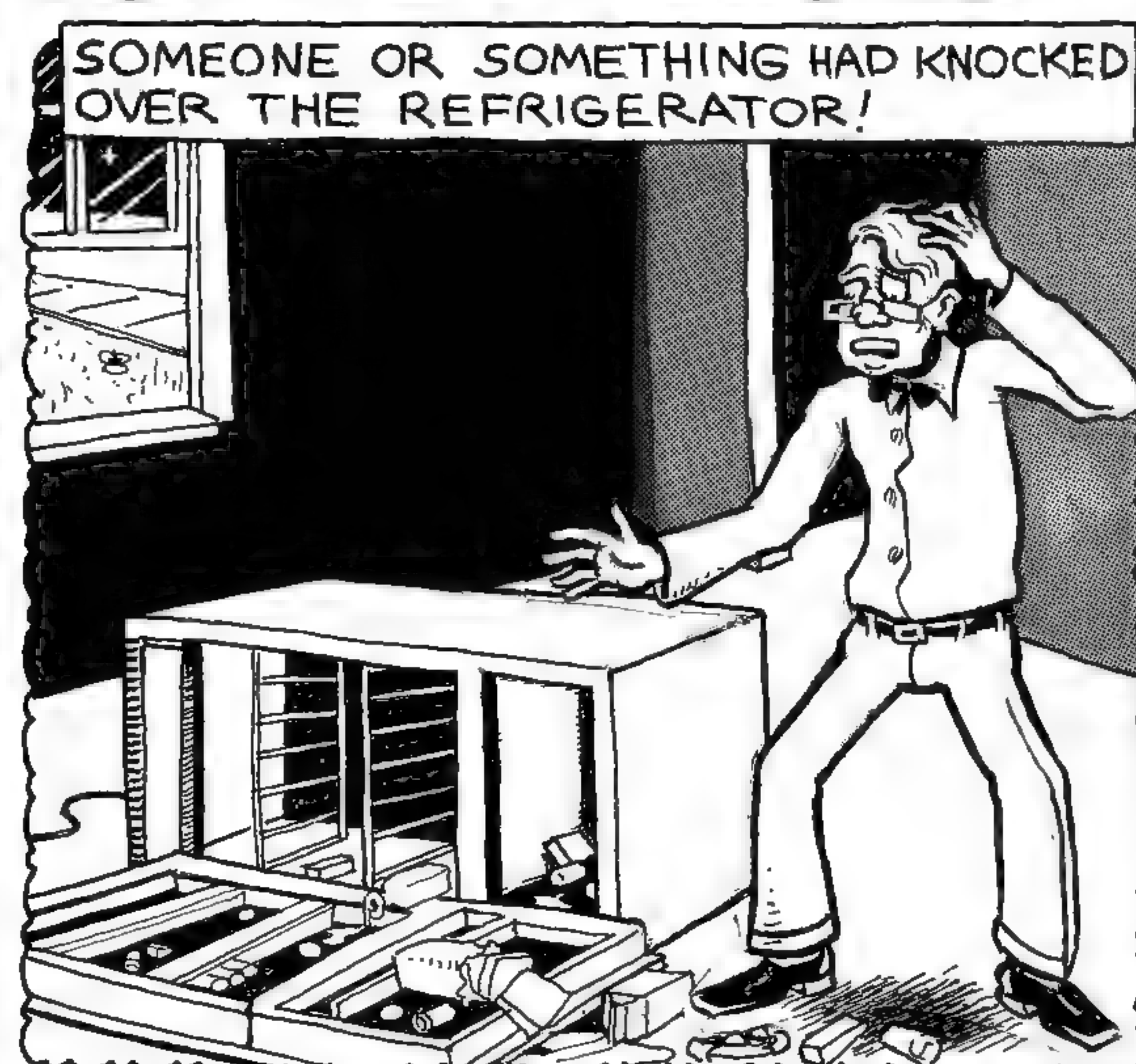
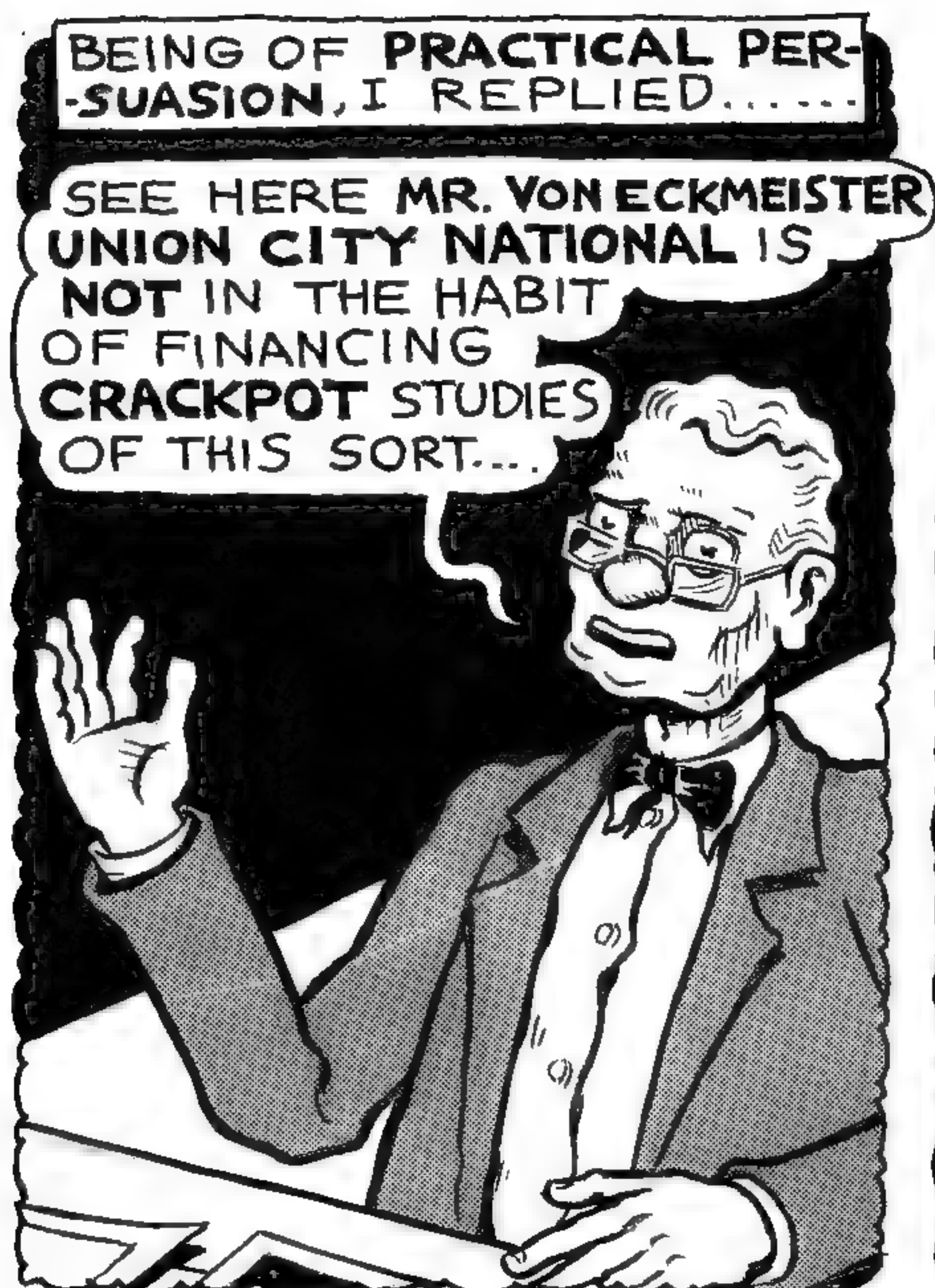


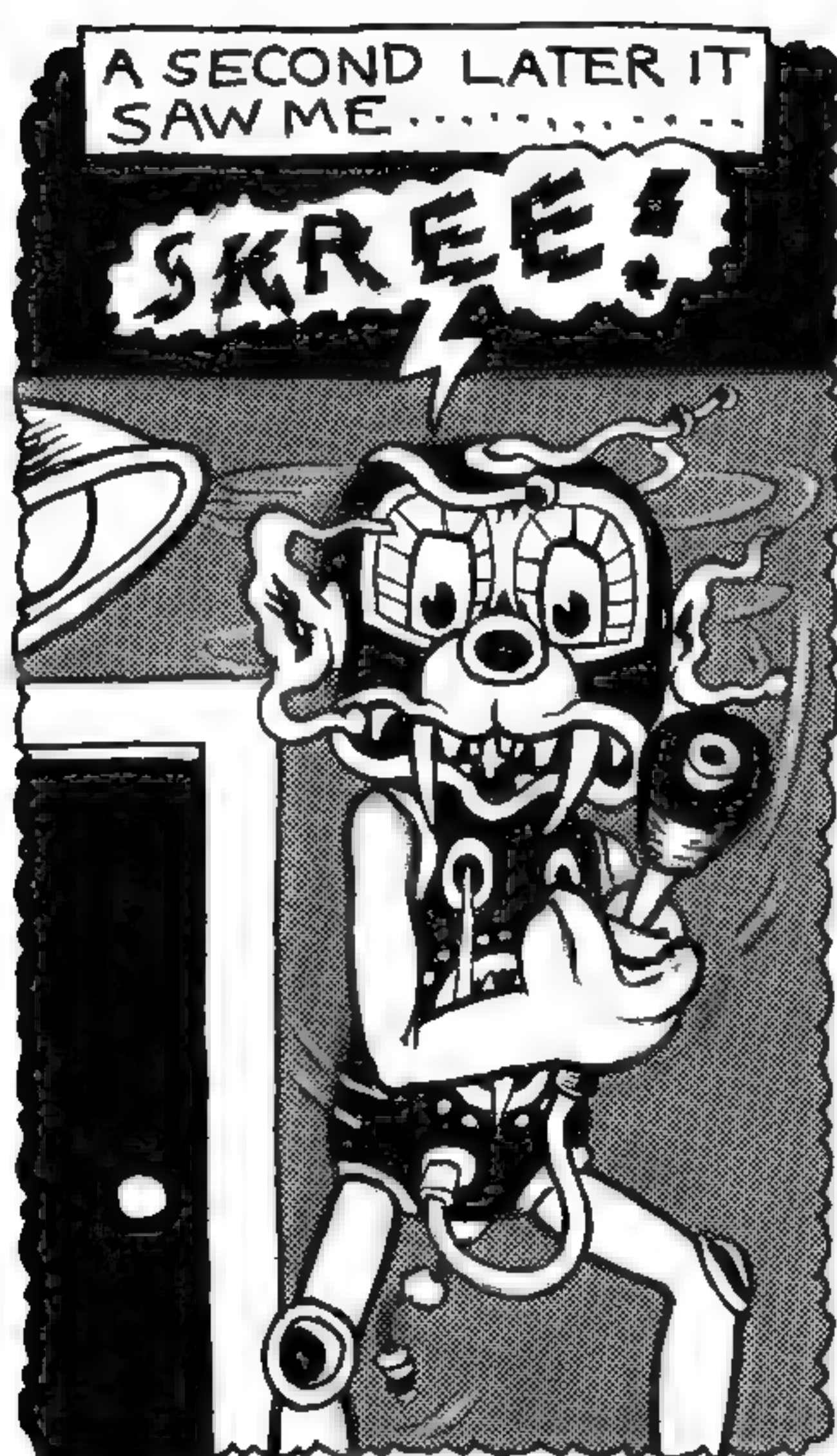
THEY HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE 1488 WHEN AN INITIAL EXPLORATORY EXPEDITION LANDED SOMEWHERE NEAR **TIBET**



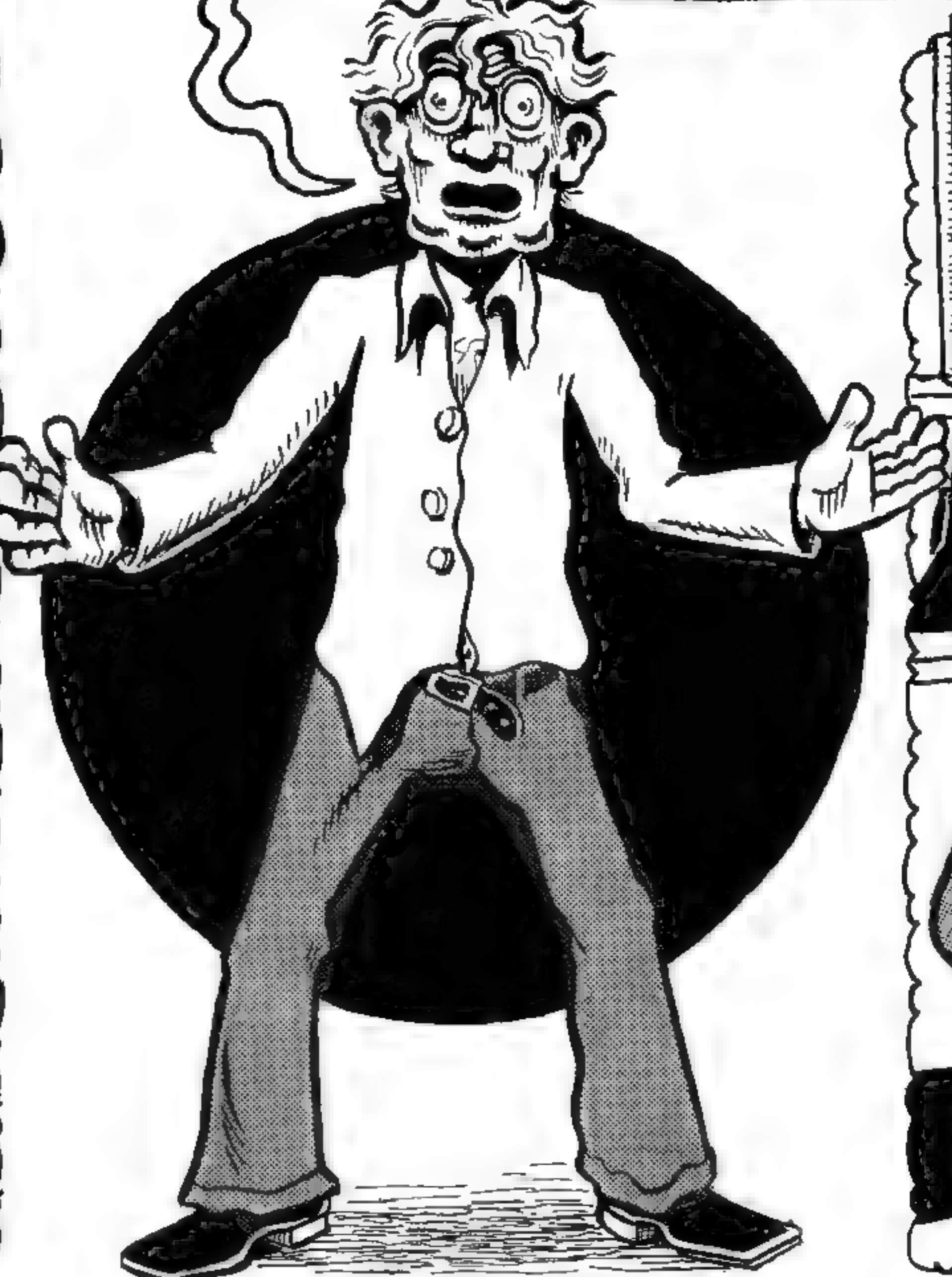
THESE BEINGS BROUGHT WITH THEM A LESSER SPECIES THAT ACTED IN THE CAPACITY OF SERVANTS.

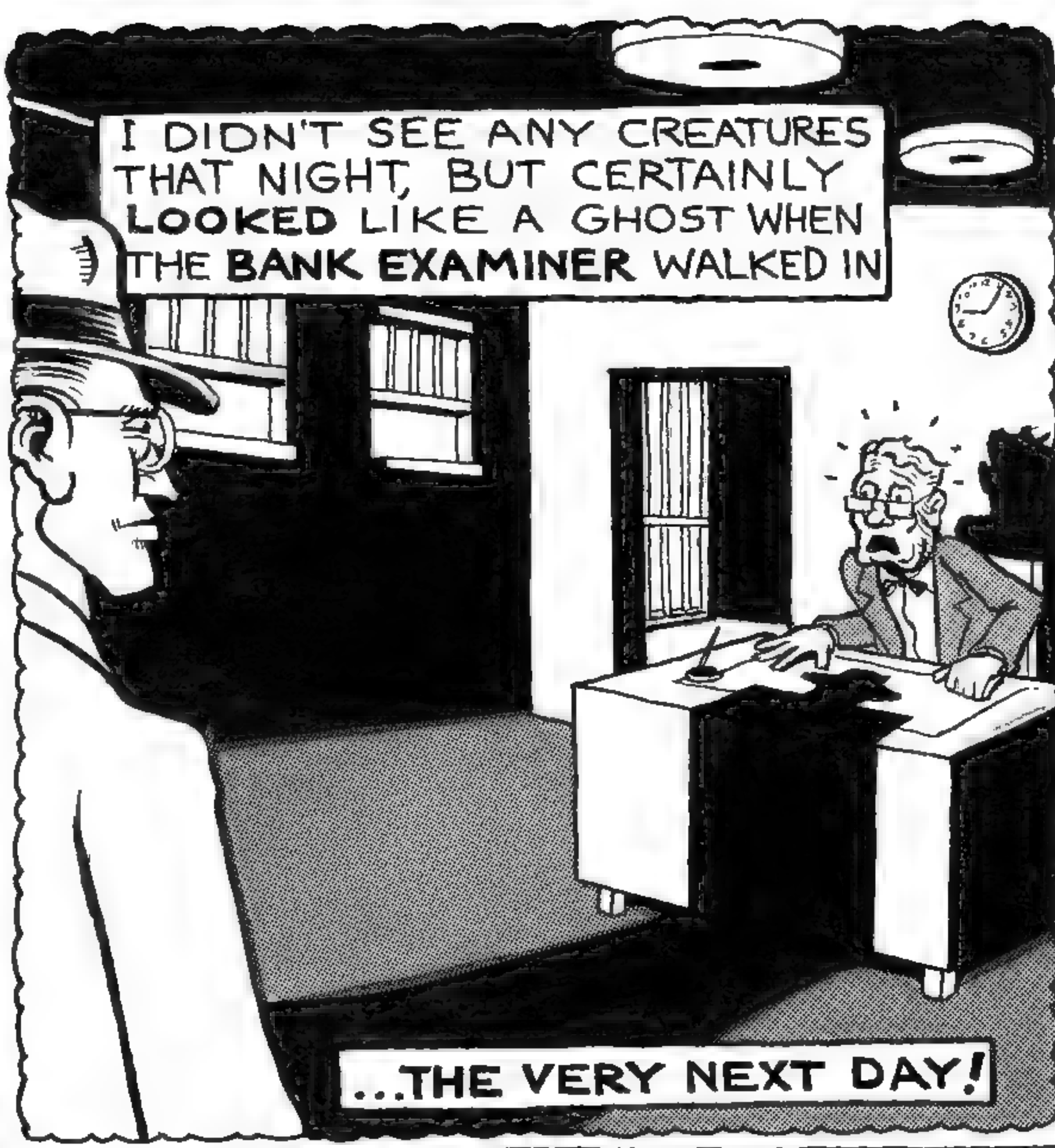


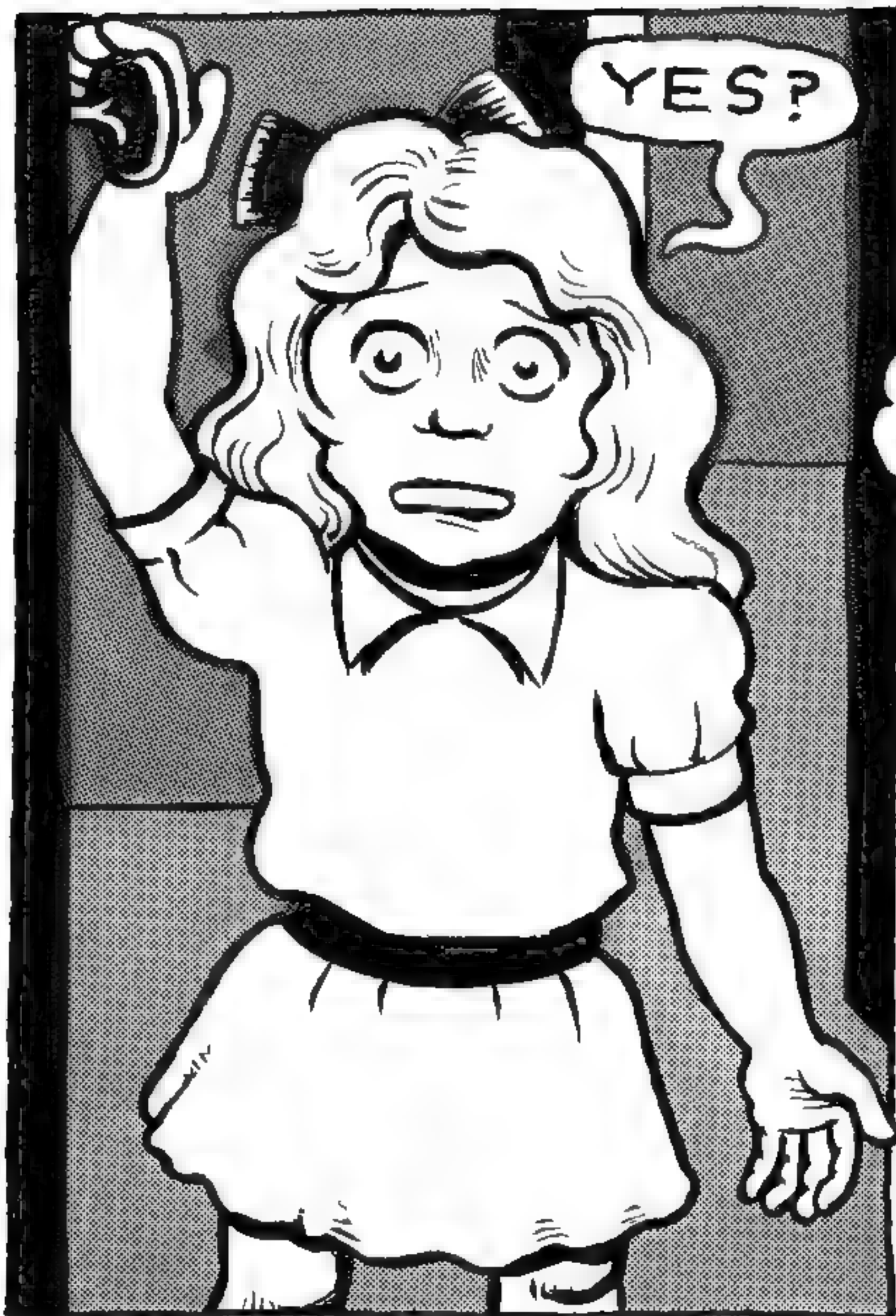
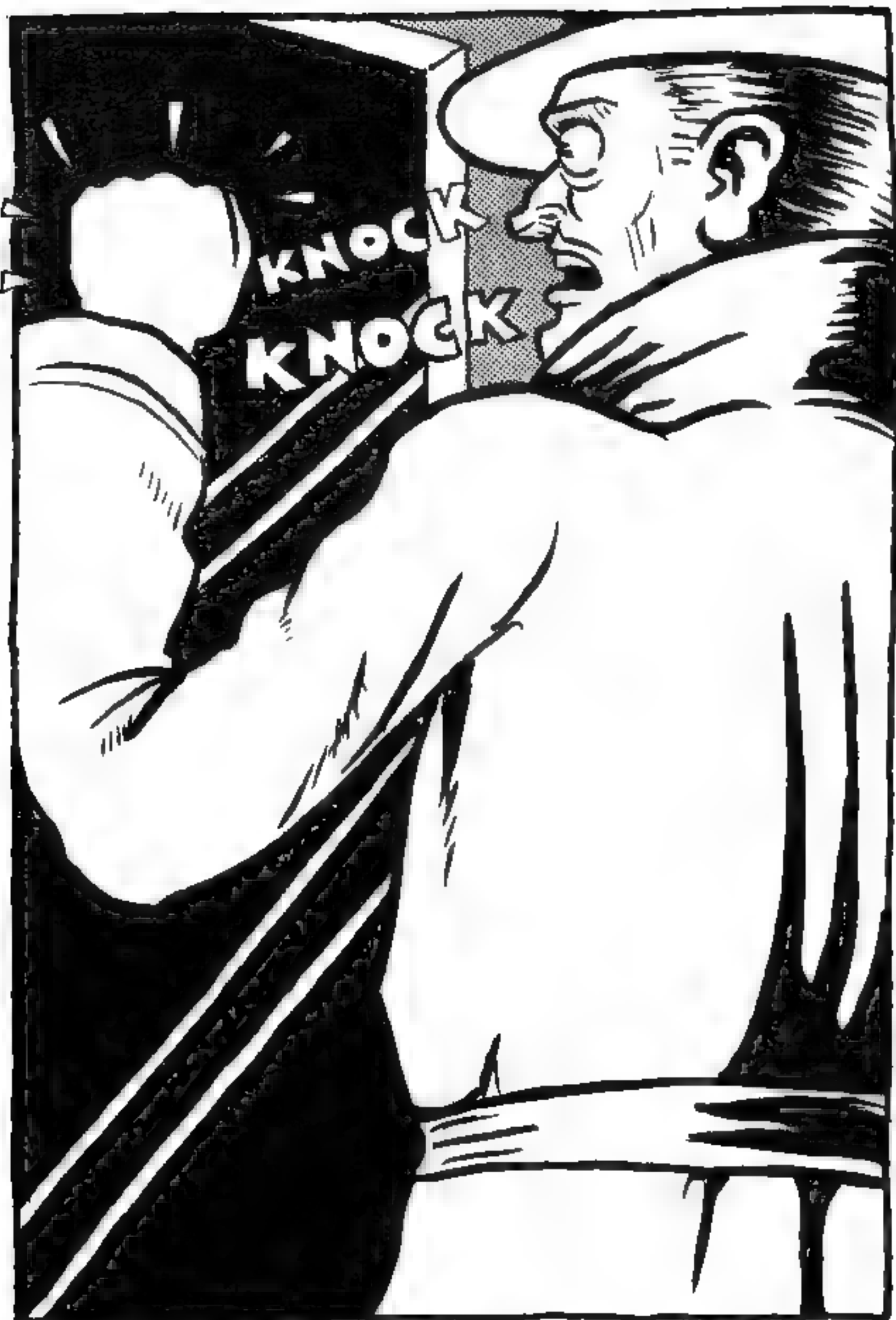


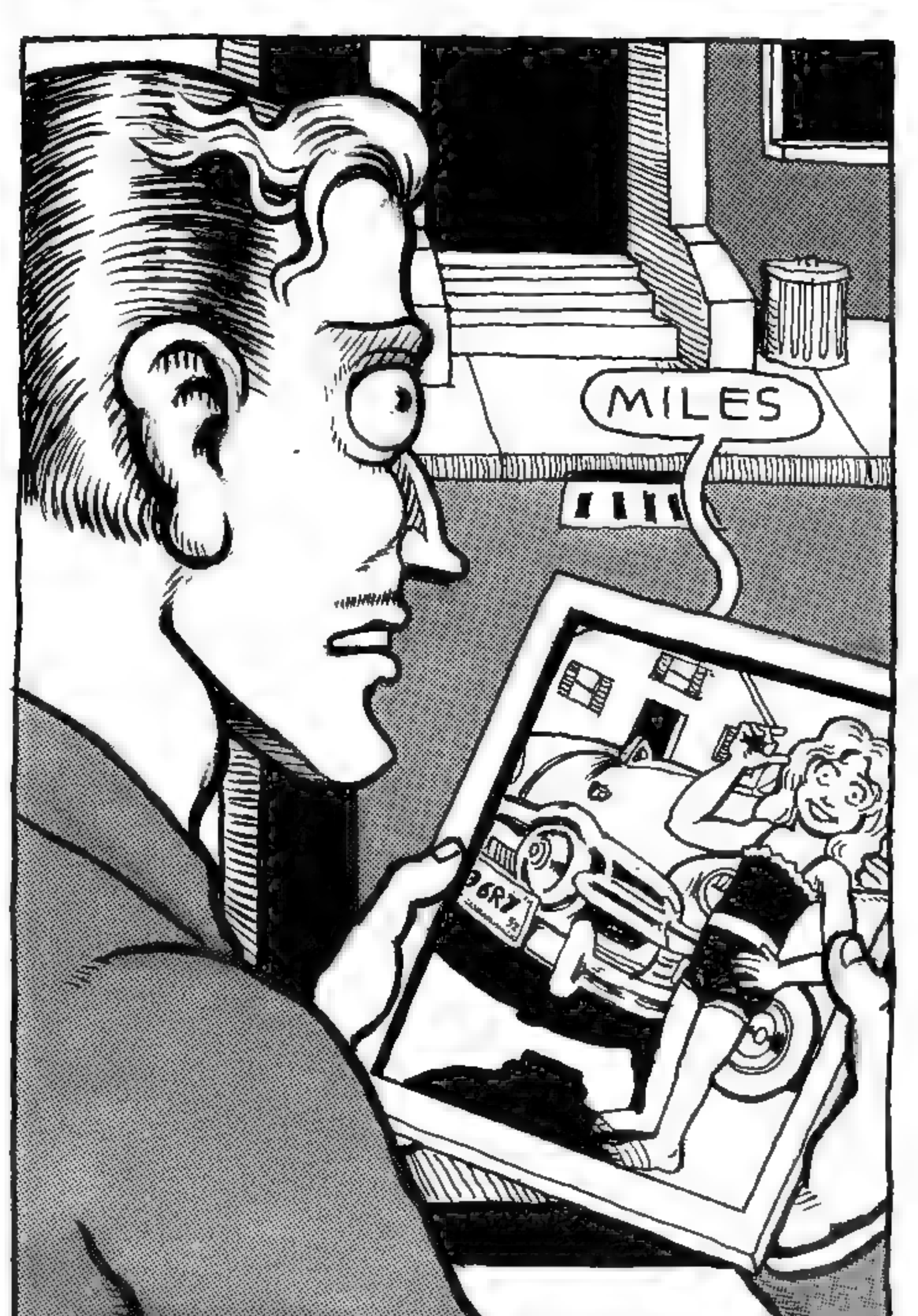


COMPLETELY UNNERVED, I SOUGHT OUT VON ECKMEISTER











BLANCHE!

SHH!



FIVE MINUTES LATER

MILES, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP INVESTIGATING DADDY!



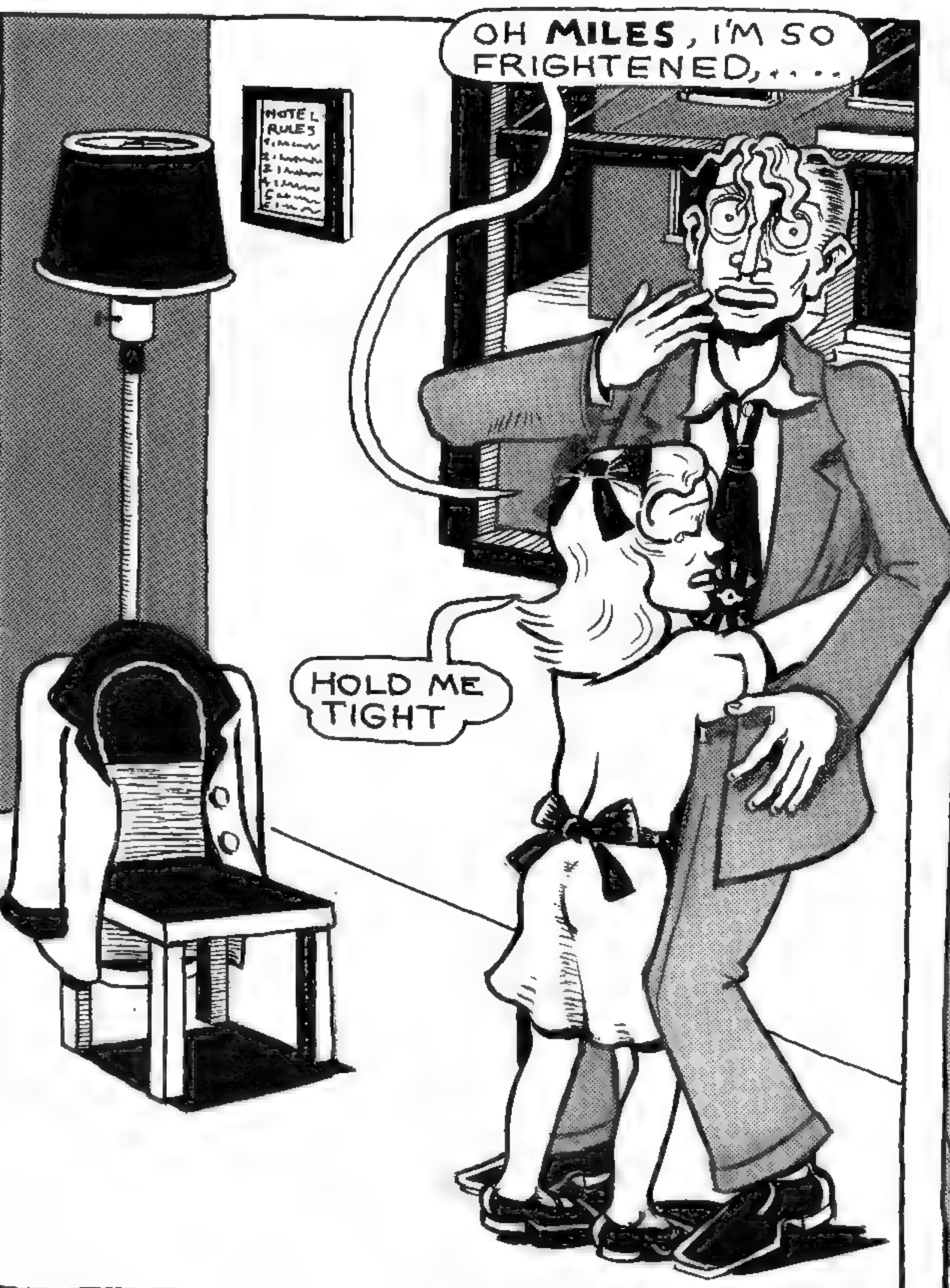
NOW LOOK HERE BLANCHE IF VON ECKMEISTER THINKS HE CAN USE YOU TO INTIMIDATE ME HE'S...



MILES! DON'T BE SILLY! WHY HE'D TAN MY HIDE IF HE KNEW I WAS HERE!



WHICH IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU!



OH MILES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED,...

HOLD ME TIGHT



THE NEXT DAY

I DON'T GET IT. HOW COULD A GREAT KID LIKE BLANCHE BE THE DAUGHTER OF AN OLD COOT LIKE VON ECKMEISTER?

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!



THAT NIGHT



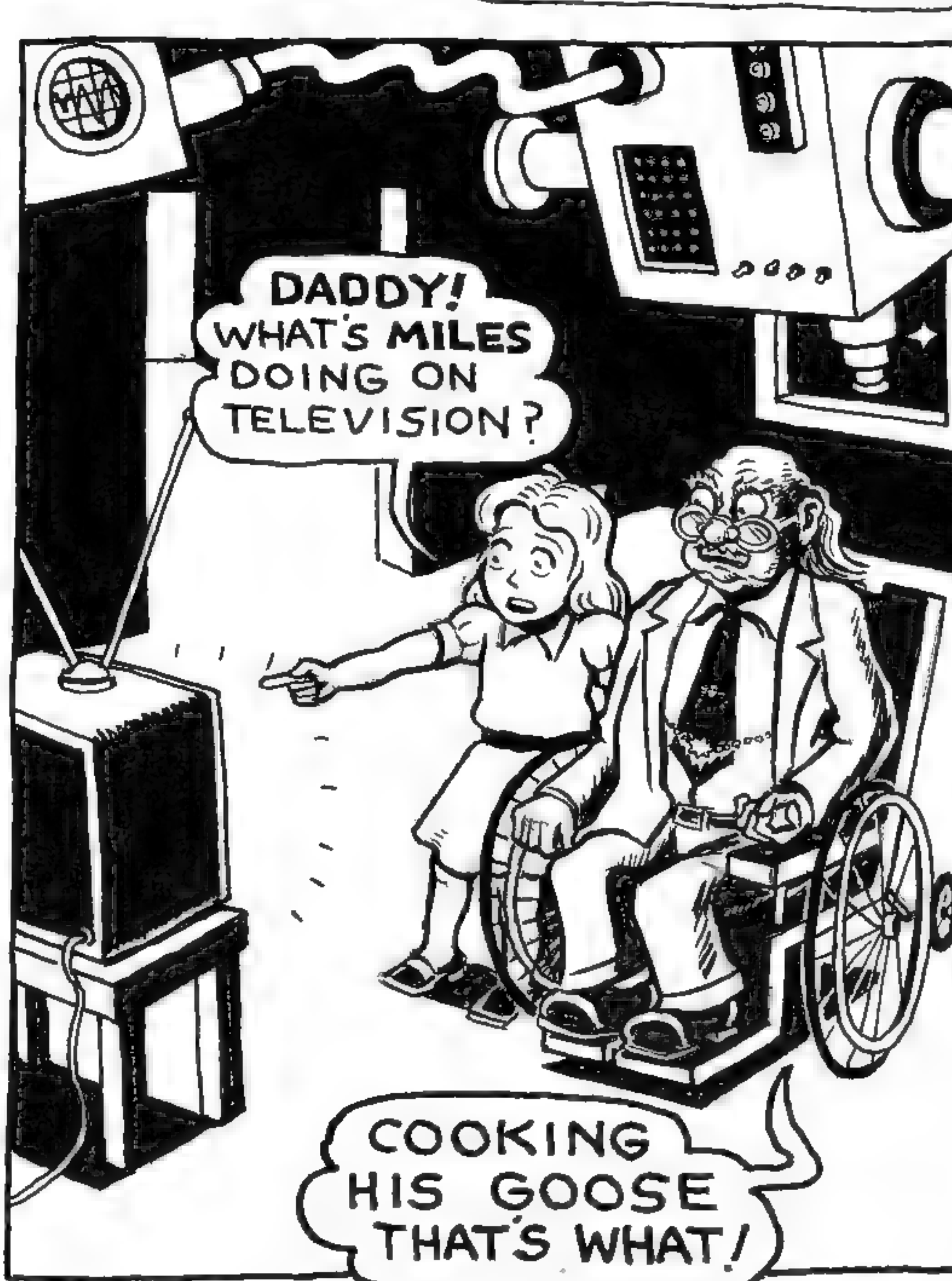
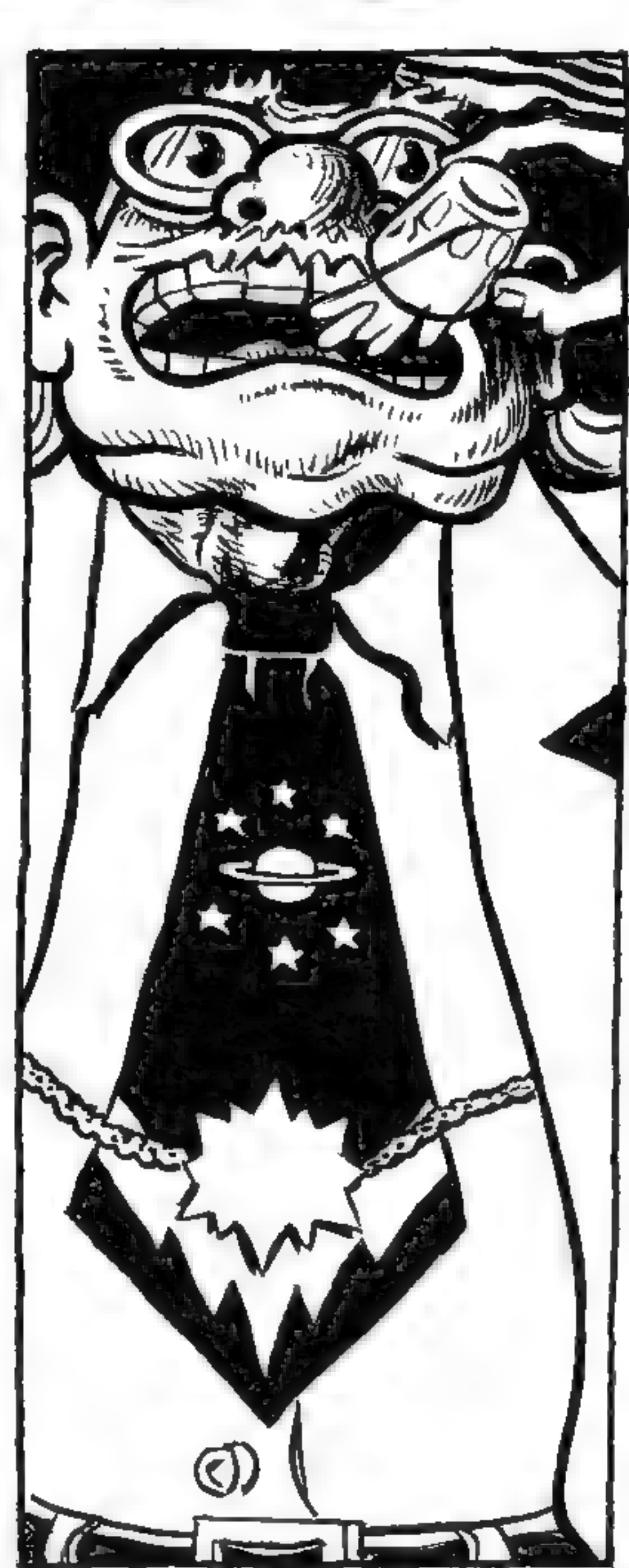
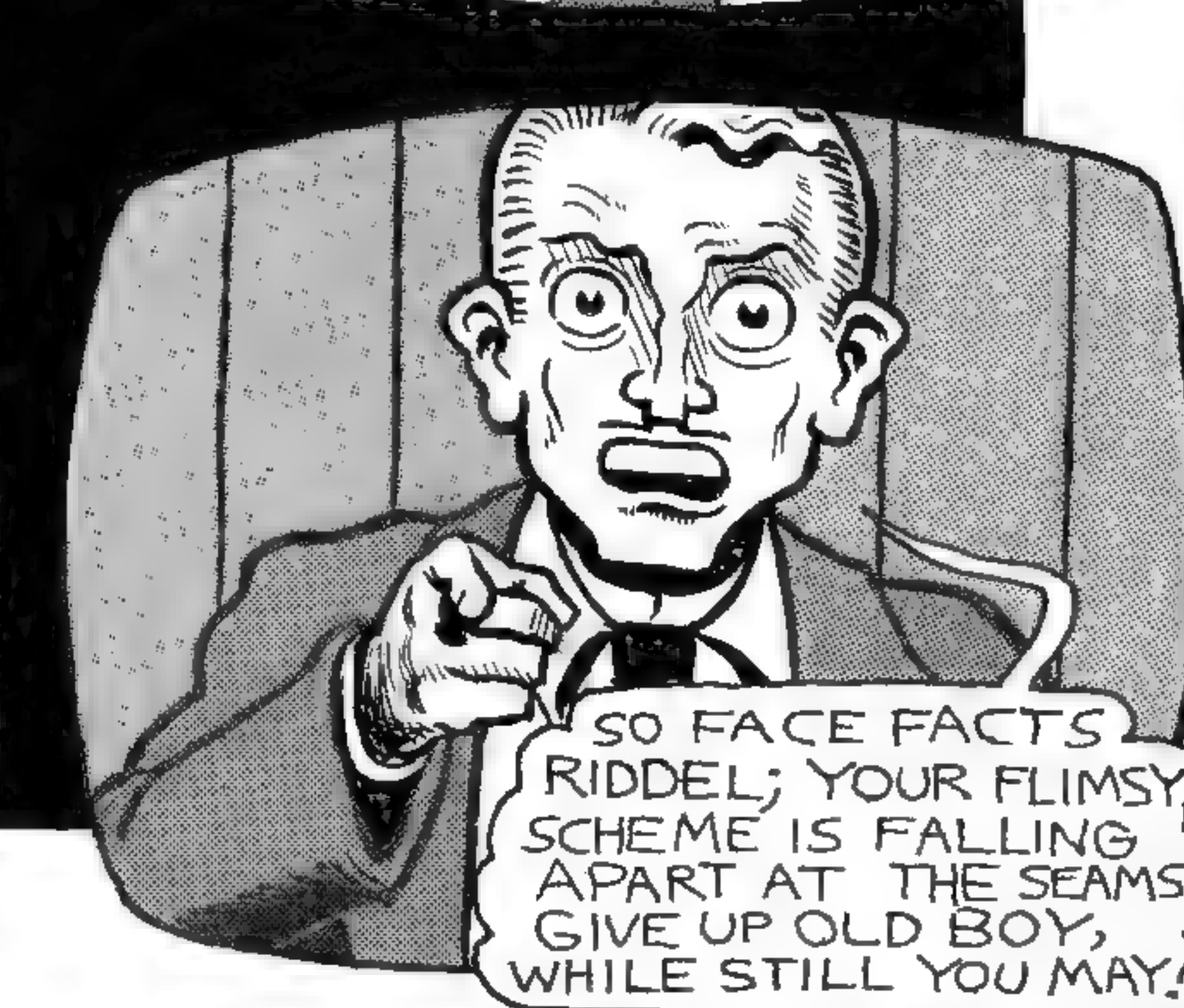
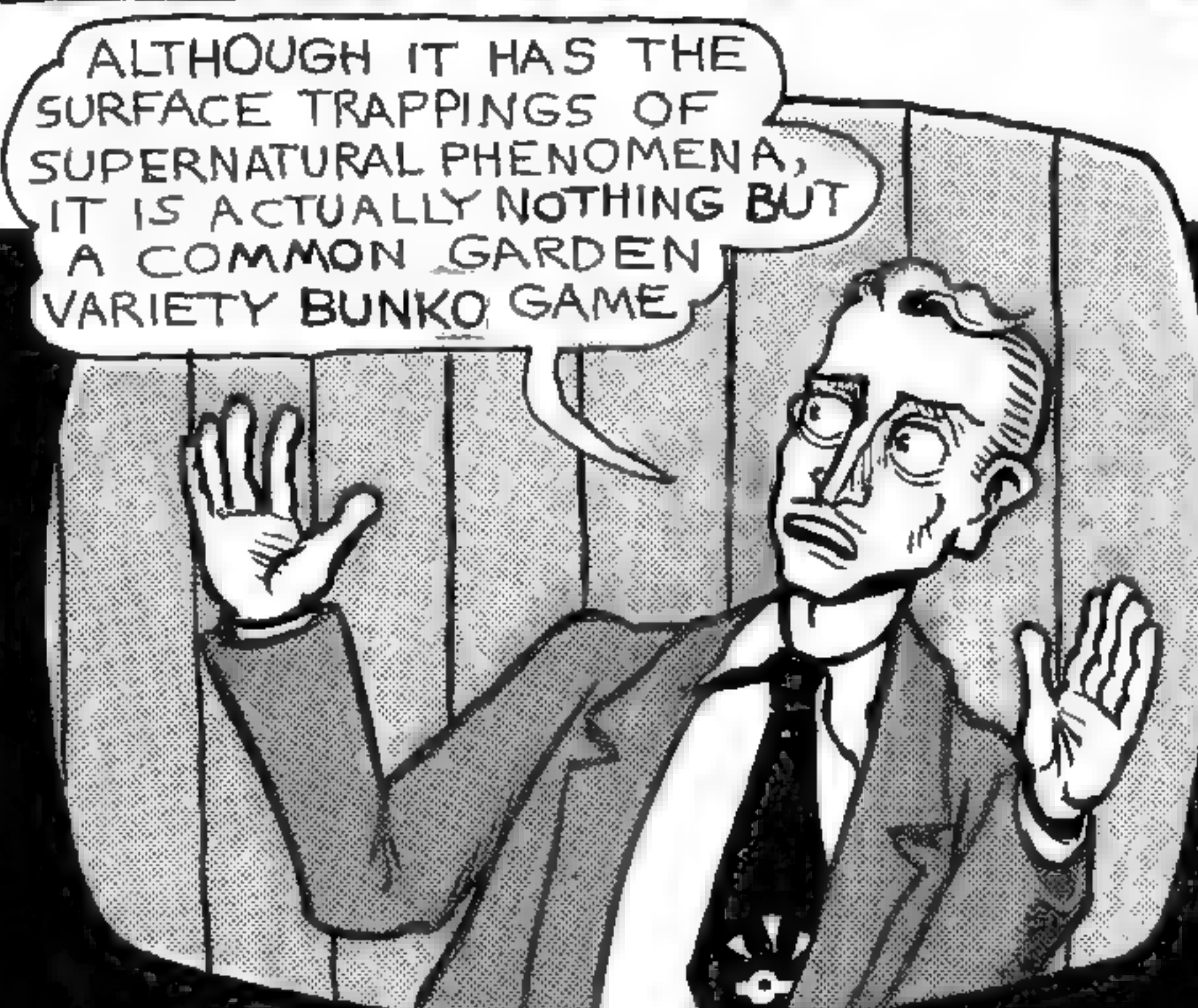
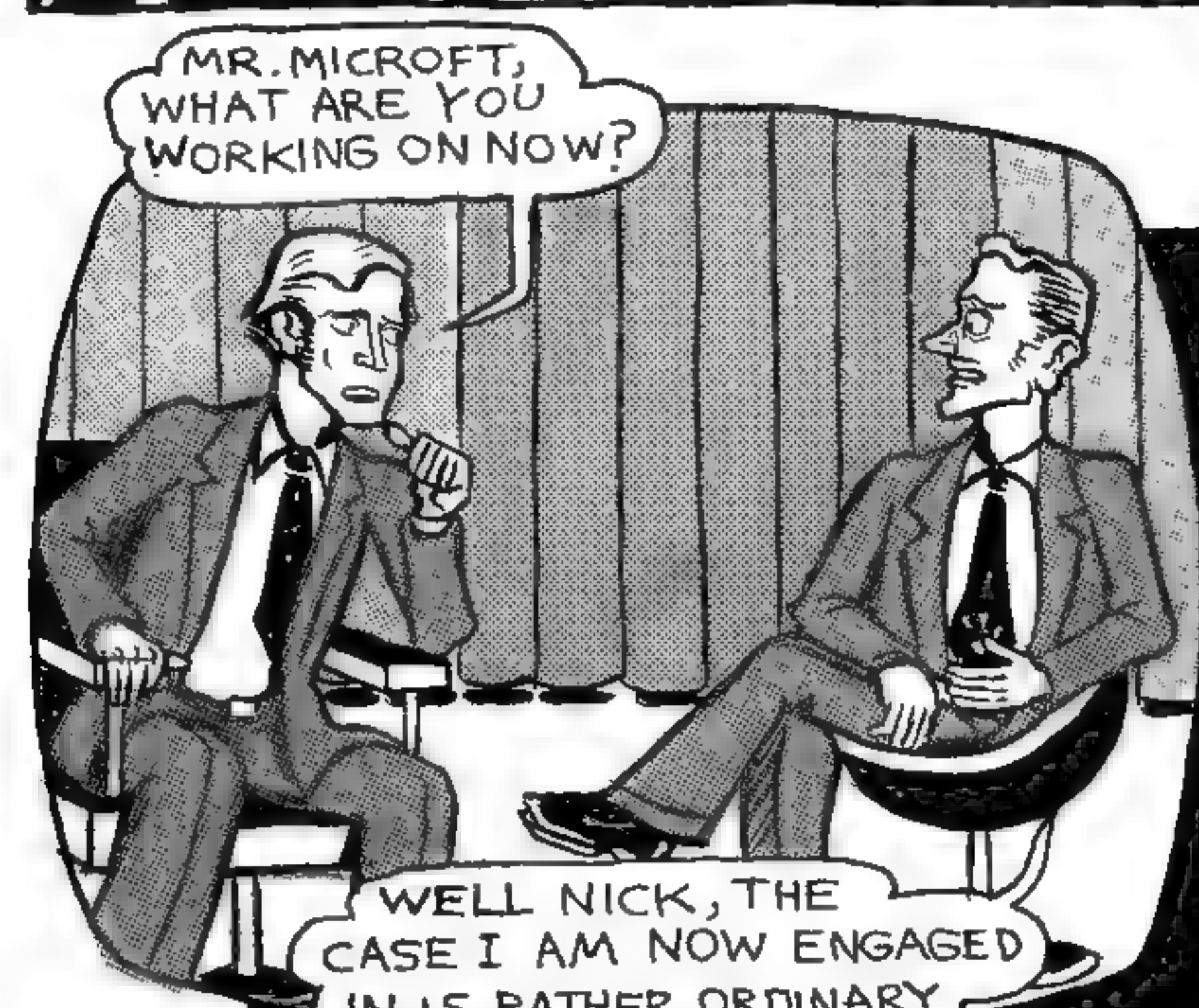
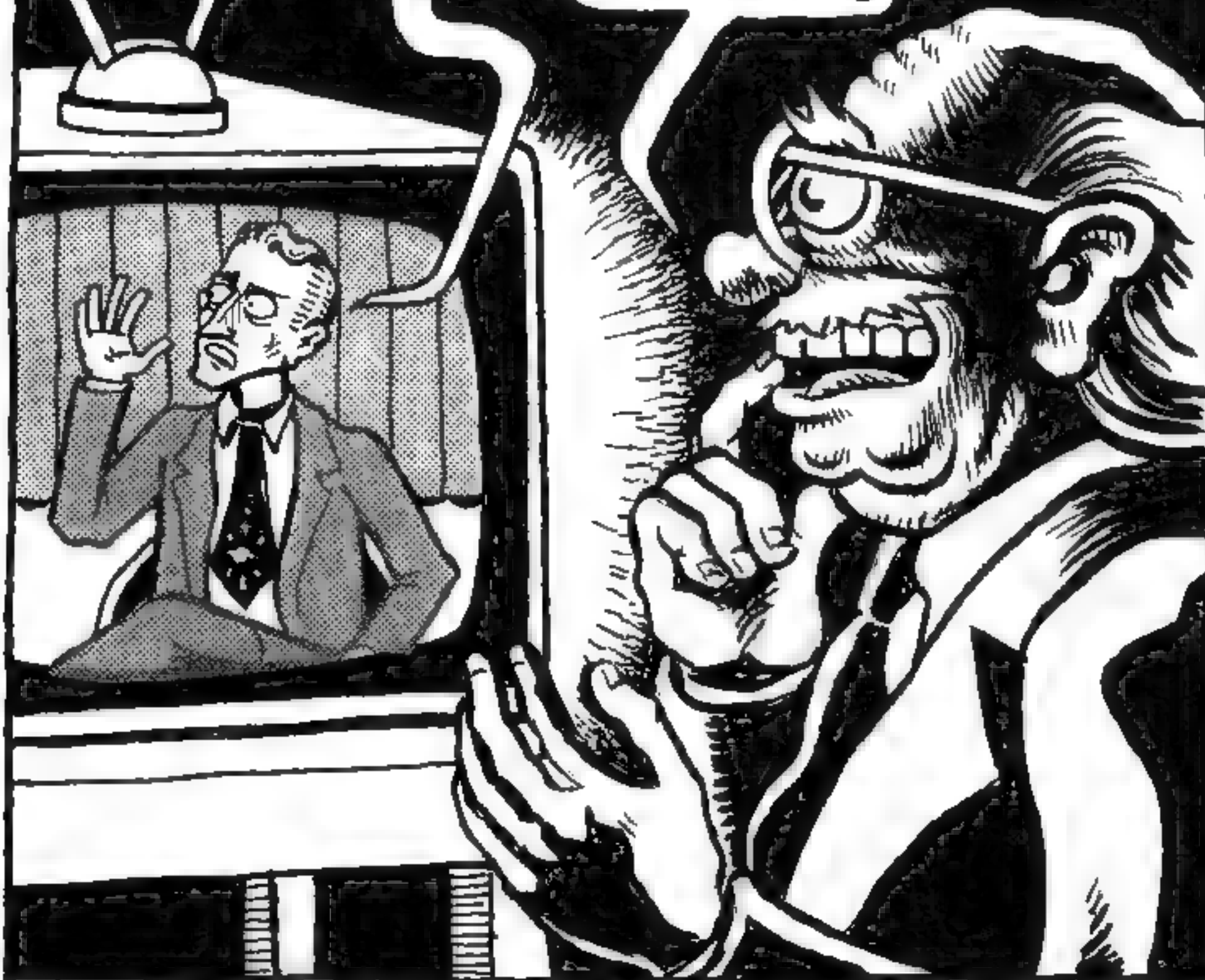
MR. MICROFT, JUST WHAT DOES A PSYCHIC DETECTIVE DO?

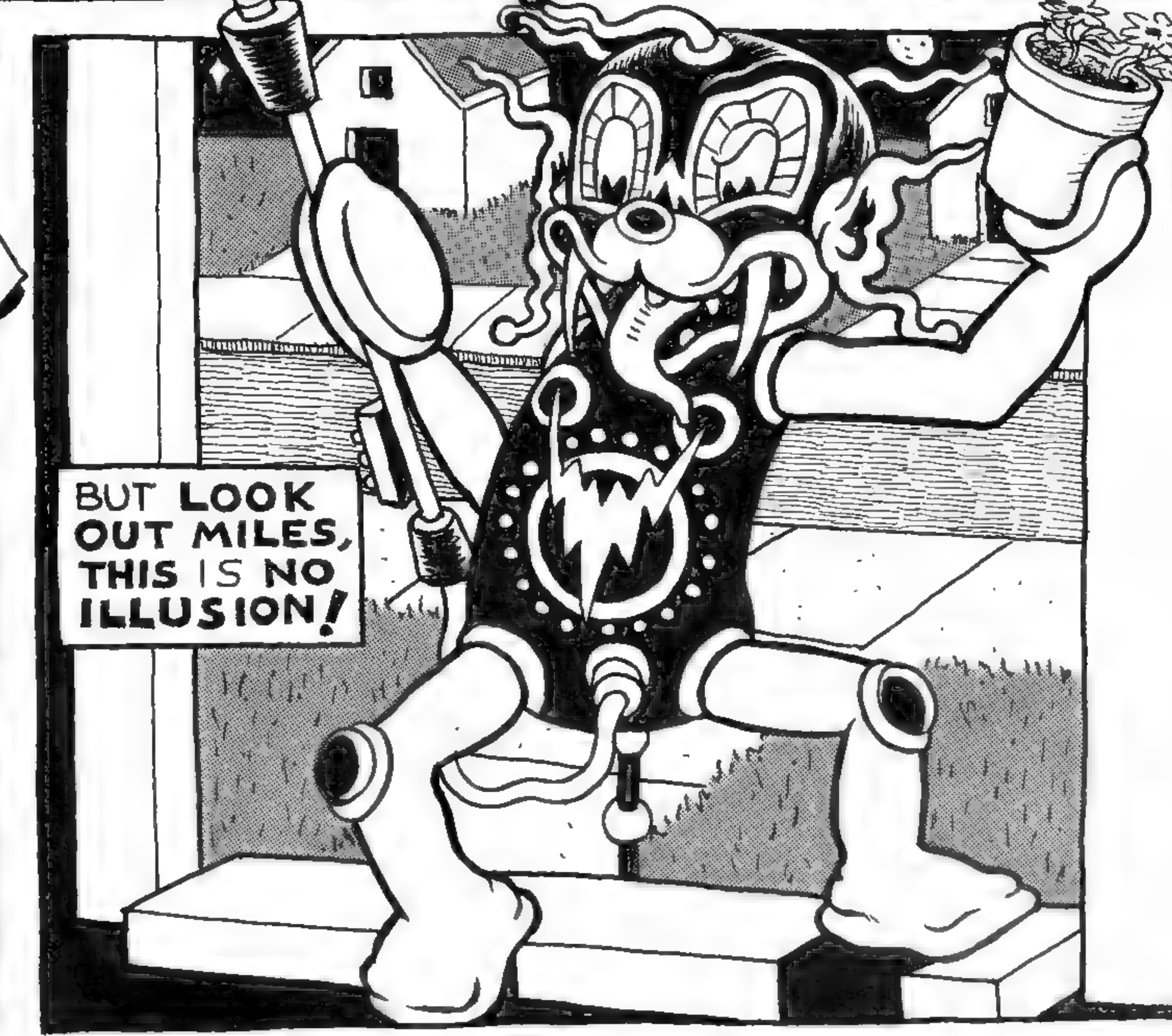
BLANCHE!
BRING ME MY BOURBON!

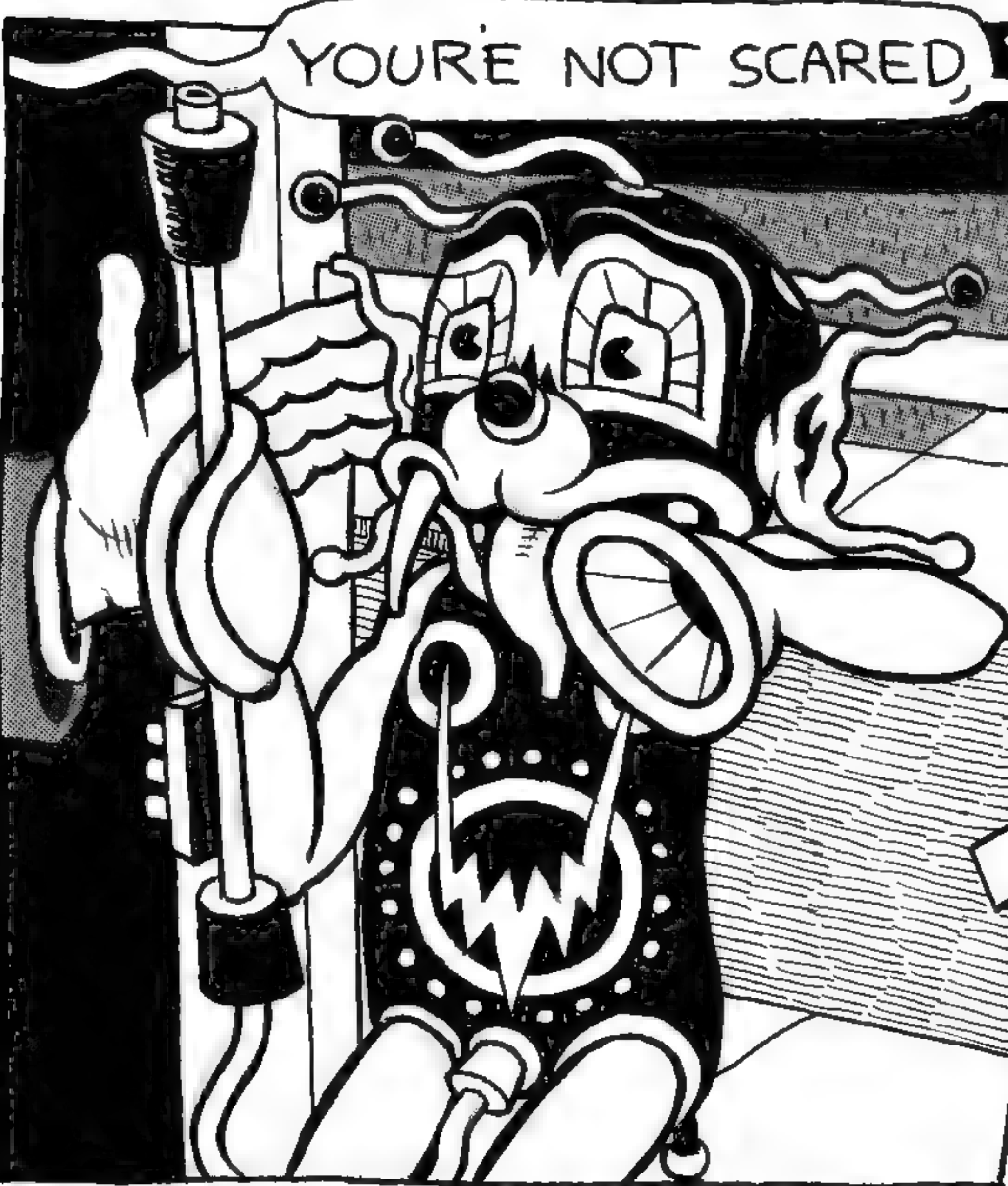


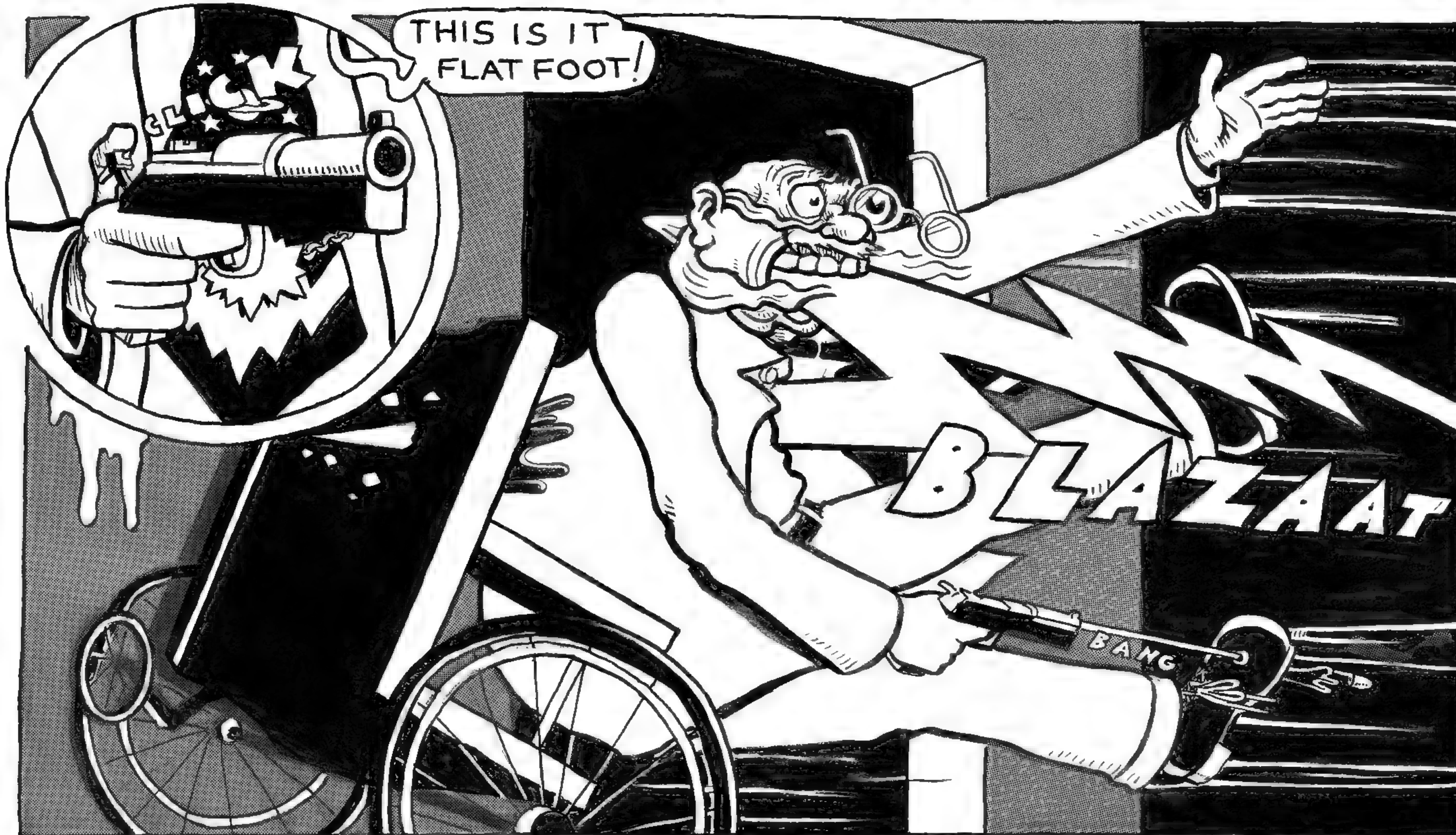
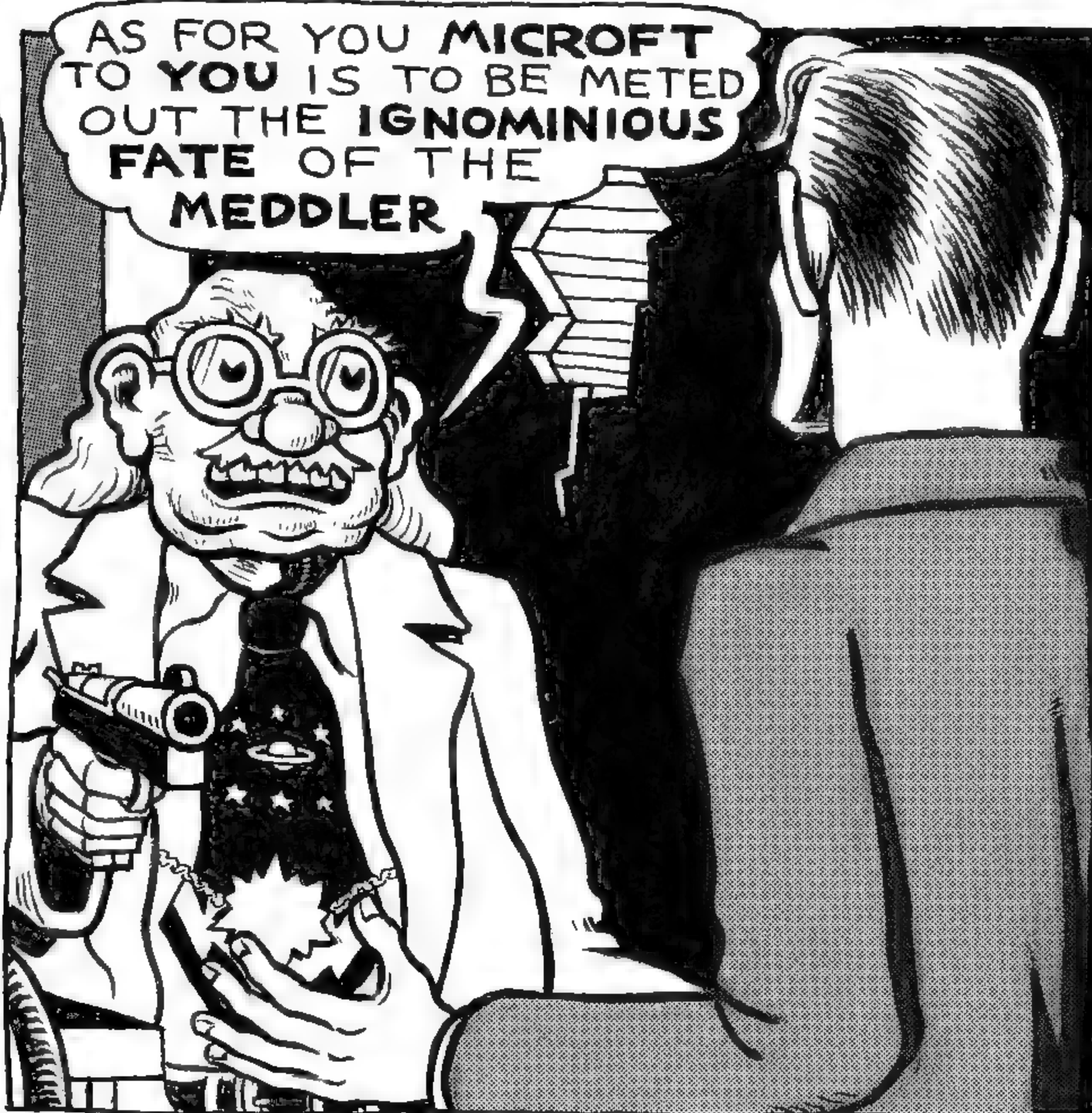
WELL NICK, I SORT OF TAKE UP WHERE THE CLUES STOP. YOU SEE BY MEANS OF VARIOUS EXTRA SENSORY TECHNIQUES WHICH I HAVE DEVELOPED AND REFINED OVER THE YEARS, I AM OFTEN ABLE TO FERRET OUT FACTS THAT ELUDE REGULAR LAW ENFORCEMENT AGEN

SAY, THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!











OH MILES, I COULDN'T LET HIM KILL YOU ANY MORE THAN I COULD MYSELF A MOMENT AGO!

HMM...

AT 8 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING, CHIEF NETTLEMAN MUSES TO HIMSELF.....

I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO MEET MICROFT FOR AN HOUR YET, BUT SINCE I'M IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

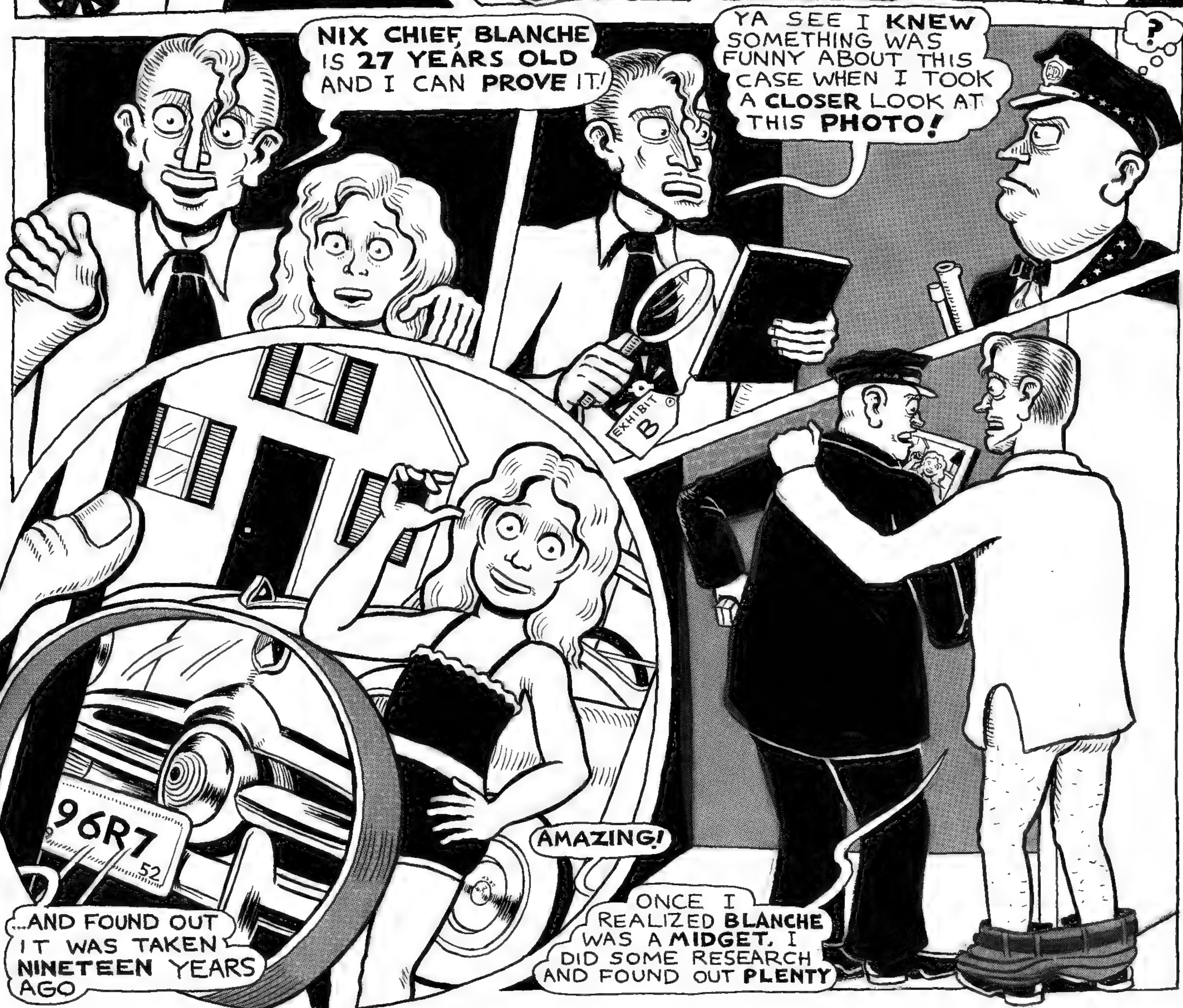


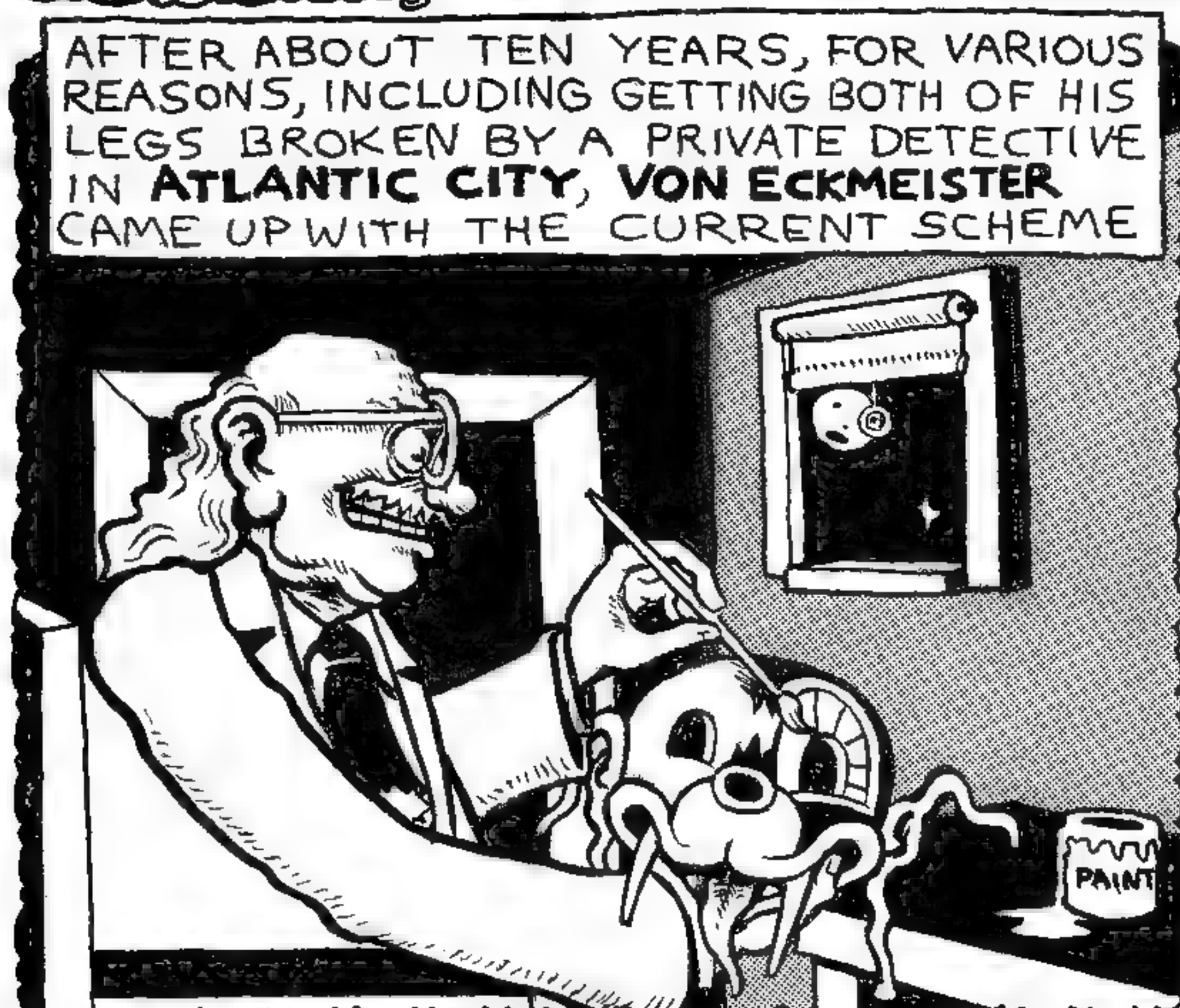
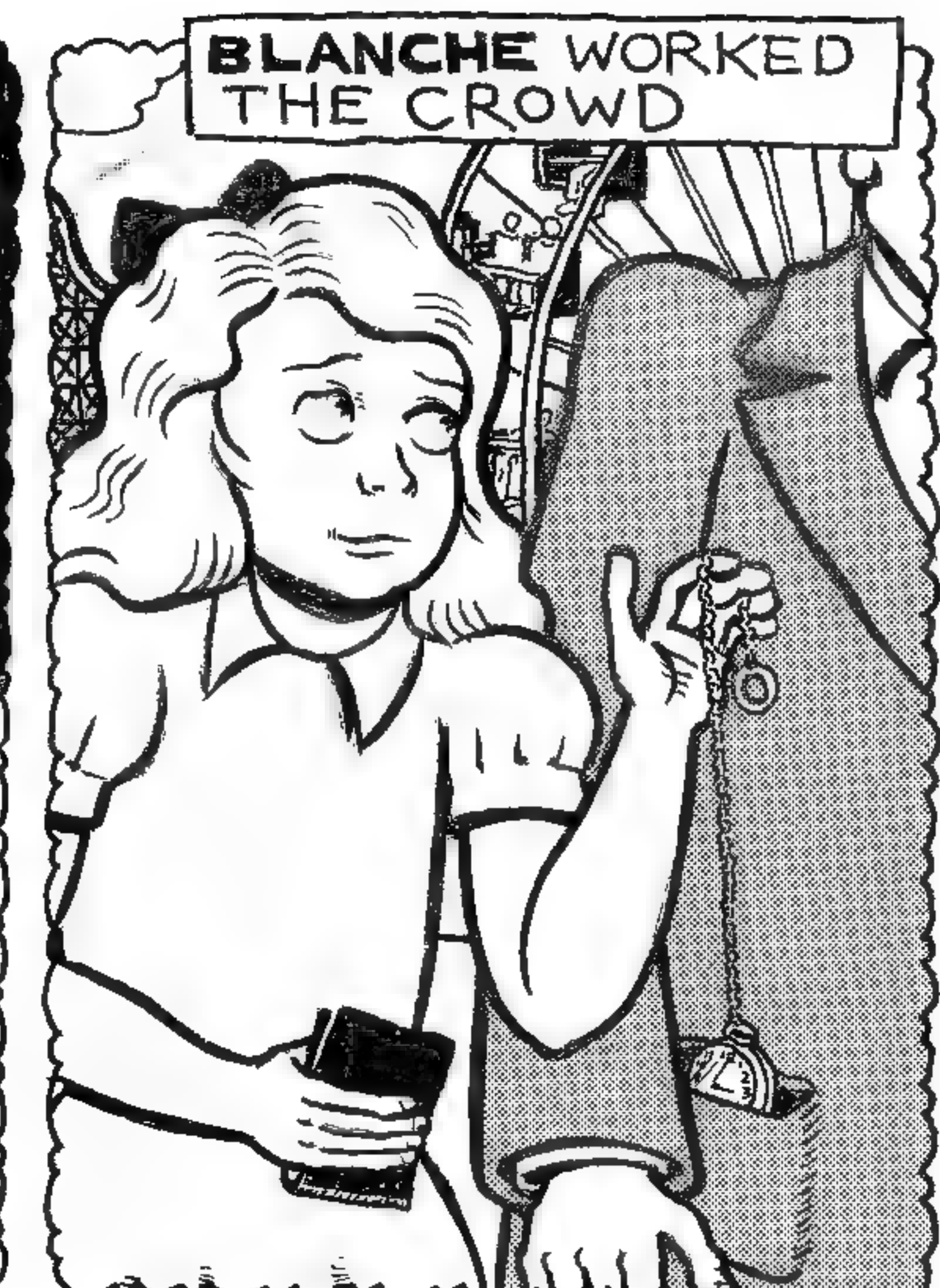
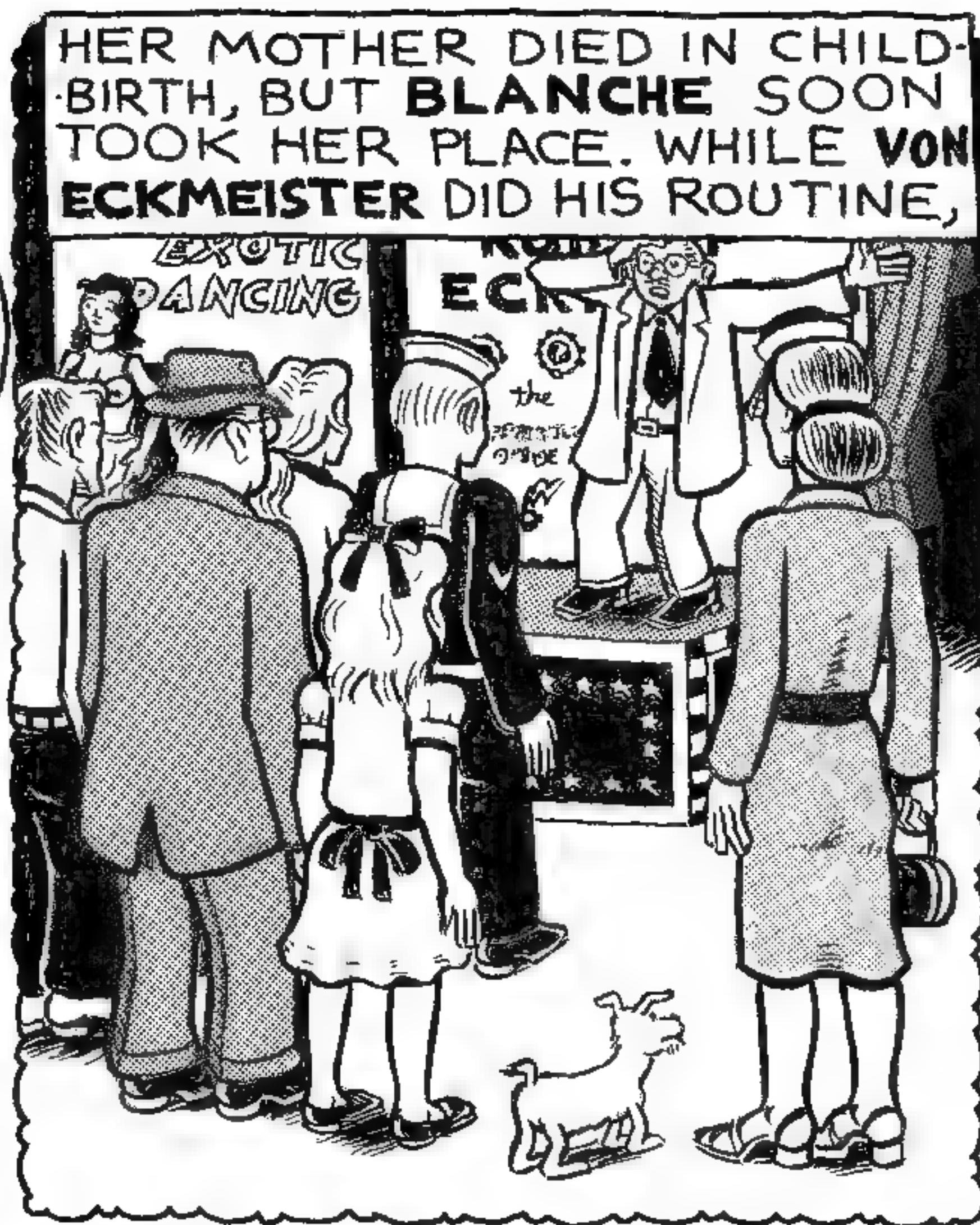
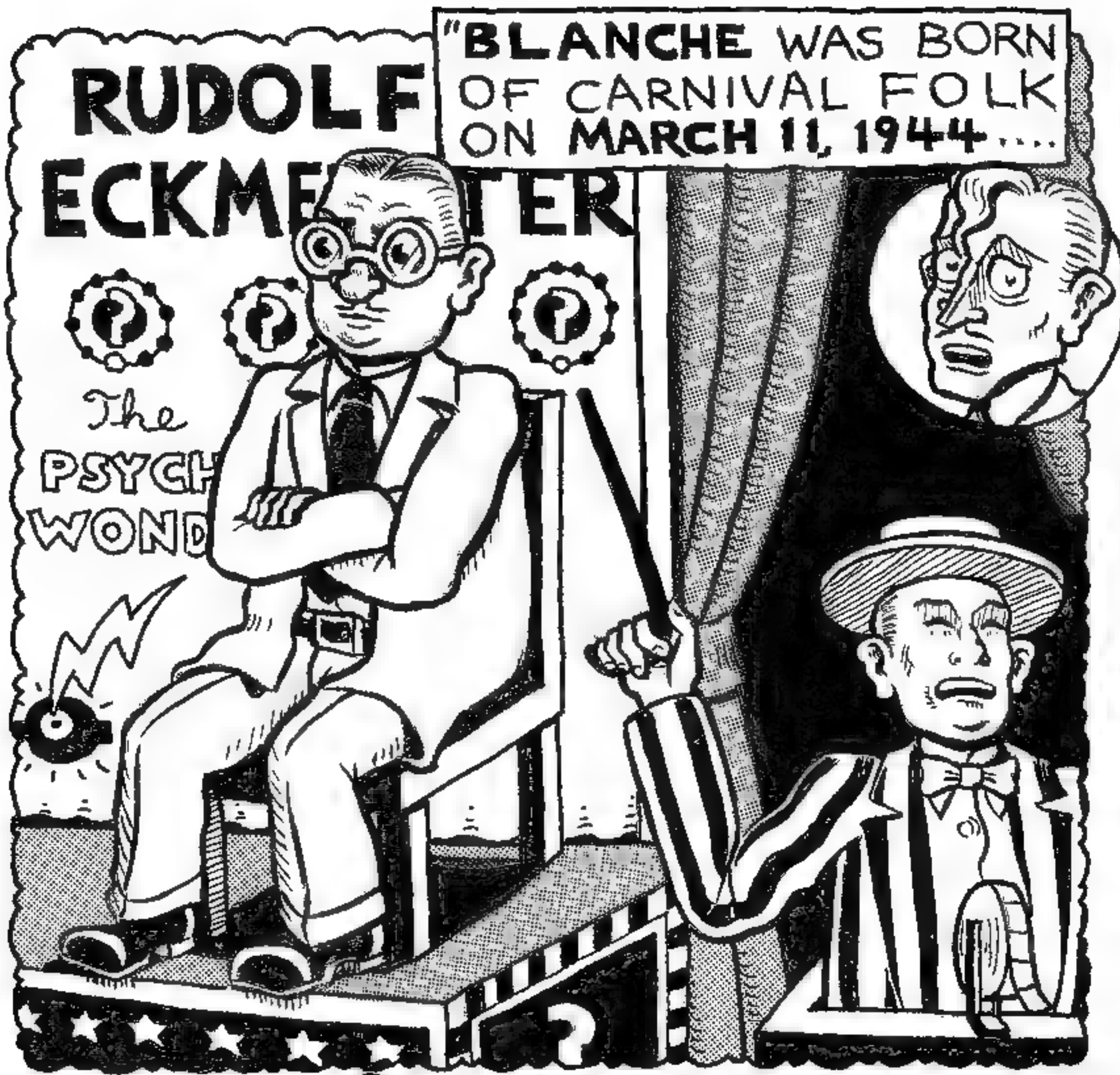
MICROFT IT'S ME CH.....



MOTHER O'GAWD!







ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND OUR NEWLYWEDS ARE SOON **HONEYMOON BOUND**

NOW THAT THE MONEYS BEEN RECOVERED I'M A FREE MAN AGAIN...THANKS TO YOU!

WELL NOW FARNSWORTH, DON'T BE FORGETTING **CHIEF NETTLEMAN**. HE FIRST BROUGHT YOUR CASE TO MY ATTENTION!

YOU TWO COME BACK AND SEE US AGAIN Y'HEAR?

SURE THING CHIEF!

C'MON SWEET MEAT, LET'S ME N'YOU HIT THAT LOWER BERTH. WE'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR A **QUICKIE** BEFORE LUNCH

ANYTHING YOU SAY BIG BOY

HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN A DESERTED WARE HOUSE

.... EIGHT HUNDRED, NINE HUNDRED, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS;...AND THANKS AGAIN **NETTLEMAN**

DON'T THANK ME, I'M YOUR **FRIEND!** YOU BOYS KNOW THAT!

HIS ATTEMPT TO USE THE INFORMATION WE ENTRUSTED HIM WITH FOR HIS OWN **SELFISH GAIN**, IN A PETTY CONFIDENCE GAME, WAS A **CLASSIC** EXAMPLE OF **POOR HUMANOID JUDGEMENT**

WE'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET **GREEDY** LIKE OUR **FRIEND VON ECKMEISTER**

BAH! THESE EARTHINGS ARE SUCH SENTIMENTAL BUFOONS!

YOU SEE **NETTLEMAN**, HE MISTOOK OUR GENTLENESS FOR WEAKNESS

IT WASN'T NECESSARY. **VON ECKMEISTER'S** WARPED EGO WAS SUCH THAT HE NEVER CONFIDED OUR ACTUAL EXISTENCE TO HER, PREFERRING TO LET HER THINK THAT **ALL** HE TAUGHT HER ABOUT US WAS HIS OWN CONCOCTION

WELL I'M GLAD OF THAT....SHE'S A SWEET KID!

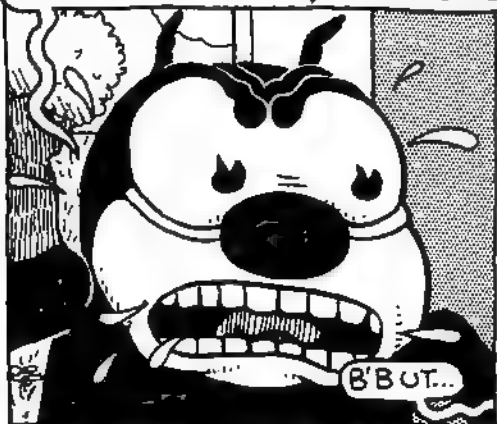
HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE DAME? WHY DIDN'T WE HAVE HER TAKEN CARE OF?

WE WON'T NEED TO INVAD; WE'LL WIN EM OVER WITH INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDISTIC SOAP OPERAS

THE END



BECAUSE YOU'RE A FILTHY,
PLANET PLUNDERING, RACIST,
MIDDLE AMERIKA, MACHO PIG!



NEVER MIND TH' BUTS,
WHEN MEN N' YOU USED TO
GO JOY RIDING,
DIDNT WE MARINATE
THE COUNTRY-
SIDE WITH
BEER CANS,
CIGARETTE
BUTTS AND
PROPHY-
LACTICS?



AND AIN'T I SEEN YOU AT
A MILLION PARTYS SPREADING
RACE HATRED
WITH YOUR
"NIGGER JOKEST?"



WELL HOW ABOUT SANDY SOW!
ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT THE
SEXIST SWINE THAT LEFT HER HIGH
AND DRY WITH EIGHT TINY MOUTHS
TO FEED?



AN YOU KNOW DAMN
WELL YOUVE DONE
JUST AS MUCH OF
THAT STUFF
AS ME!

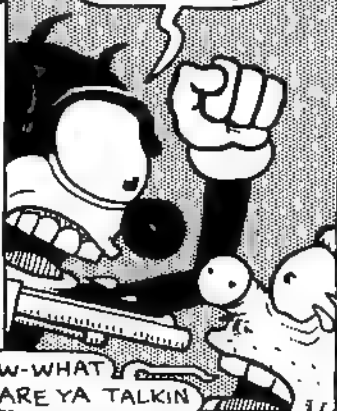
GRANTED, BUT THOSE DAYS
ARE BEHIND ME SINCE I
ATTAINED A REVOLUTIONARY
CONSCIOUSNESS



LISSEN D'DONT BE SO HASTY! WHY ONLY THE OTHER DAY I WAS THINKIN ABOUT DROPPIN OUT N'DOIN M'MY THING



YOUR THING! IT'S ALWAYS YOUR THING ISN'T IT PORKLY!



W-WHAT ARE YA TALKIN ABOUT?

JUST THIS PORK. EVERYTHING YOU DO AND SAY, IS THE EPITOME OF PIG CONSCIOUSNESS!



OH I KNOW IT AIN'T YOUR FAULT; A FELLA CAN'T HELP THE WAY HE'S BORN



I'LL DRINK TO THAT!

HOWEVER OLD BUDDY, THE GRIM FACT REMAINS,



ONCE A PIG...



ALWAYS A PIG!



LATER

HELL, AIN'T NOTHIN LIKE KILLIN A PIG TO MAKE A BODY FEEL GRAND!



RIGHT ON BRO!

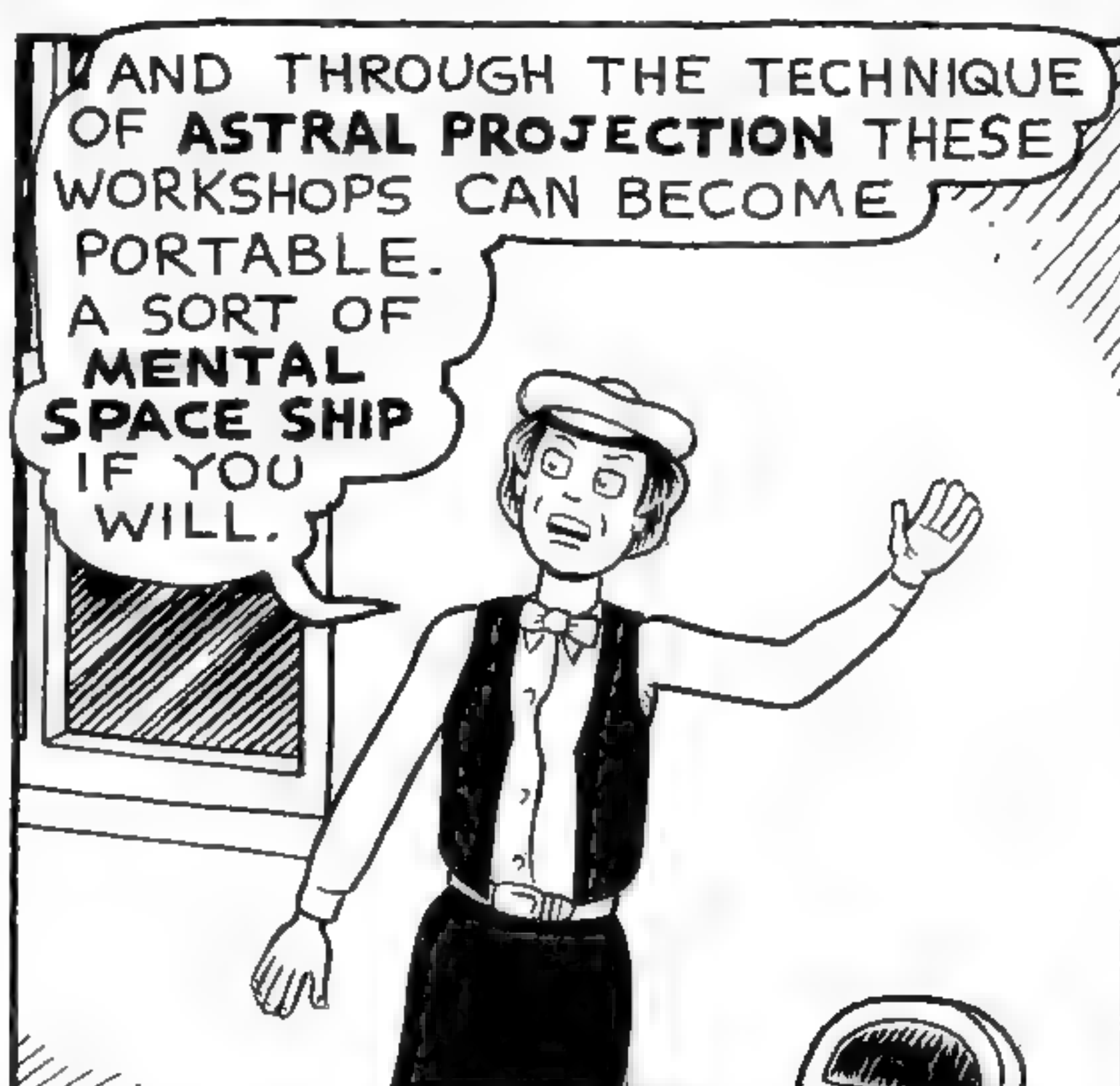
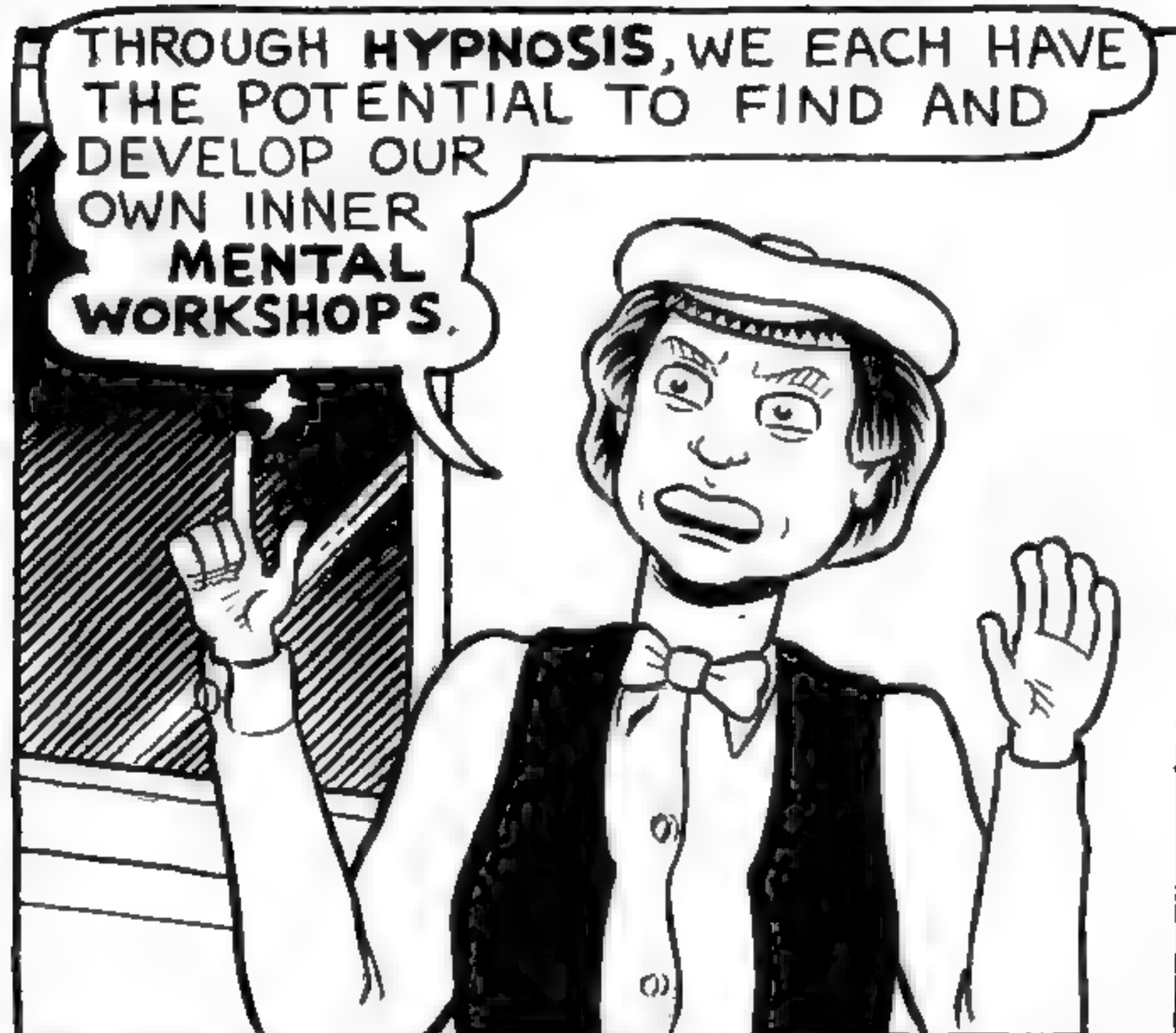
SIGH

HOLD THAT POSE

END



RECENTLY, I ATTENDED A LECTURE ON THE POTENTIAL OF HYPNOSIS.



AND NOW, IF I CAN HAVE THREE VOLUNTEERS, I WILL DEMONSTRATE SOME SIMPLE HYPNOTIC INDUCTION TECHNIQUES.



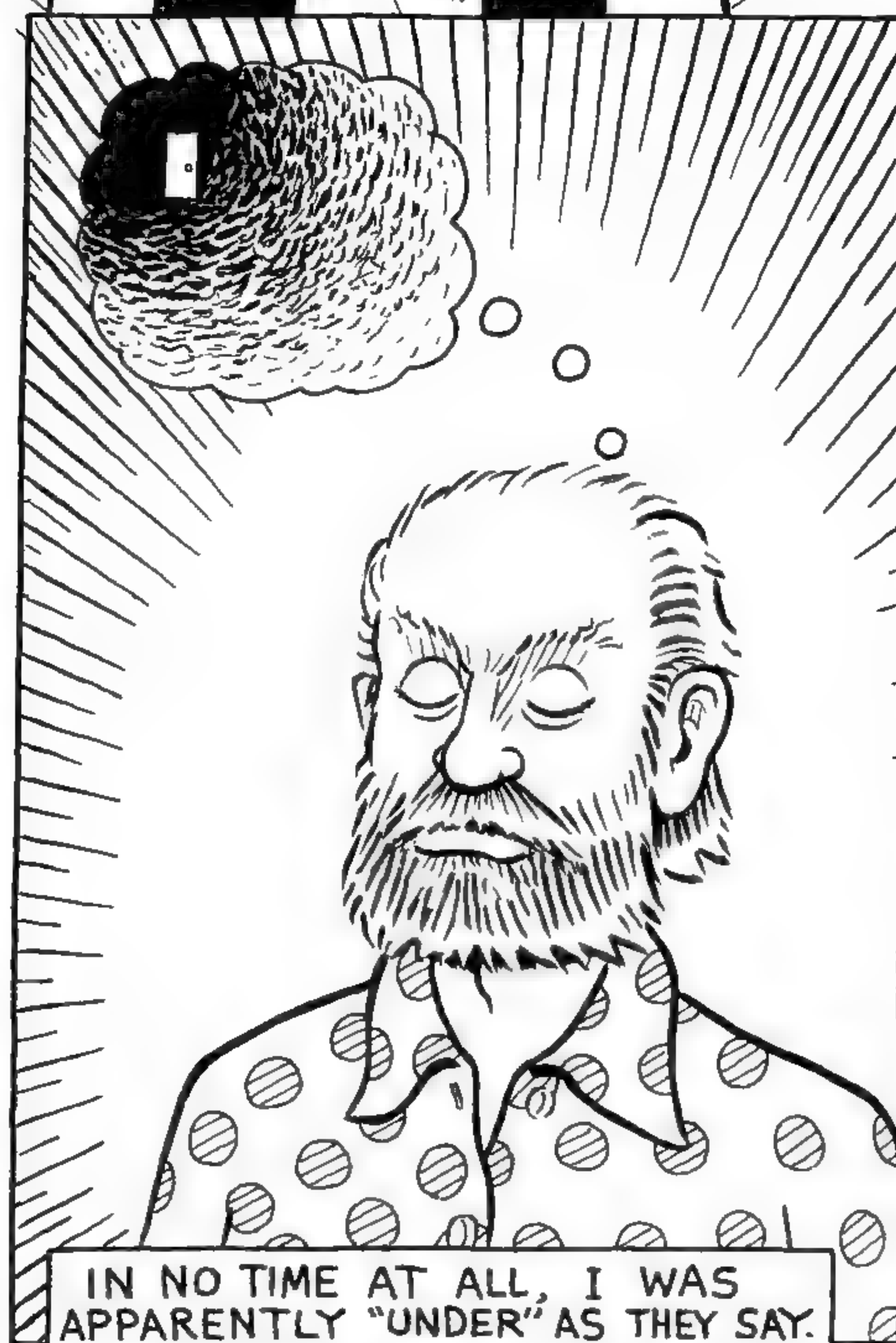
THE VOLUNTEERS WERE QUICKLY ASSEMBLED.

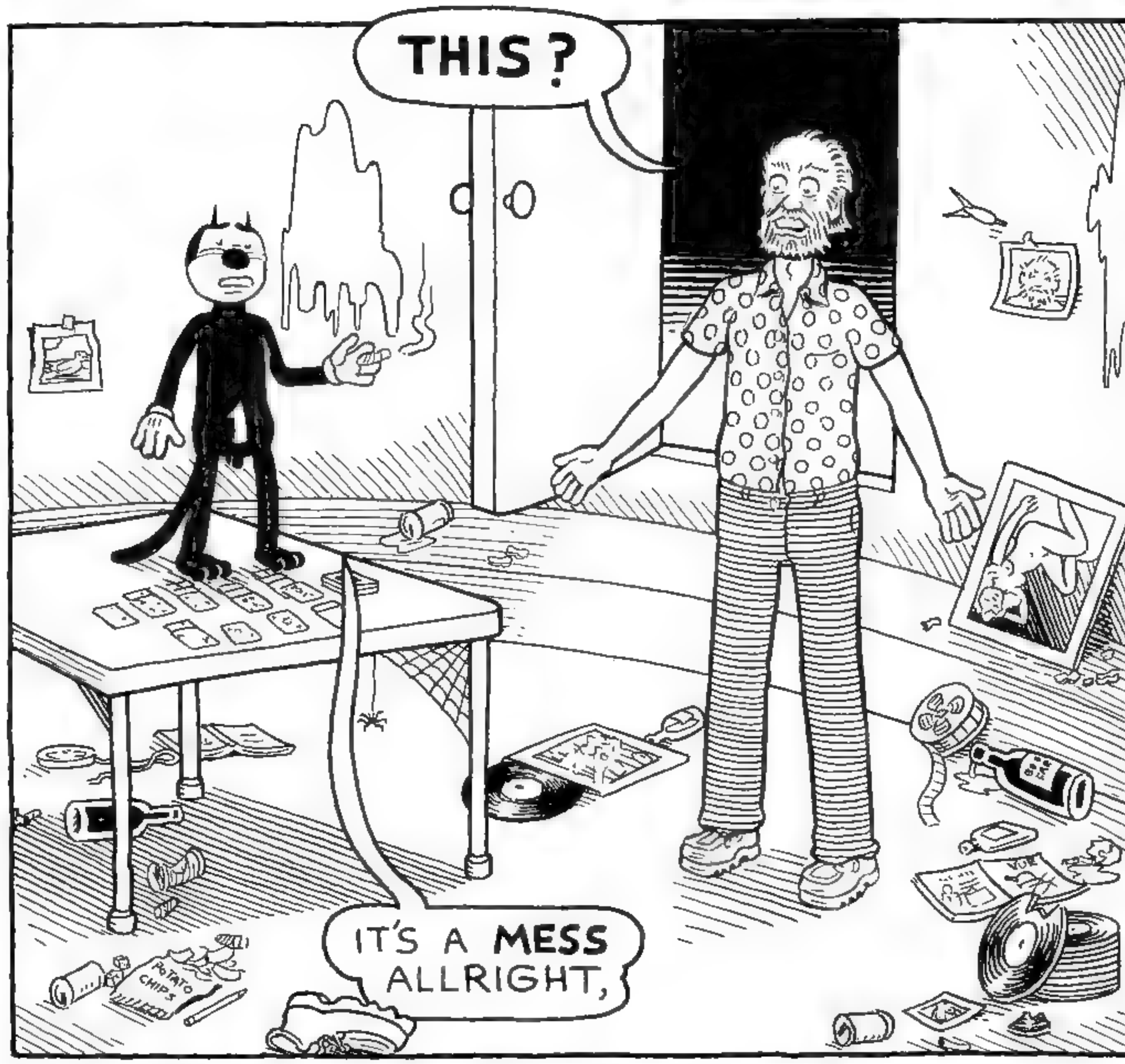
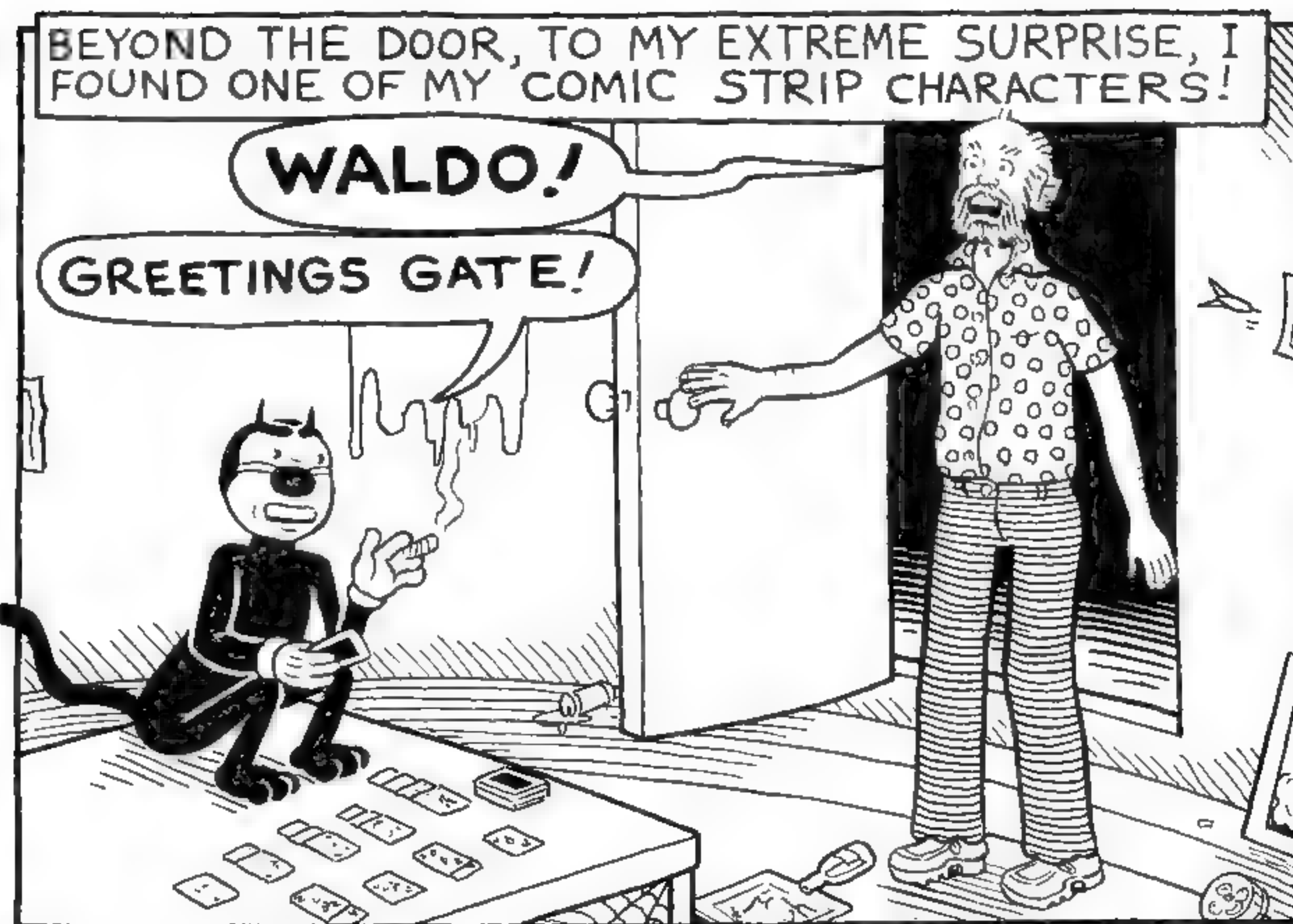
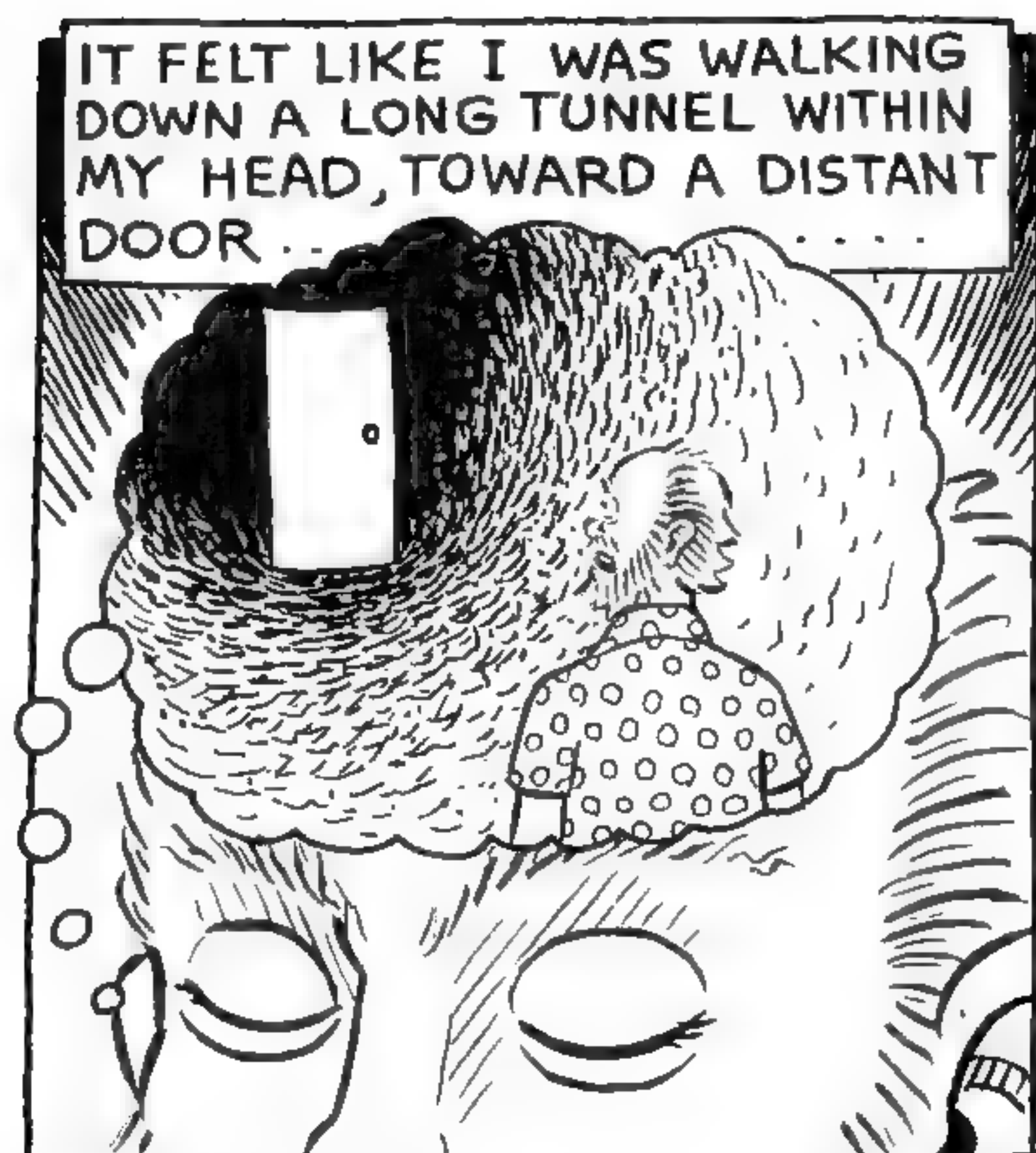


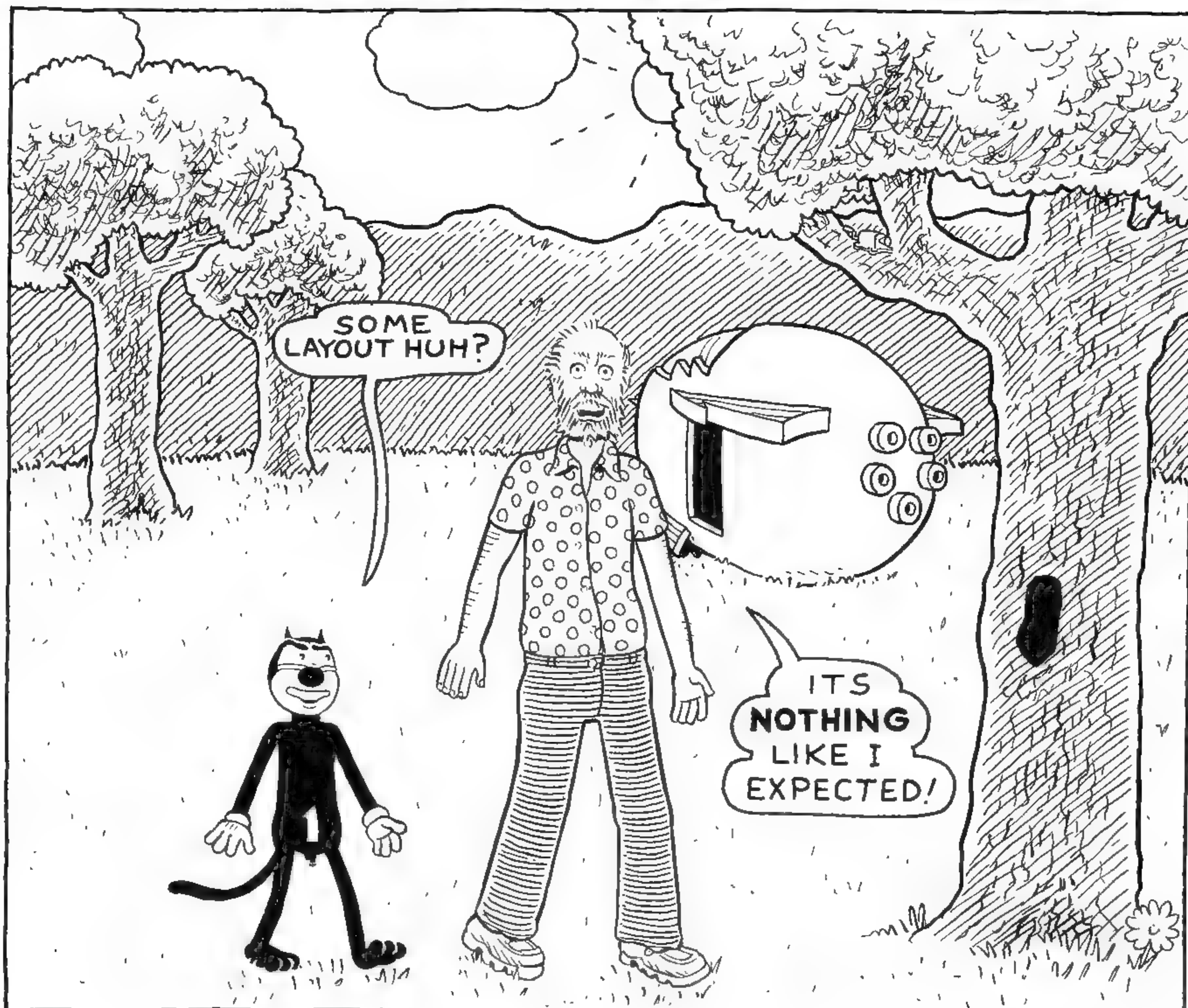
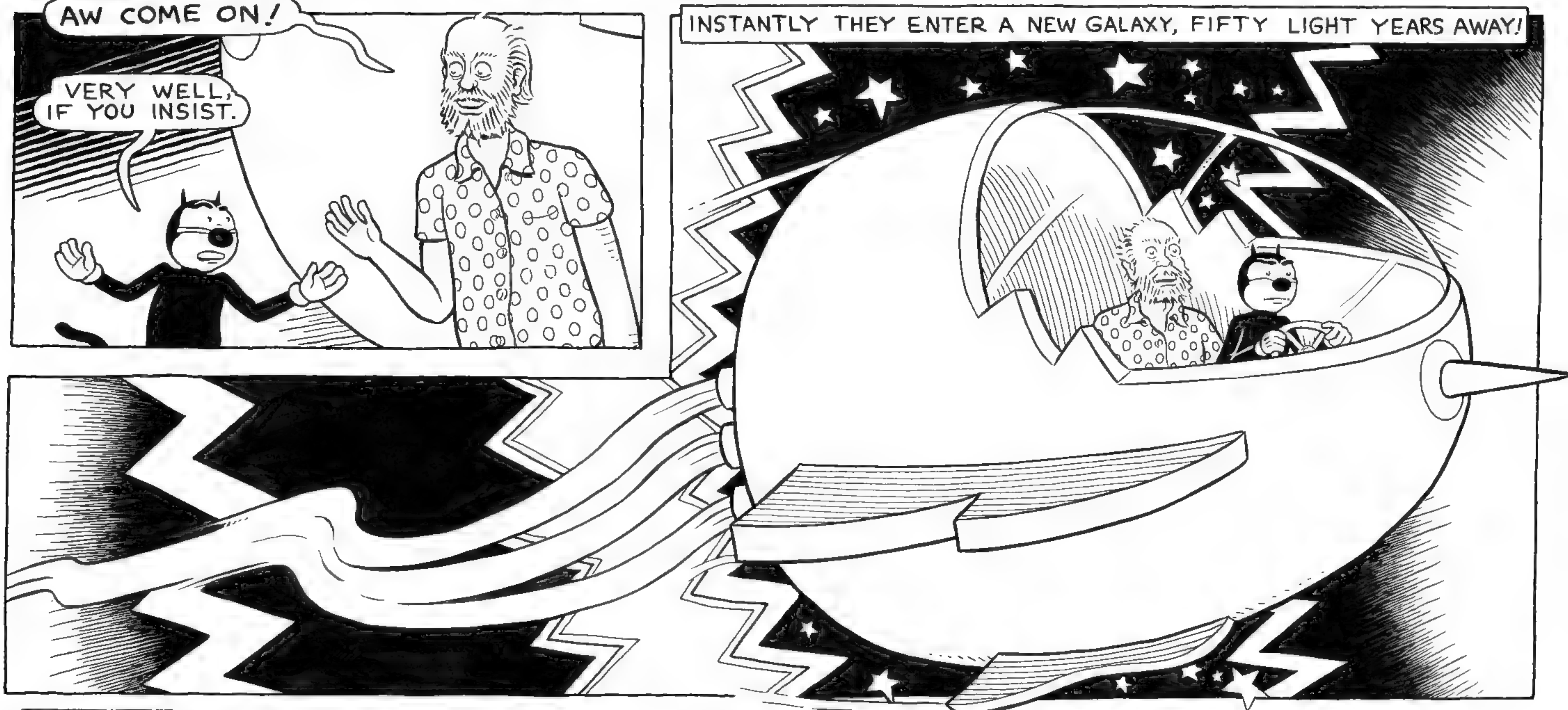
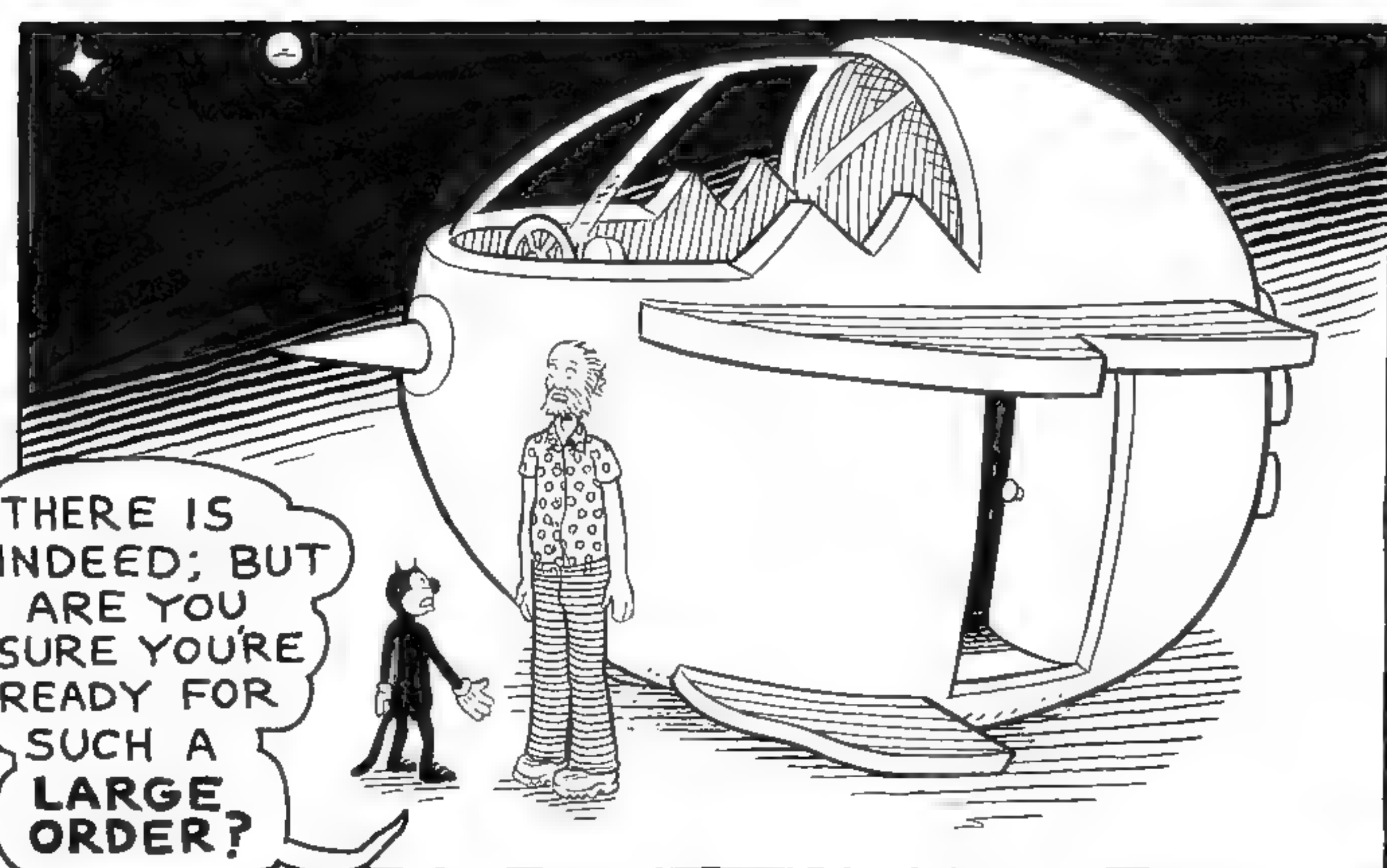
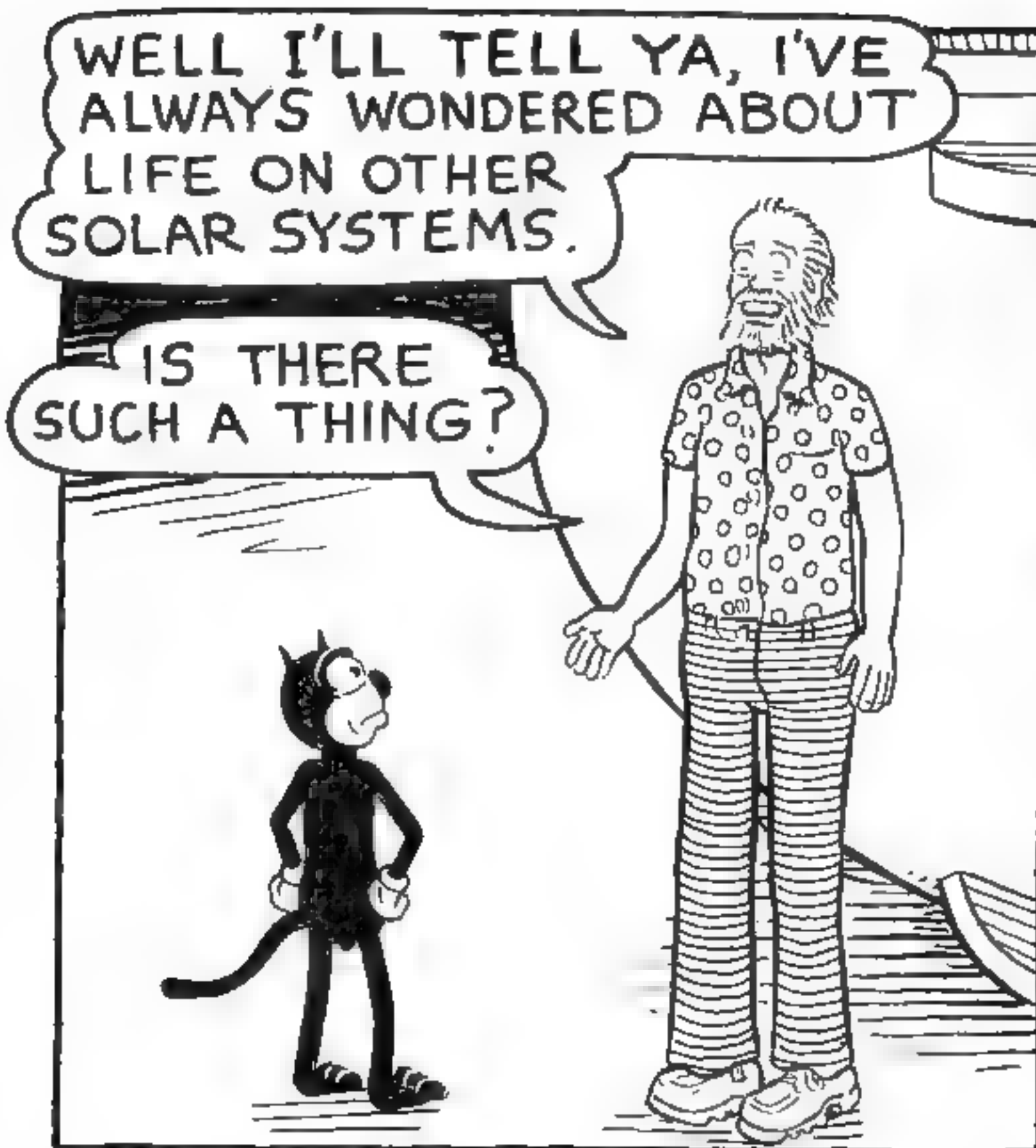
THERE WAS NEAL O'BRIEN, PROFESSIONAL XEROX COPIER ;...

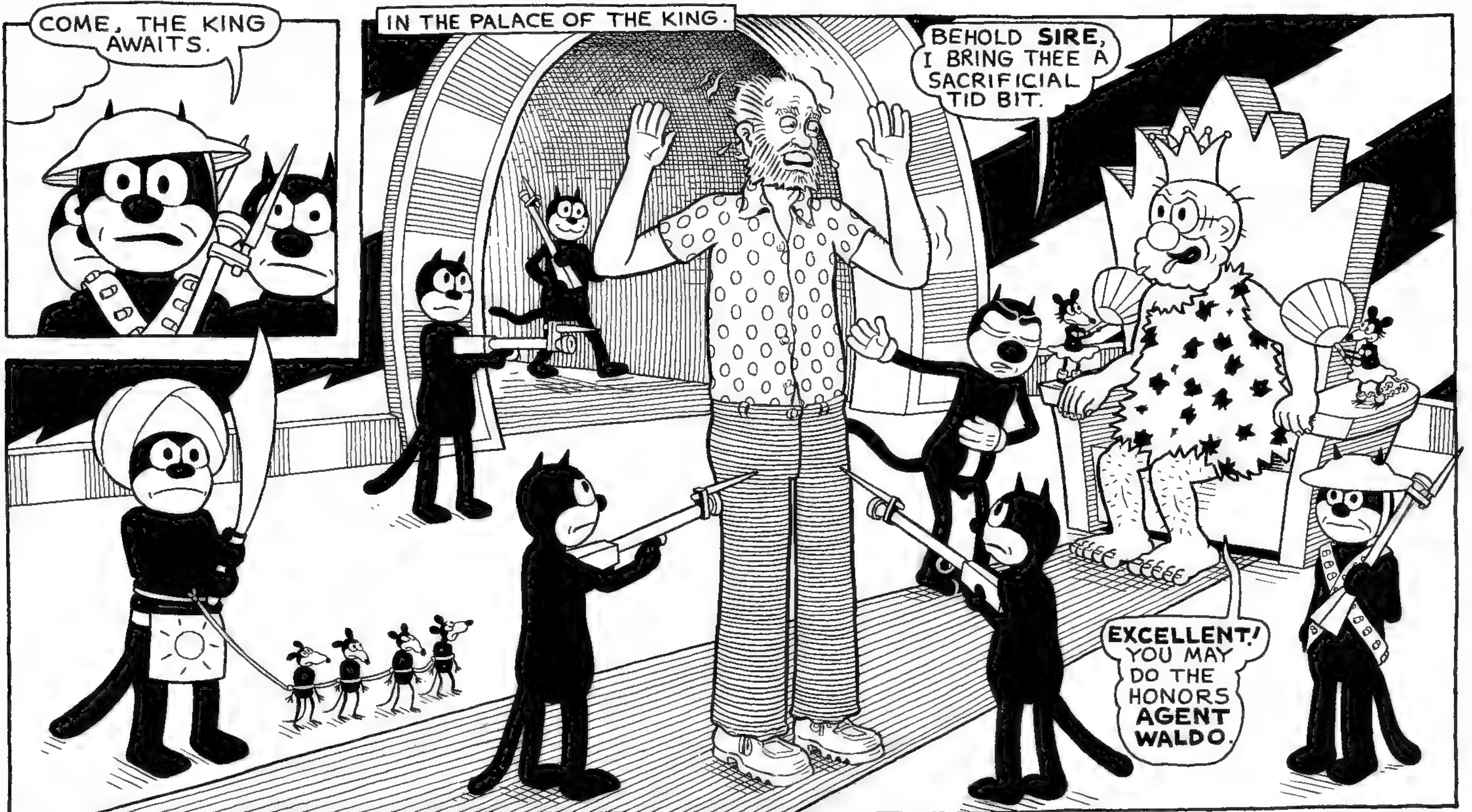
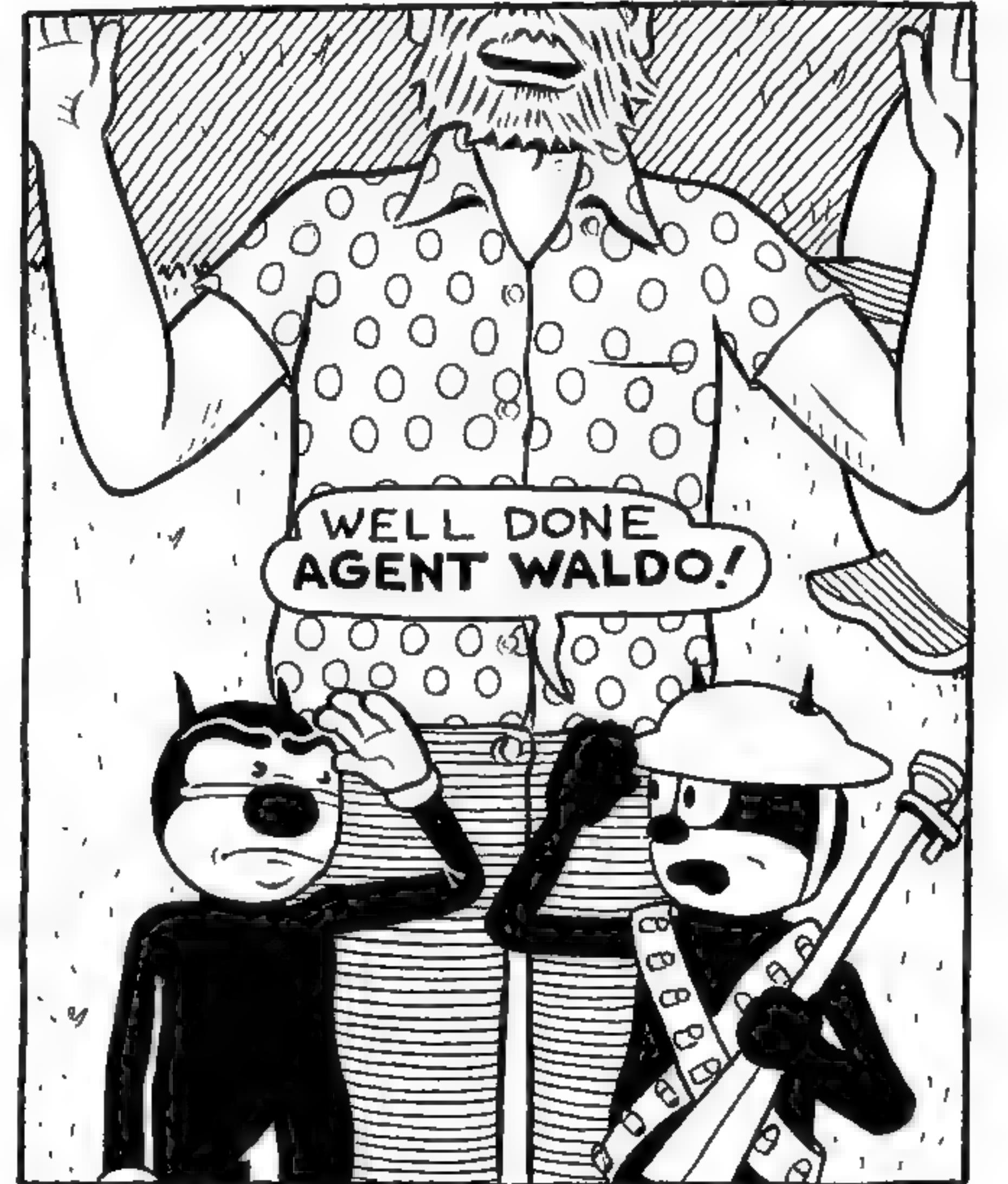
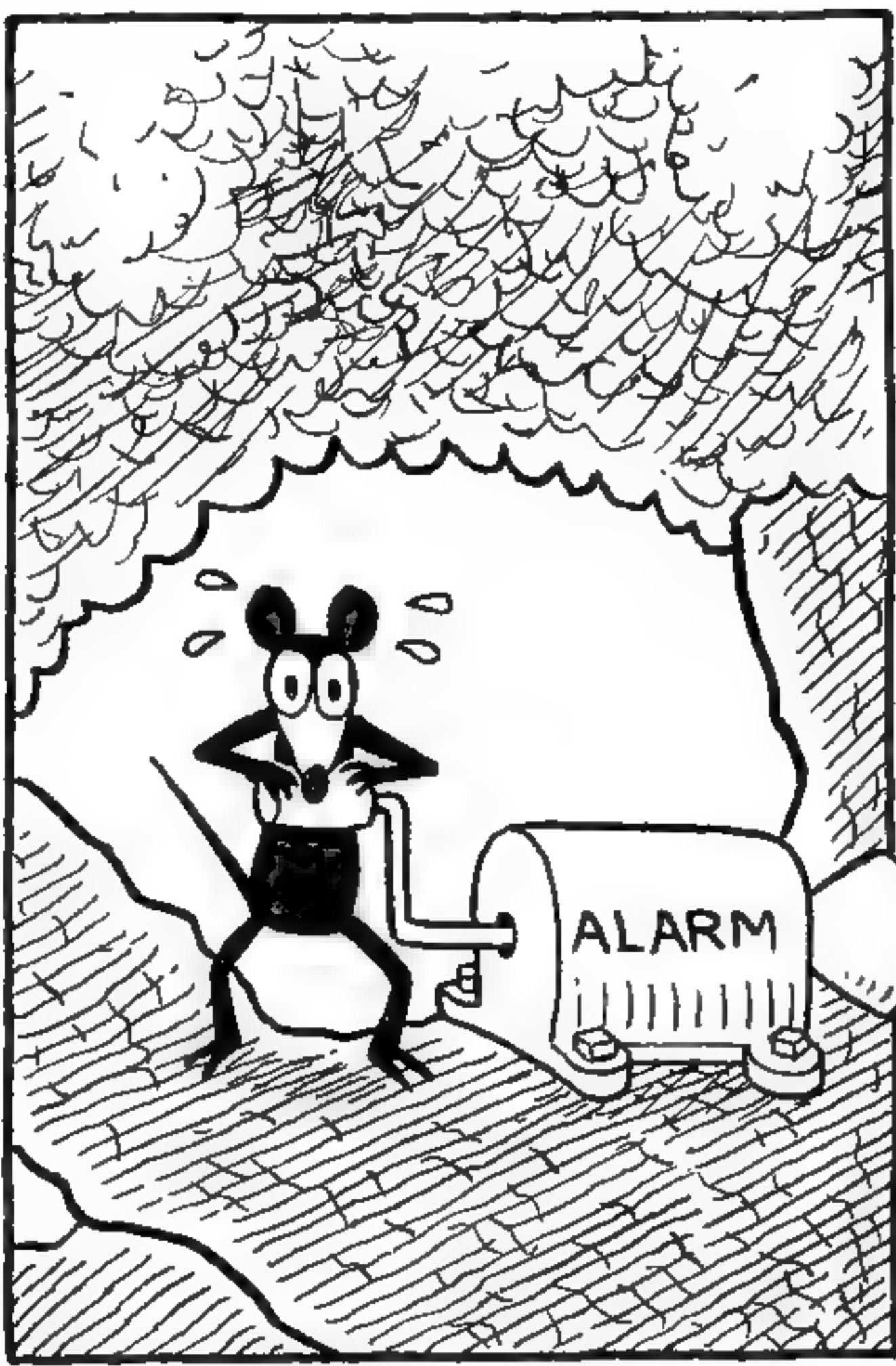
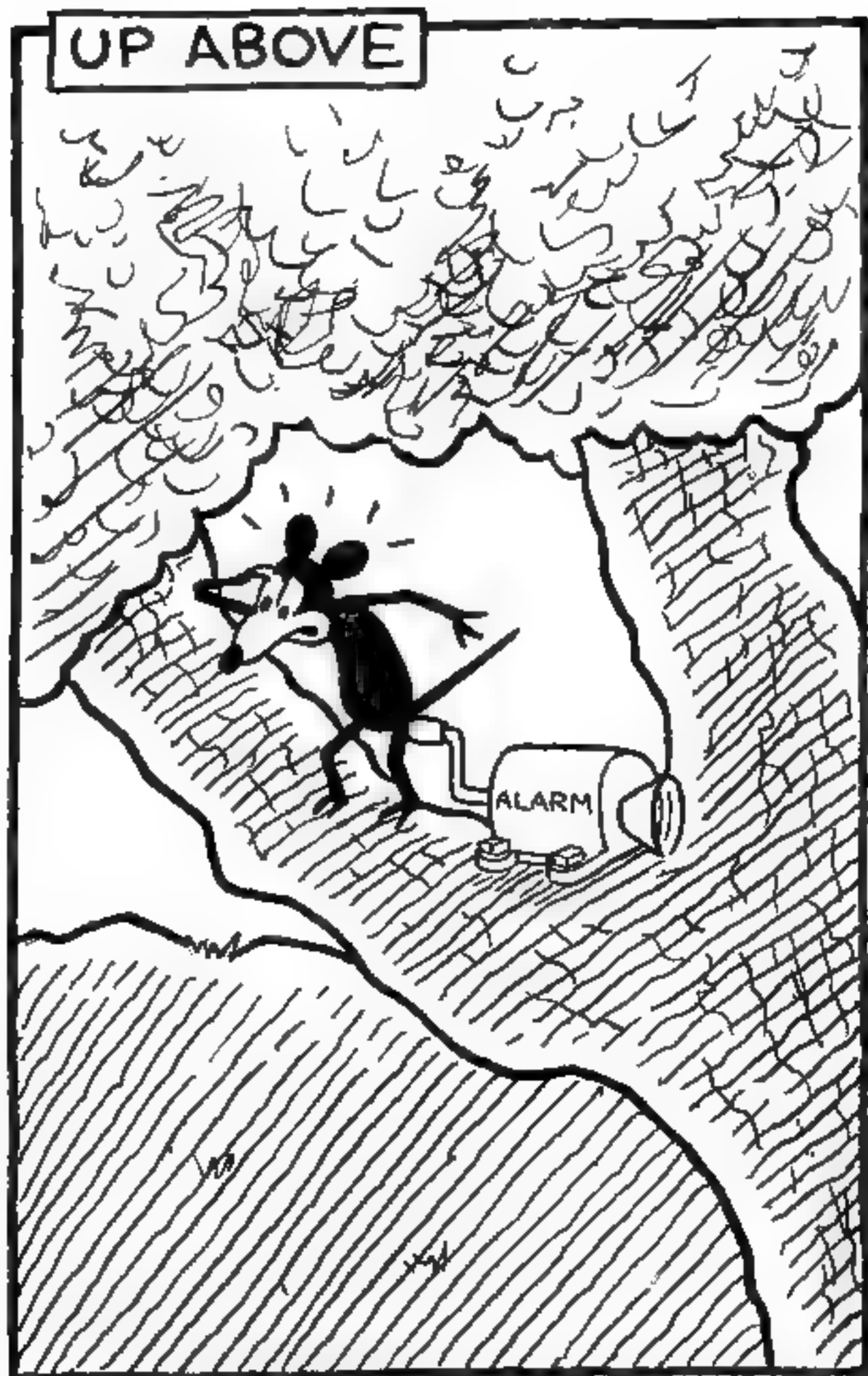
... MARGO POXY, A SYSTEMS ANALYSIS CONSULTANT.

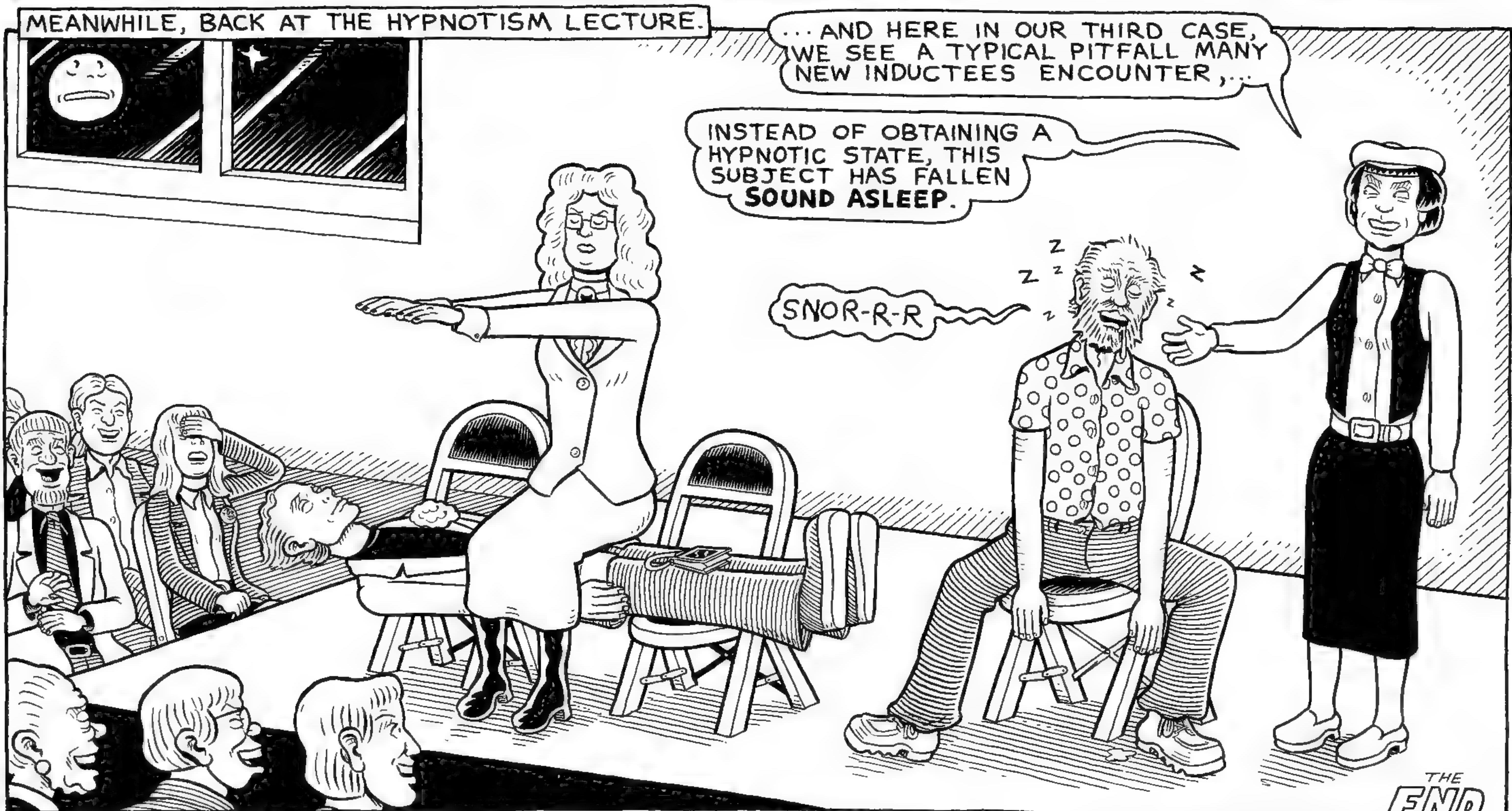
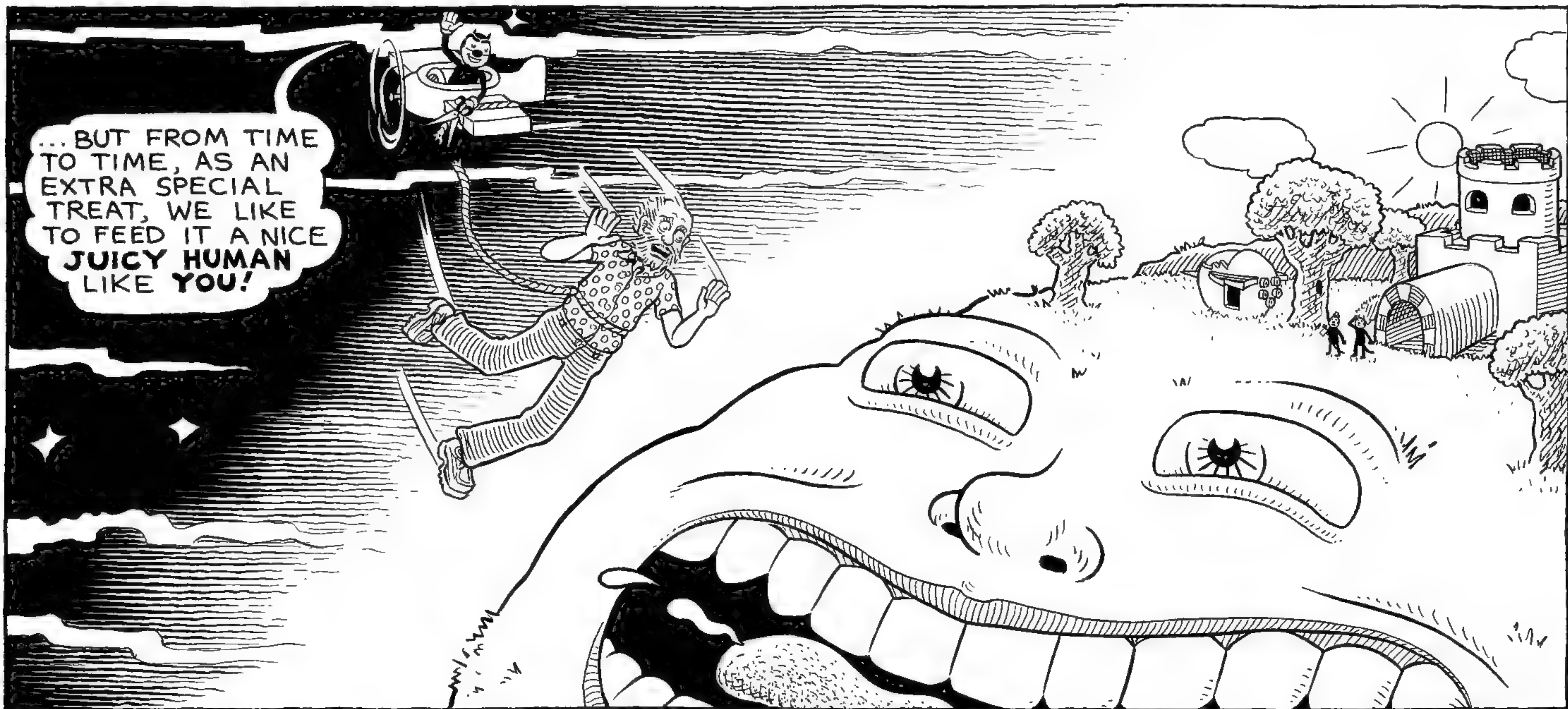
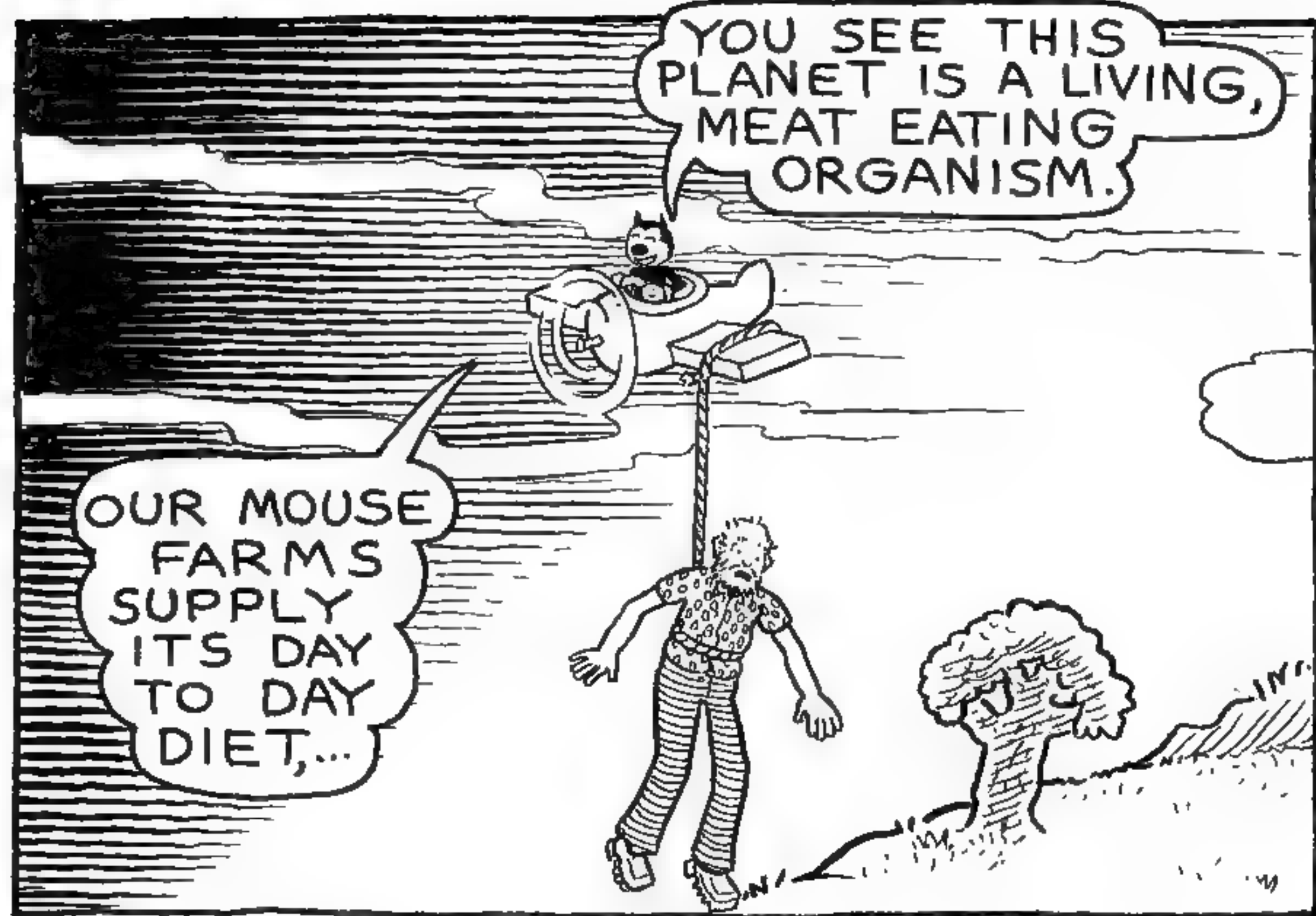
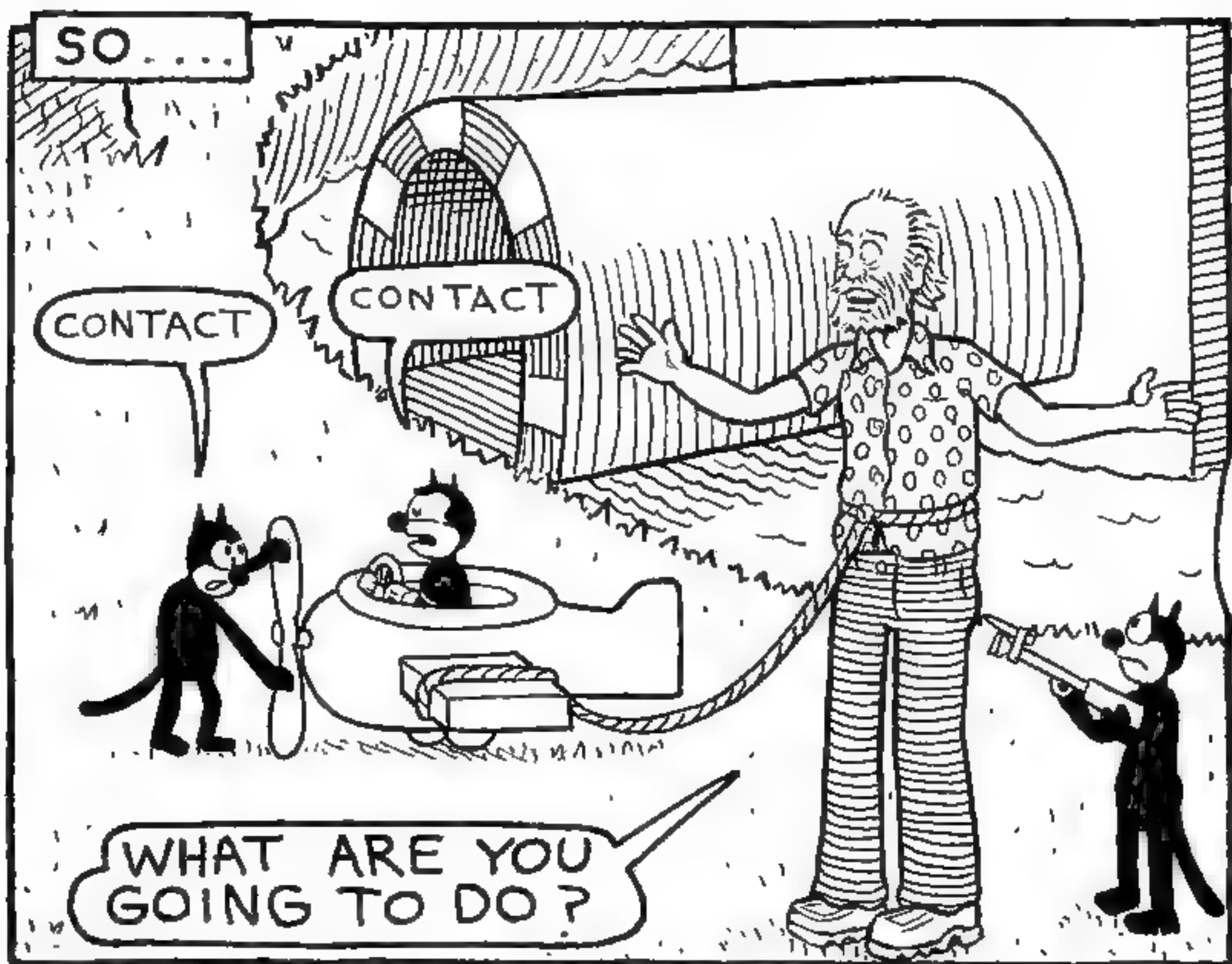
AND MYSELF KIM DEITCH, UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST.













WHILE BABY SITTING FOR HIS NEIGHBORS KIDS, KRISHNA HOROWITZ HAS A MOMENT OF REVERIE COURTESY OF MOMMY AND DADDY'S STASH.



HANDS OFF TIM LEARY



AT HOME WITH MILES MICROFT'S
A WINSOME MIDGET WIFE,....

BLANCHE MICROFT

HI FOLKS!
MILES IS A
BIT INDISPOSED
AS YOU CAN
PLAINLY SEE!

HOW I ENDED UP WITH THE BIG
LUG IS A STORY IN ITSELF*

BUT **HOW** HE ENDED
UP IN THE MORTIFYING
CONDITION YOU NOW SEE
HIM IN IS A **HOT COMEDY**
THRILLER YOU **DON'T**
WANT TO MISS!

*ALL THE SIZZLING DETAILS ARE IN
CORN FED #1 AVAILABLE FOR 65¢
FROM THE ADDRESS BELOW!

IN FACT IT'S JUST ABOUT
THE MOST ENTERTAINING
PILE OF PULP ON THE
MARKET TODAY!

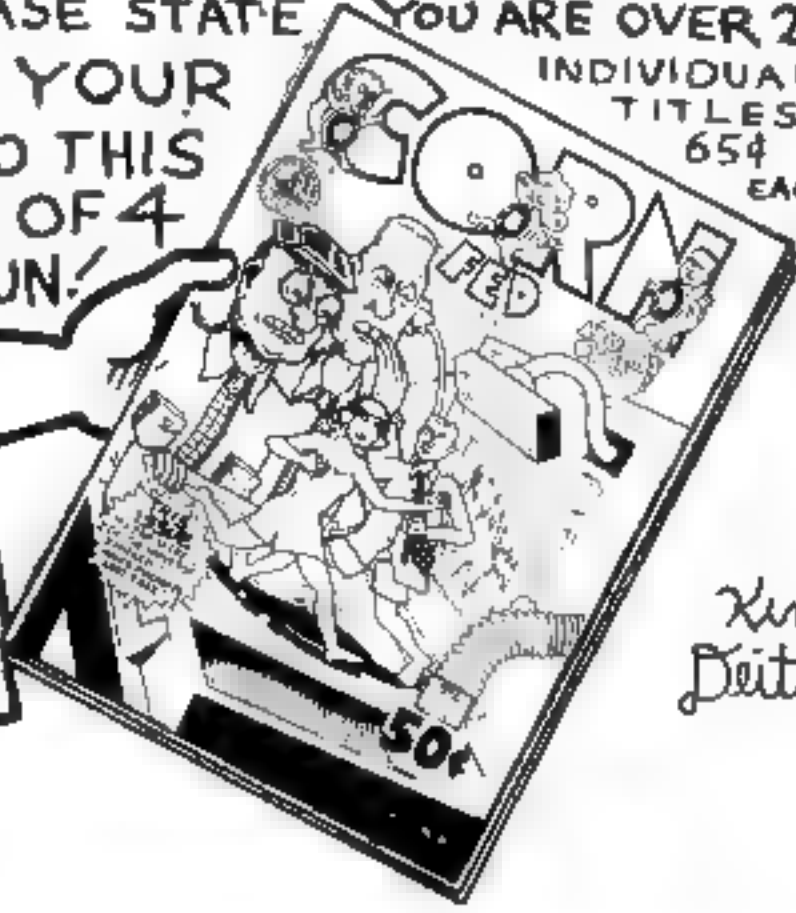
... AND ALL FOR 65¢ **BUT WAIT! THAT'S**
IN **CORN FED #2** NOT THE HALF OF IT!
GET THESE **OTHER GREAT BOOKS TOO!**

DO IT NOW!

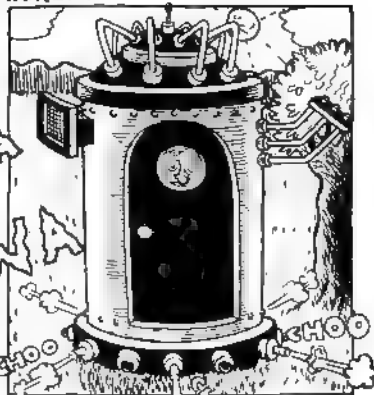
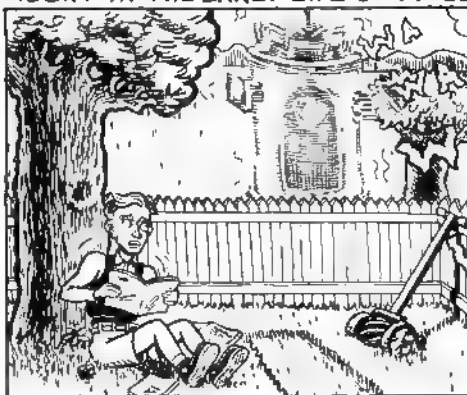
TALES OF THE TOAD # 3
NEW HEIGHTS OF HILARITY BY BILL GRIFFITH
NARD N' PAT # 1 JAY LYNCH'S
FIRST SOLO SMASHEROO "A HIT!" WILLY MURPHY
MIDDLE CLASS FANTASIES # 1
FABULOUS FUN FROM A GREAT
NEW MAD MAN!.....(JUMPIN') JERRY LANE
ORDER RIGHT AWAY AND GET ALL 4
FOR ONLY 2 BUCKS!
(PLEASE STATE YOU ARE OVER 21)
HITCH YOUR WAGON TO THIS
QUARTET OF 4 STAR FUN!

SEND TO
CARTOONISTS CO-OP
☆☆☆ PRESS ☆☆☆
BOX 40474 (DEPT.C)
SAN FRANCISCO CAL. 94110

PRICES
INCLUDE
POSTAGE



Kim
Deitch



CORN

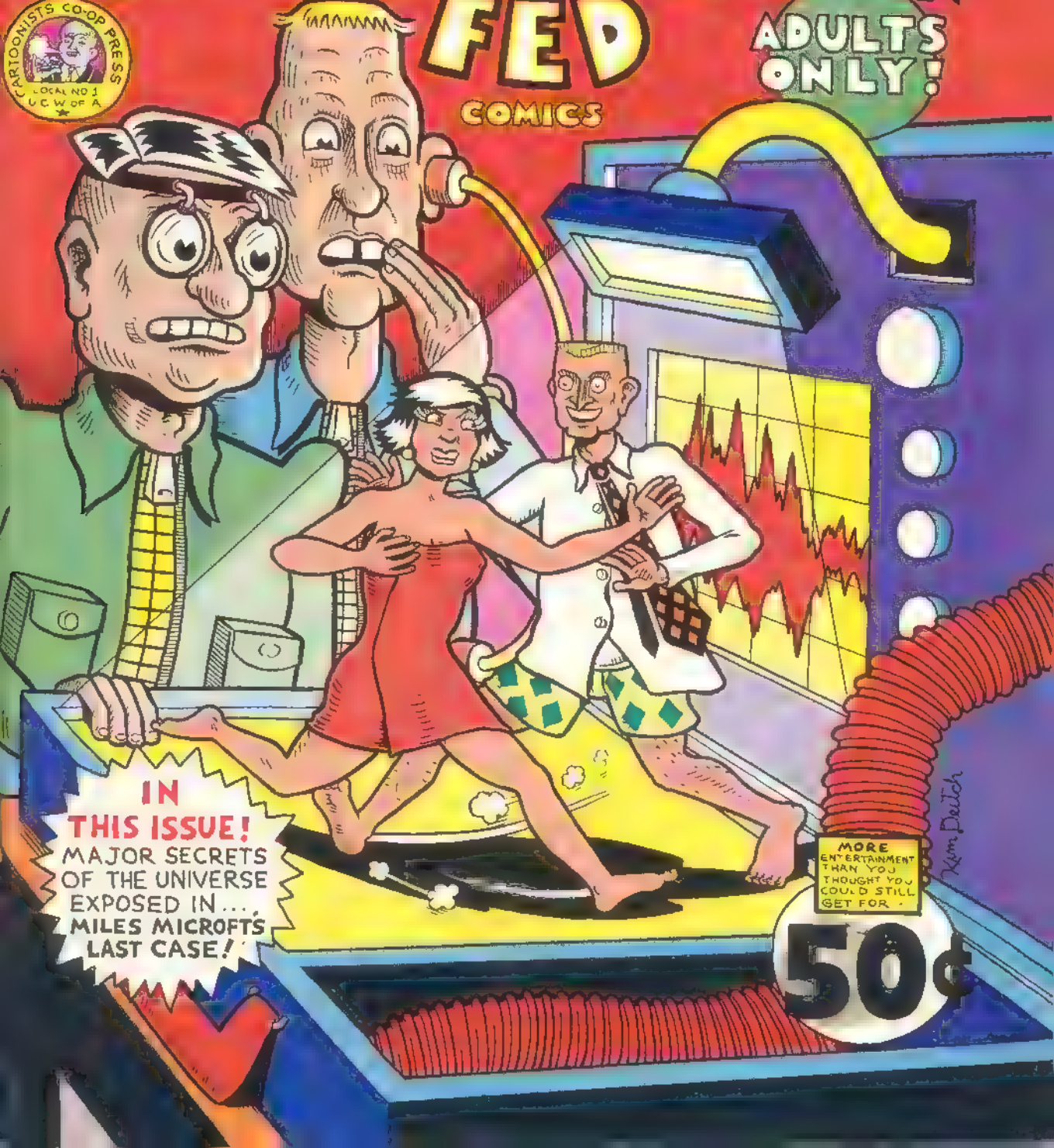
NO. 2



FED

COMICS

ADULTS
ONLY!



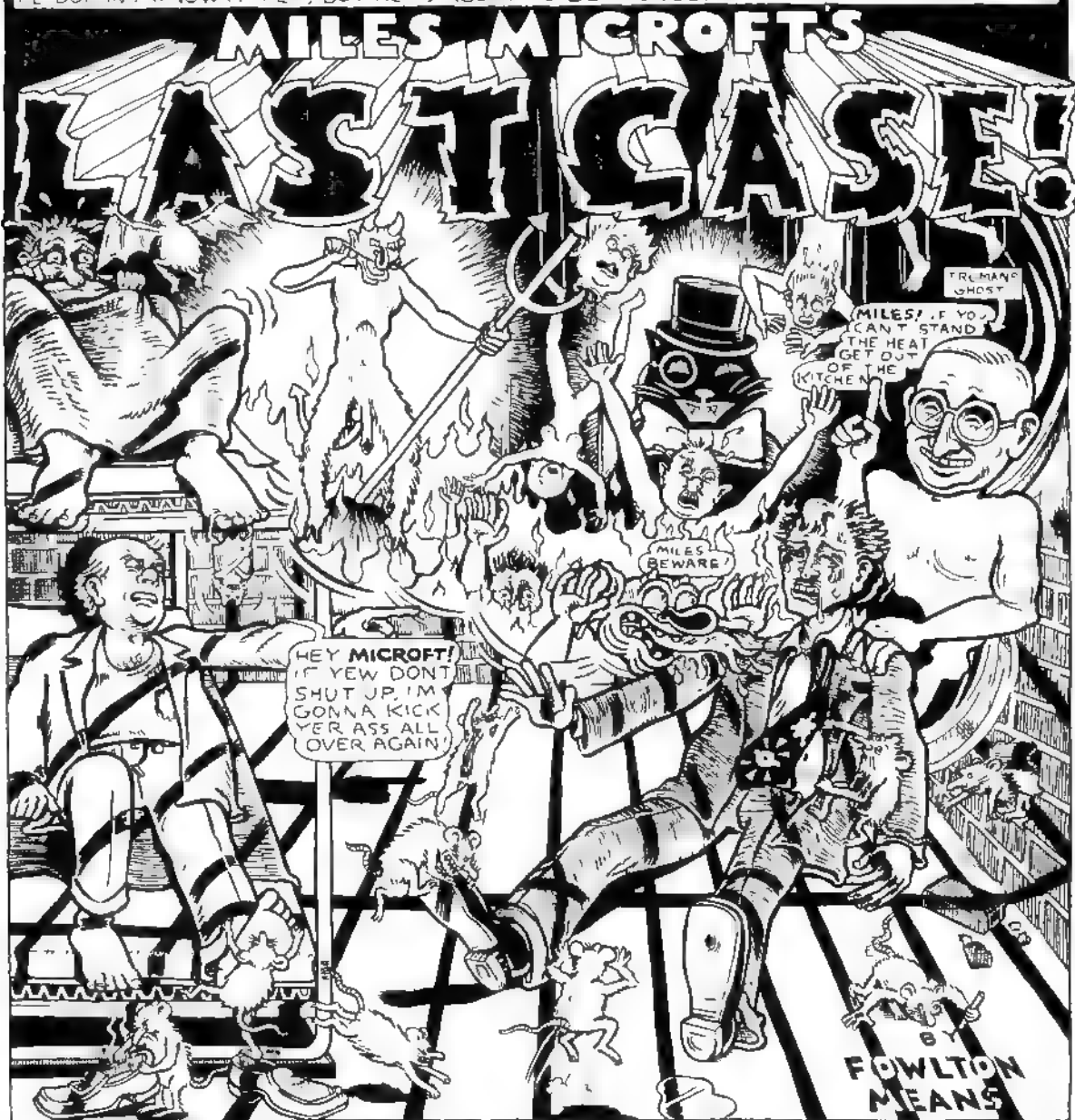
**IN
THIS ISSUE!**
MAJOR SECRETS
OF THE UNIVERSE
EXPOSED IN...
MILES MICROFTS
LAST CASE!

MORE
ENTERTAINMENT
THAN YOU
THOUGHT YOU
COULD STILL
GET FOR -

50¢

Kim Deitch

25 YEARS LATER, MILES IS IN A BAD SHAPE / HOW?... WHY? READ ON DEAR READER, READ ON! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT HE IS ABOUT TO BE PLUNGED INTO WHAT WILL PROVE TO BE



VERY WELL **MICROFT**, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!



W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JUST **THIS** FELLA, IF YOU WANT TO **WASTE** THIS UNIQUE POWER OF YOURS AND **DRINK** YOURSELF TO DEATH, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS!



BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS YOUR **THIRD** DRUNK AND DISORDERLY ARREST **THIS** MONTH! AND IT'S PERFECTLY WITHIN MY POWER TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET WITHIN **SPITTING** DISTANCE OF A BOTTLE OF BOOZE FOR **NINETY** DAYS!



GASP!

CHIEF I AM AT YOUR SERVICE!



I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU **MILES**!

WELL OFFICER **NETTLEMAN** HAVE YOU FOUND MY HUSBAND YET?



AH **MRS. BORATEEM**!

I WANT YOU TO MEET **MILES MICROFT**. I'M PUTTING HIM ON YOUR HUSBAND'S CASE!



MADAM ALLOW ME TO -

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE PUTTING HIM ON THE CASE!



DON'T BE DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES **MRS. BORATEEM**. RIGHT NOW, **MILES** IS **INCOGNITO**. UH... FOR A CASE!

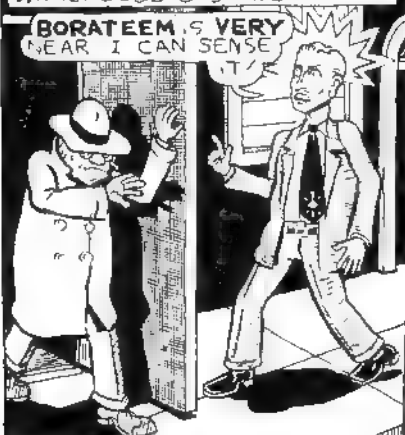


WHY HE'S THE **BEST** MAN I'VE GOT!

WELL HE'D DAMN WELL BETTER BE!



LATER A FRESHENED UP MILES
FOLLOWS HIS NTU TIVE NOSE
AND ENDS UP IN AN ABANDONED
WAREHOUSE DISTRICT



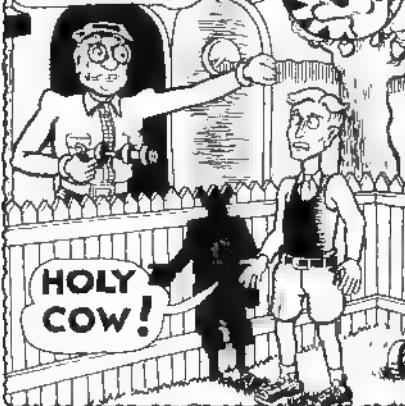
WHY I CAN ALMOST SMELL



YOU!

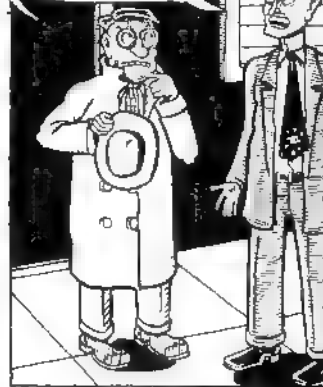


YOU'RE THE WIERD LITTLE
GUY I SAW WHEN I WAS
A CHILD! JUST BEFORE
MY ACCURSED
ACCIDENT!

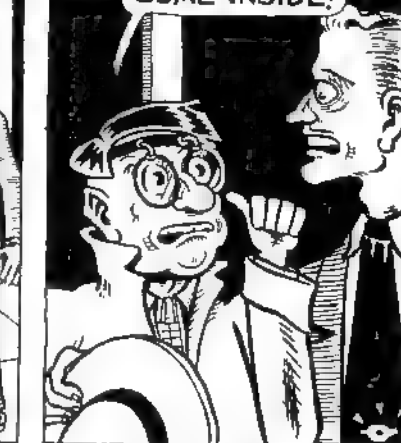


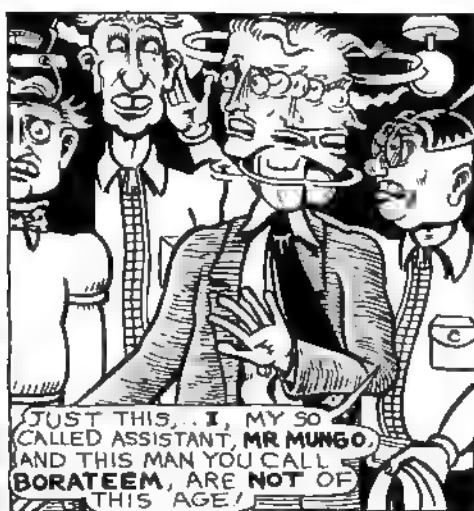
SO, WE MEET AGAIN EH?

BUT I DONT GET IT?
THAT WAS 2.5 YEARS
AGO AND YOU HAVENT
AGED A BIT!



I SUPPOSE I OWE YOU
OF ALL PEOPLE AN EXPLANATION:
COME INSIDE!

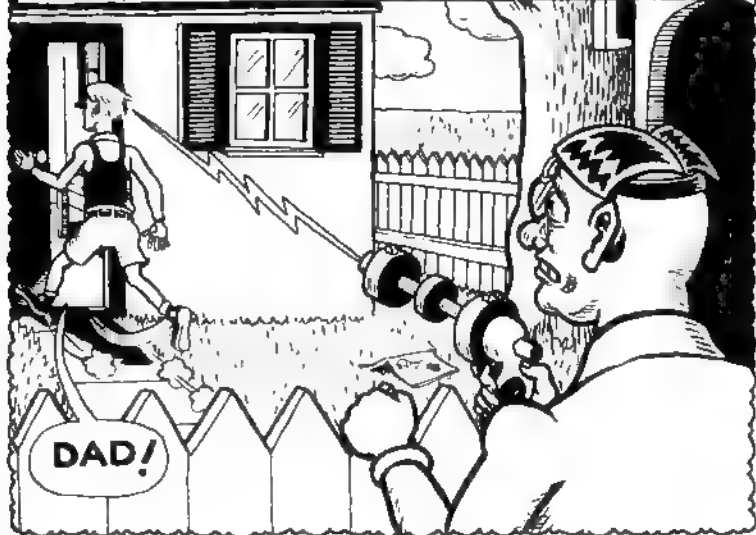




YOUR MR BORATEEM IS AN ESCAPEE FROM A STATE REFORMATORY MANY FUTURE DECADES FROM NOW, HE STOLE, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY WILL STEAL, A TIME TRAVEL APPARATUS AND FLED INTO THE PAST!



"WHILE TRAVELING INTO THE PAST OURSELVES IN HOT PURSUIT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT, WE ENCOUNTERED YOU INSTEAD"



"SORRY ABOUT THAT BUMP ON THE HEAD I GAVE YOU WITH MY STUN GUN ONLY LATER DID I LEARN OF ITS DRAMATIC SIDE EFFECTS"



OUR MISSING APPARATUS TURNED UP IN 1949, WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED BY A TRAMP IN AN ABANDONED SAN BERNARDINO CAFE

FORTUNATELY, WE MANAGED TO RECLAIM IT BEFORE LOCAL AUTHORITIES HAD A CHANCE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THEY'D STUMBLED UPON

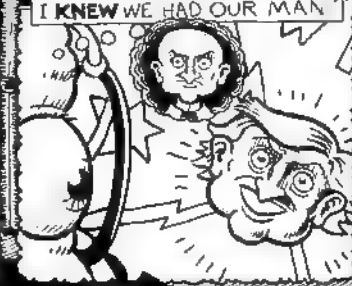
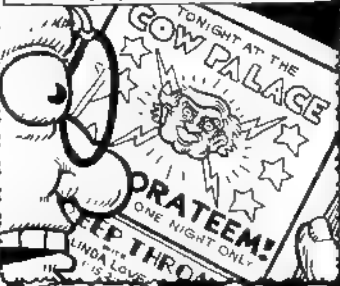
IN THE ENSUING WEEKS, WE MADE A METHODOICAL SEARCH OF THE NEXT TWO AND A HALF DECADES FOR THE STILL MISSING BORATEEM!



OUR BIG BREAK CAME FOUR DAYS AGO WHEN I SPOTTED AN AD FOR BORATEEM THE FAMOUS TV PSYCHIC!

I STUDIED HIS FACE, PARTICULARLY THE EYES, FOR THOUGH HE'D AGED SOME AND HAD ASSUMED AN ALIAS, I KNEW WE HAD OUR MAN

HIS PREDICTIONS THAT NIGHT, WHILE PERFECTLY ACCURATE WERE HARDLY UNCANNY, SINCE HE HAD THE UNIQUE ADVANTAGE OF HISTORICAL HINDSIGHT



OF ALL THE AUDACITY!

AND SAKES! LIES!

A POPULAR REVOLUTION FOR CHILE IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS

A MAJOR SCANDAL IN THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION WILL COME TO LIGHT WITHIN THE YEAR

ARTIFICIAL CHICKEN WILL BE A REALITY IN TEN YEARS

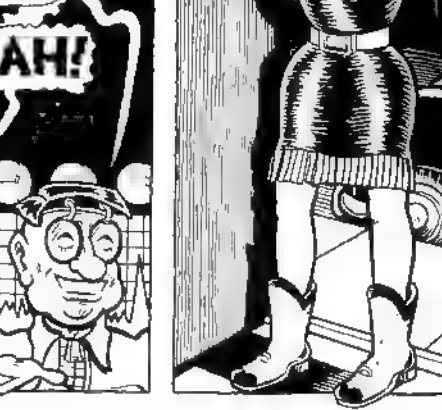
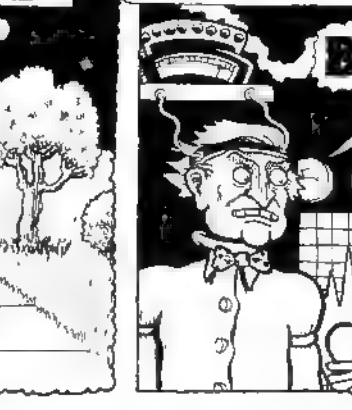
WITHIN FIVE, PEOPLE WILL BE WEARING THE R UNDERWEAR ON THE OUTSIDE!

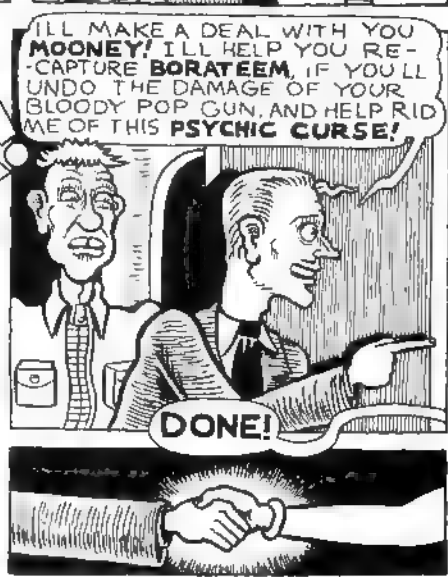
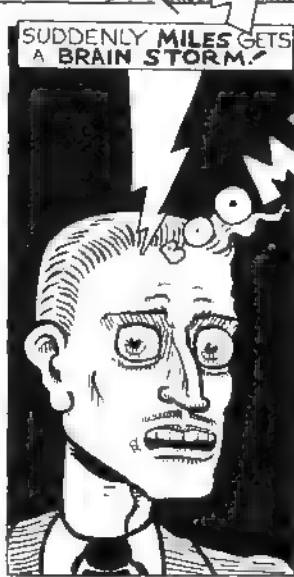
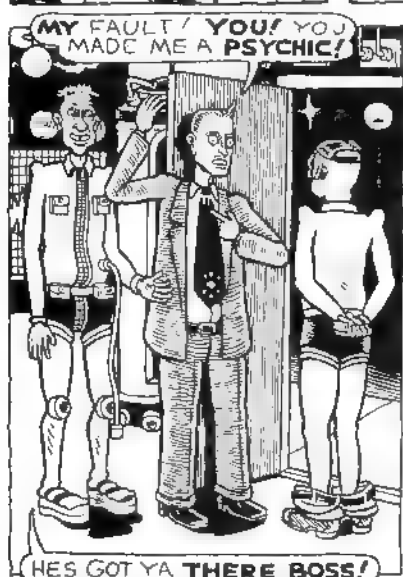
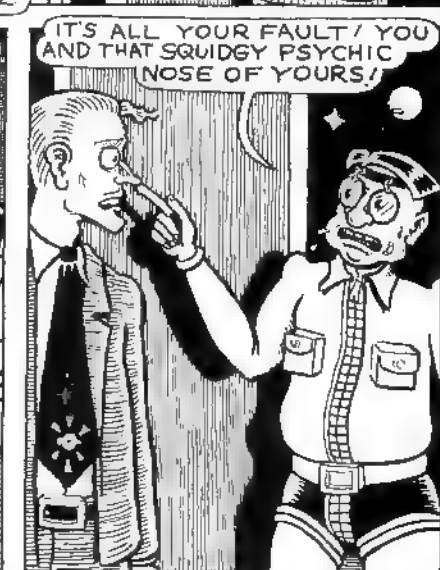
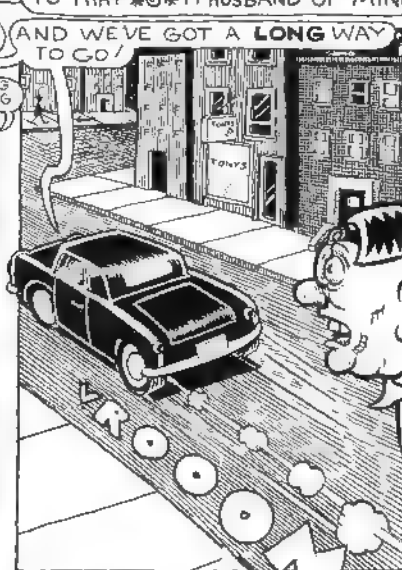


LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, MY ASSISTANT SCOOPED HIM UP AS HE PREPARED TO ENTER HIS LAVISH HOME

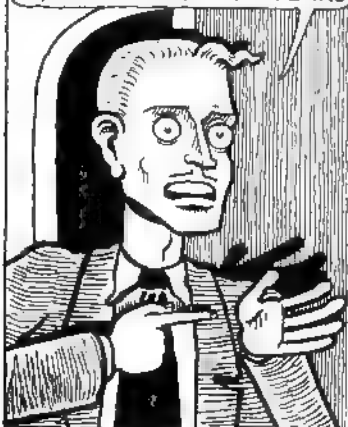
(HEH HEH) AND EVEN THOUGH HE'S ELUDED US FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS, THANKS TO THE HIGH SOPHISTICATION OF OUR TECHNOLOGY, IT'S TAKEN US MERE WEEKS TO CAPTURE HIM!

YOU CREEPS HAVE JABBERED LONG ENOUGH! HAND OVER MY HUSBAND!





THEY'RE PROBABLY HALF WAY TO **TAHITI** BY NOW; IF WE TRY COMBING THE EARTH FOR THEM, IT COULD TAKE ANOTHER TWENTYFIVE YEARS!



WHY NOT NIP THIS THING IN THE BUD INSTEAD?



YOU MEAN

LOOK! WE KNOW **IRIS BORATEEM** IS FROM **SAN BERNARDINO**, ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND OUT WHERE SHE LIVED, WHEN SHE LEFT, AND WE'VE GOT THEM!



OF COURSE!

RENTING A TRUCK TO HAUL THE TIME TRAVEL APPARATUS, **MILES, MOONEY, AND MUNGO** HEAD FOR **SAN BERNARDINO**.



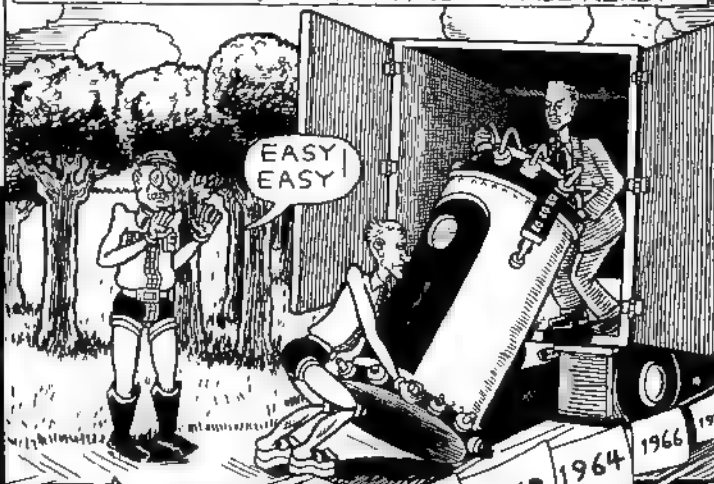
A ROUTINE CHECK THROUGH BACK ISSUES OF THE **CITY DIRECTORY** REVEALS THAT THE LAST YEAR **IRIS BORATEEM** WAS IN **SAN BERNARDINO** WAS 1949.



EUREKA!

BETTER YET, SHE WAS LISTED AS LIVING ABOVE THE OLD **OLYMPIC CAFE**; THE SAME CAFE **BORATEEM'S** TIME MACHINE WAS DISCOVERED IN!

IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE APPARATUS IS MADE READY...



EASY EASY!

1950

1954

1957

1959

1962

1964

1966

1970

1973

...AND IN MINUTES THEY ARE BOUND FOR THAT INCREASINGLY DISTANT YEAR...

1949!

WAWAWAWA

WE'RE COMING IN!

APPROPRIATELY DISGUISED THEY ENTER THE SAN BERNARDINO BUSINESS DISTRICT

AMAZING!

HOT ZODS!

NOW REMEMBER
STICK CLOSE
TO ME AND NO
MINGLING!

HUHP

EAT

SUDDENLY!

HEY BOSS!
BORATEEM AND
HIS WIFE JUST D.

QUIET
YOU FOOL!

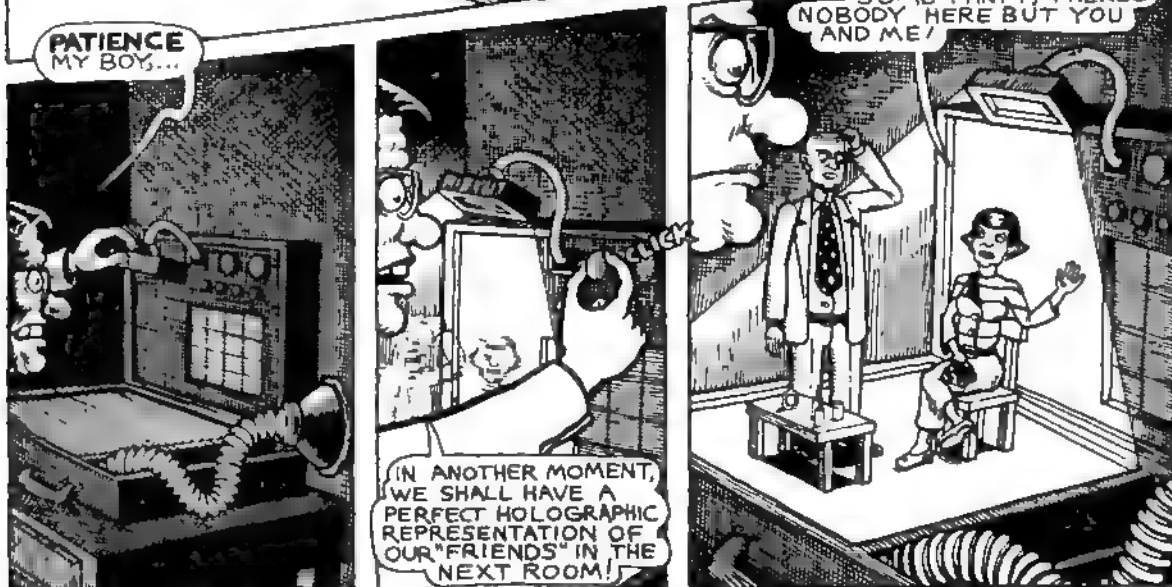
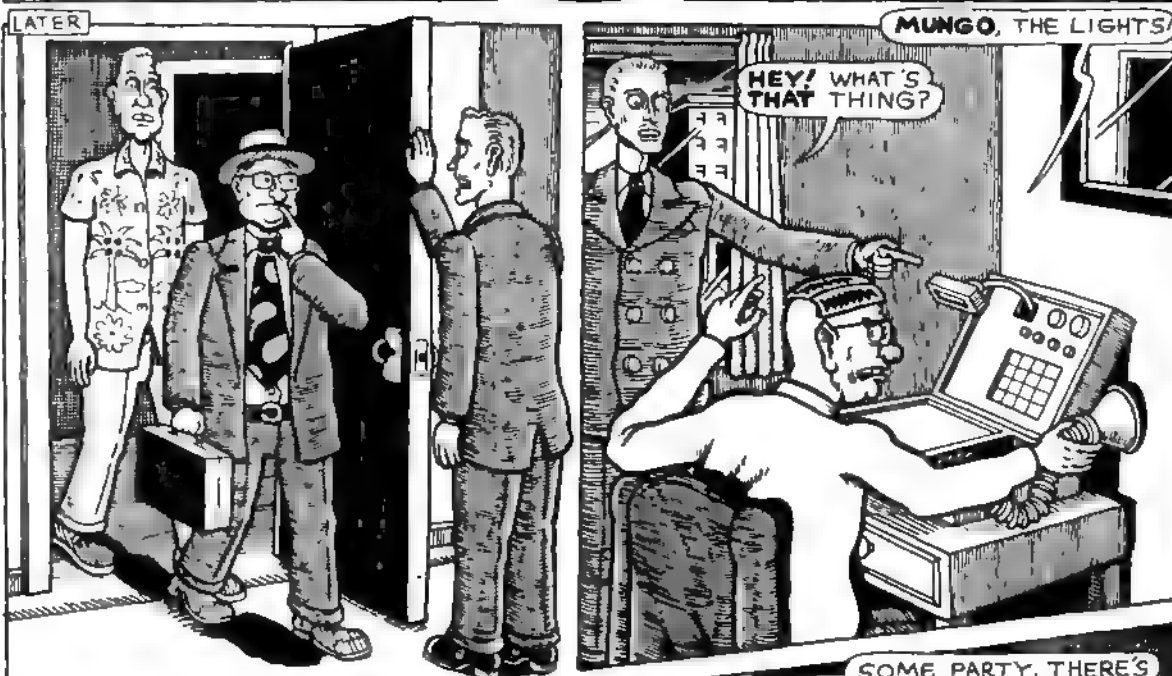
UP THE STREET, OUR
YOUTHFUL ESCAPEE
AND HIS WIFE TO BE, PULL
UP TO THE HOTEL CLYDE

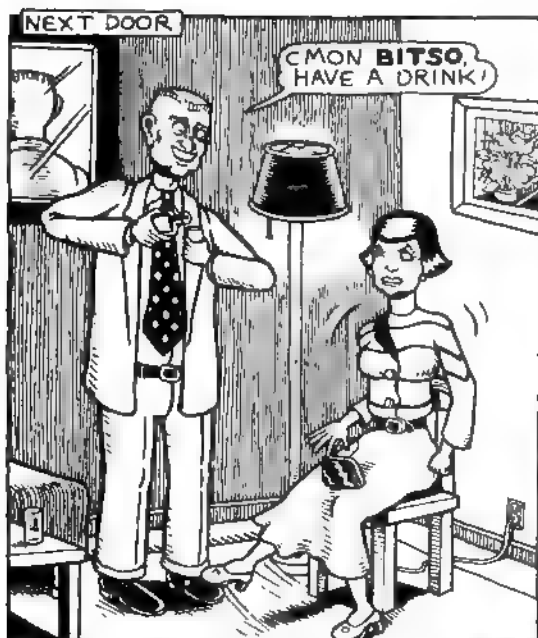
I'VE NEVER CHECKED INTO
A HOTEL WITH A MAN BEFORE

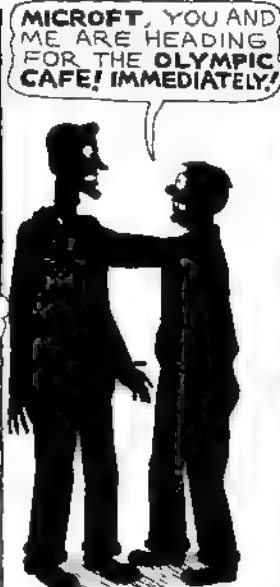
DON'T WORRY!
IRIS, WE'LL HAVE
A REAL PARTY
YOU N' ME!

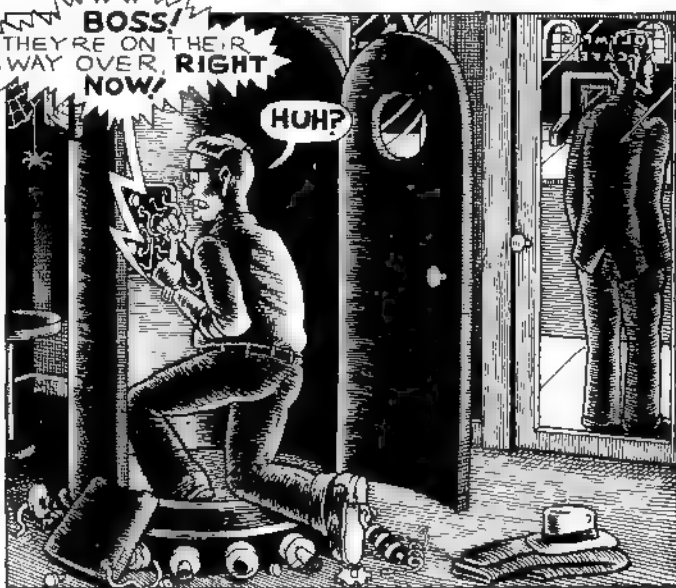
HA!

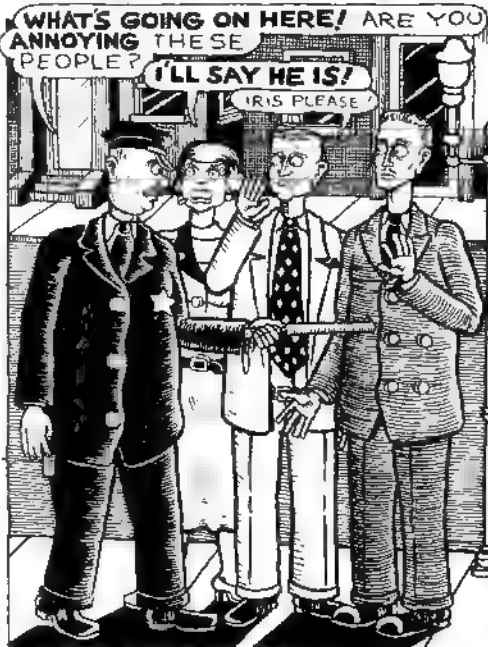
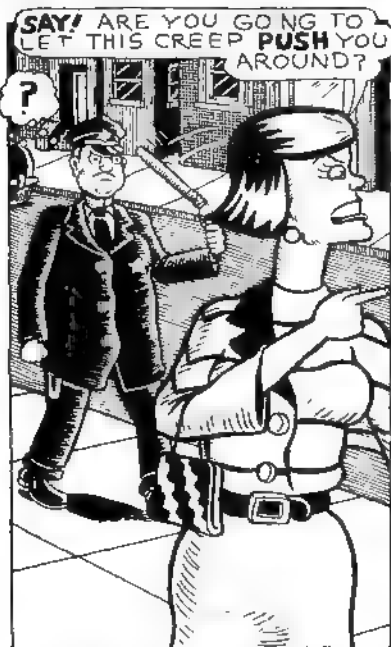
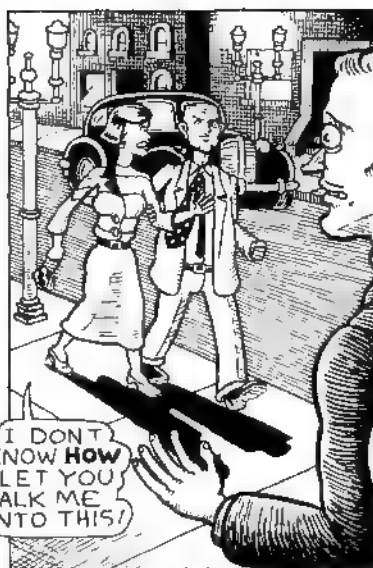
SCREECH!

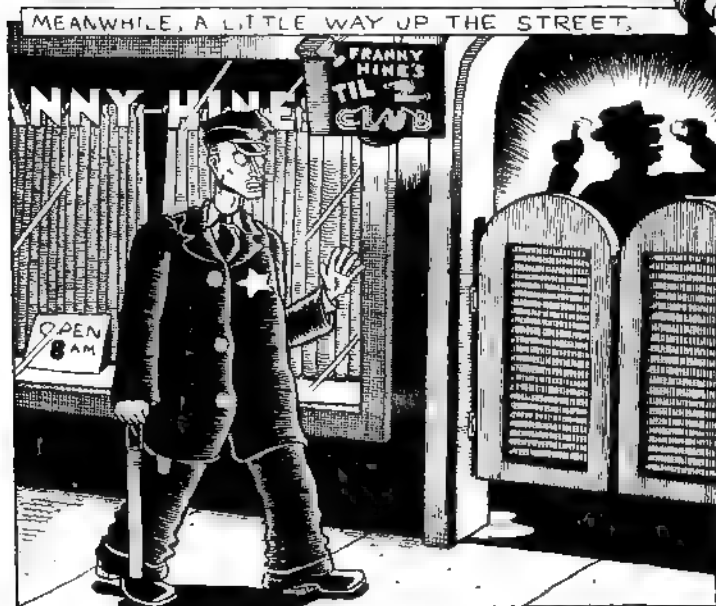
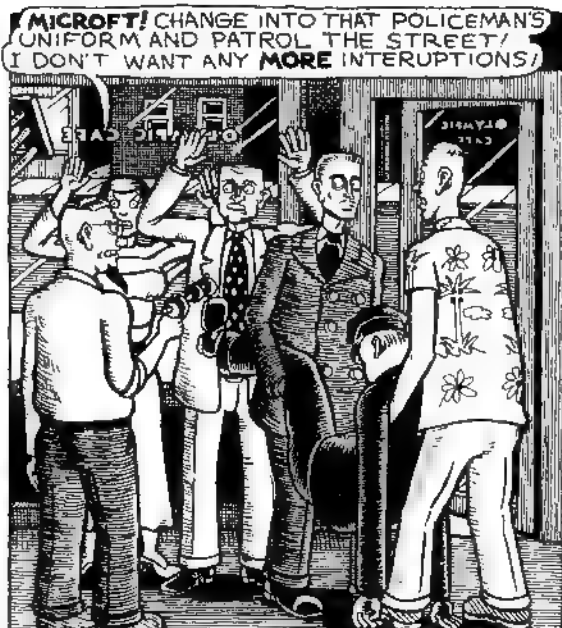


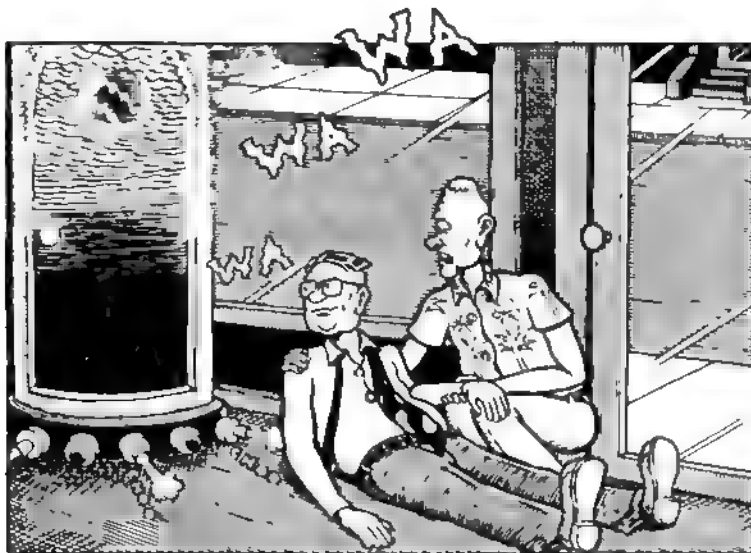




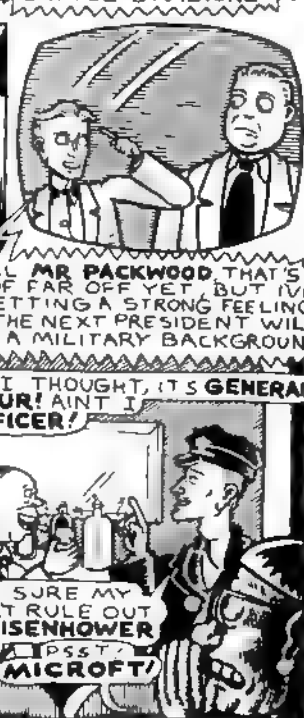






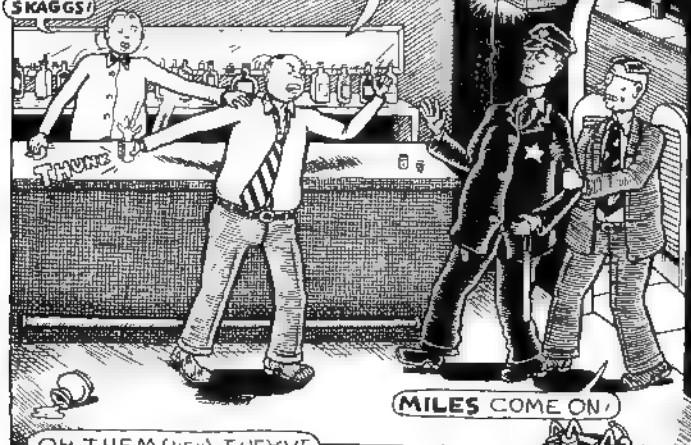


I'LL HAVE A SEAGRAM'S 7 WITH A BEER CHASER



IN A PIG'S EYE! ALL I GOTTA SAY IS **GOD BLESS**
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR N' IF
YEW WANNA MAKE SUMTHIN
 OUT OF IT, **COP**
 OR NO COP I'LL

EASY
 SKAGGS!



MILES COME ON!

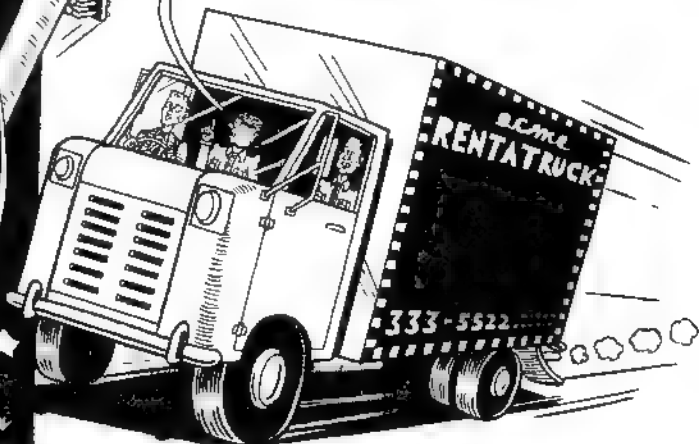
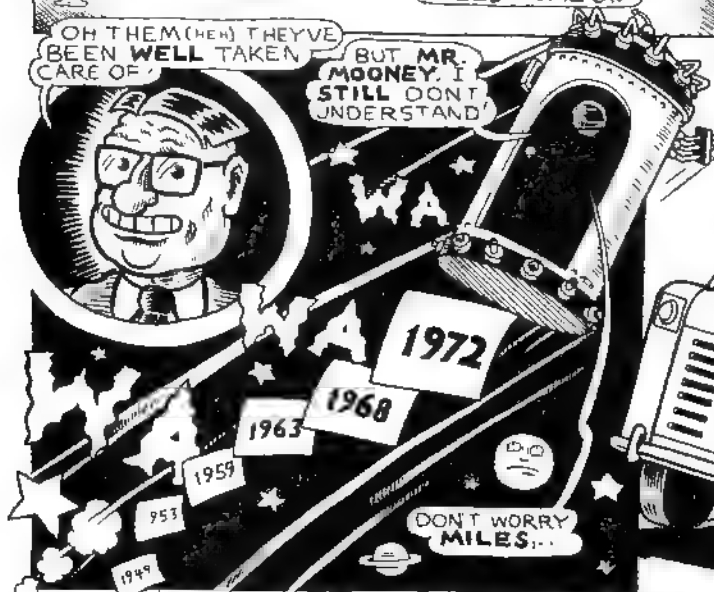
OH THEM (HEW) THEY'VE
 BEEN WELL TAKEN
 CARE OF!

BUT MR.
MOONEY, I
 STILL DON'T
 UNDERSTAND!

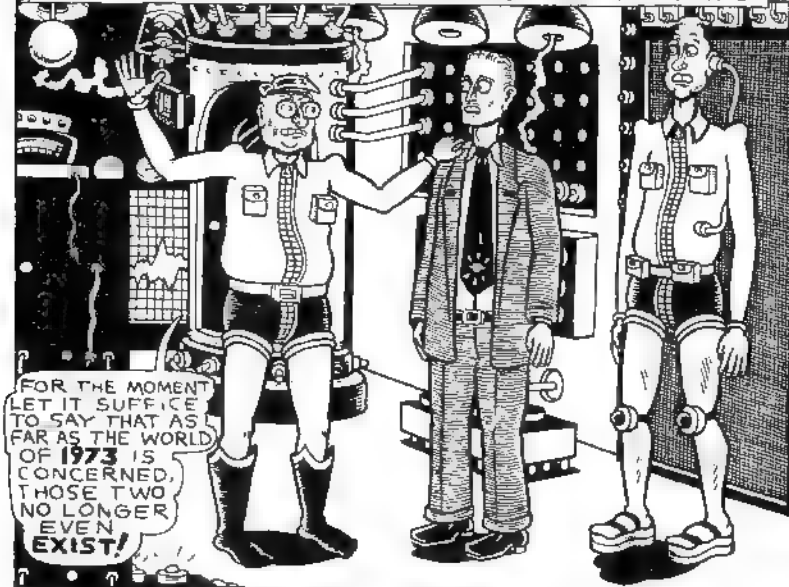
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO
IRIS AND **BORATEEM**?



... SOMEDAY **ALL** THE FACTS WILL
 BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL, THAT'S
 A PROMISE!



BACK AT **MOONEY'S** HIDDEN WAREHOUSE HEADQUARTERS!



FOR THE MOMENT
 LET IT SUFFICE
 TO SAY THAT AS
 FAR AS THE WORLD
 OF **1973** IS
 CONCERNED,
 THOSE TWO
 NO LONGER
 EVEN
 EXIST!

THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED
 JUST AS NEATLY AND
 THOROUGHLY AS THOUGH
 THEY NEVER WERE!



WELL MILES, IT'S
TIME FOR MUNGO
AND I TO SAY
AH REE VWAH! AT
LEAST FOR NOW!

OH AND NEVER
FEAR MY BOY,
YOU'VE HELPED US
NOW IT'S OUR TURN
TO HELP YOU!

WHEN WE DEPART,
ALL TRACE OF YOUR
PSYCHIC POWERS WILL
GO WITH US. YOUR
MIND WILL BE AS IT
WAS BEFORE YOUR
CHILDHOOD
ACCIDENT.

AND MAKE NO MISTAKE!
WE SHALL ALL MEET
AGAIN MILES,
COUNT ON IT!

MUNGO
READY!

CHECK
SPIZIDS
A-OK!

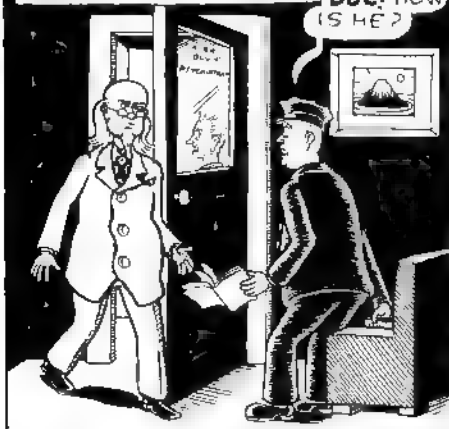
BUT
I

EVEN AS
MOONEY SPEAKS
THE ENTIRE WARE
HOUSE FADES
INTO THIN AIR!

MOMENTS LATER, CHIEF
NETTLEMAN AND HIS MEN
ARE ON THE SCENE!
MILES!
WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING
ON HERE!

MAMA!

LATER IN THE WAITING ROOM OF A LEADING SPECIALIST



DOC! HOW IS HE?

EVERY BLUNT PSYCHIATRIST

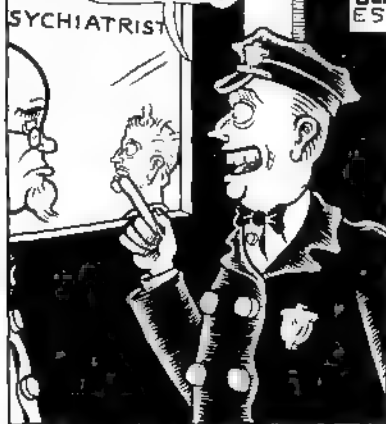


HE IS IN A STATE OF AMNESIA BROUGHT ON BY A GREAT SHOCK AND REMEMBERS NOTHING BEYOND THE AGE OF NINE!

WHAT HE NEEDS NOW IS FOR SOMEONE WITH PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING TO HELP RE-EDUCATE HIM!



DOC I KNOW JUST THE SOMEONE!



THE "SOMEONE" THE WILEY CHIEF HAD IN MIND WAS BEAUTIFUL BLANCHE MICROFT, MILES' ESTRANGED MIDGET WIFE!



FOR A WHILE THEIR RELATIONSHIP SEEMED GOOD AS NEW MILES' CHILD LIKE MIND AND HER CHILD'S BODY, SEEMED TO COMPLIMENT EACH OTHER PERFECTLY



AW GEE BLANCHE! I'M SICK OF STUDYING LET'S PLAY!

LATER HONEY, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO!

BUT CATCH UP HE DID A FEW YEARS LATER, IN AN ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON MILES' FORMER FAME THEY TRIED THEIR HAND AT A TELEVISION CAREER

NOW MILES WHAT AM I IN MY HAND HOLDING?



HA HA

A, UH RABBIT'S FOOT!

CMON! POP THIS IS NO GOOD! LET'S CHANGE IT!

ARRITE! ARRITE!

HOWEVER, MILES JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE AN APTITUDE FOR IT, WHICH EVENTUALLY LED TO AN ABRUPT END OF THEIR ACT.

IDIOT! HAND HOLDING MEANS RADIO! NOT RABBITS FOOT!



SORRY DEAR! I, I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT RIGHT!

AND THEIR MARRIAGE!

* FOR MORE ON BLANCHE SEE CORNFED#1 JUST SEND 65¢ TO THIS ADDRESS FOR A PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED COPY

KIM DEITCH%
CARTOONISTS CO-OP
PRESS
BOX 40474 SAN FRANCISCO
CAL 94110

DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS, MILES DEVELOPED A MORE HAPPY GO LUCKY ATTITUDE, UNTIL ONE DAY,

OH MR. MICROFT, THANKYOU SO MUCH FOR GRANTING ME THIS INTERVIEW! MY SCHOOL PAPER WILL BE SO THRILLED!



MILES MET ELLA PAYNE, A SIMPLE BUT SERIOUS GIRL AND MARRIED HER!

MILES DEAR, WON'T YOU PUT YOURSELF IN MY HANDS/ I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR-SELF!

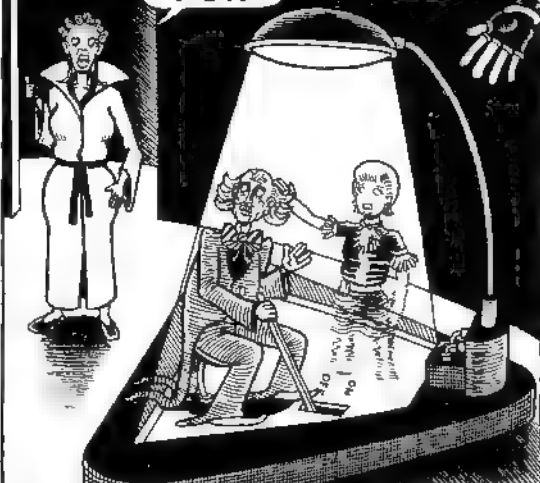
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD DEAR!



ALTHOUGH MILES AND BLANCHE WERE NOW DIVORCED, THEY DID IN A WAY CONTINUE TO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP

FOR BLANCHE'S HOLOGRAPHIC VIEWER PARTICIPATION SHOW REMAINED MILES FAVORITE

MILES MICROFT! YOU TURN THAT THING OFF AND COME TO BED!



FOR YEARS, A VIEWER HAS WRITTEN IN TO ASK, DO WE DO THESE LITTLE SKITS LIVE IN THE STUDIO AS YOU THE VIEWER ARE ACTUALLY PARTICIPATING, OR ARE WE PRE-RECORDED?

AND YEARS! TO YOU DEAR VIEWER I REPLY, CAN YOU NOT SEE ME, AND FEEL MY CARESS? CAN YOU NOT DISMISS ME WITH A FLICK OF THE WRIST? WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR?

RIGHT ON!

MILES!



IN TIME, ELLA BECAME MORE MOTHER, THAN WIFE, TO HIM, BUT EVEN THOUGH HE BALKED OUTWARDLY, HE HAD NEVER BEEN HAPPIER!

MILES MICROFT, EAT YOUR BEAN CAKES!



MILES STOP REVVING YOUR MOTOR, YOU'LL WEAR IT OUT

EAST RAY OLD TIMERS

EAST BAY OLD TIMERS MOON EXCURSION

**SO THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL
FIRST CLASS!**

2555

YOU **KNOW** ALCOHOL
IS AGAINST DOCTORS
ORDERS! AND DON'T
PRETEND TO BE
ASLEEP! I KNOW
YOU'RE **FAKING!**

OH I'D LIKE A DOUBLE
SEAGRAMS 7 AND A BE...
MILES MICROFT!

BUT MILES WAS NOT FAKING!

D-DEAD

E E E E E E!

THE MOON WAS THE **END** OF THE LINE

OR WAS IT?

YIKES!



HIYA MILES!
LONG TIME
NO SEE!

WHAT IS
THIS! WHERE
AM I?



YOU WERE
TOLD WE
WOULD ALL
MEET AGAIN
REMEMBER?

REMEMBER
REMEMBER

REMEMBER!

MILES REELS
AS THE FLOOD-
GATES OF HIS
LONG STIFLED
MEMORY BURST
UPON HIS
CONSCIOUS
MIND!



AND
MAKE NO
MISTAKE,
WE SHALL ALL
MEET AGAIN
AGAIN!
AGAIN!



MUNGO! OF COURSE!
BUT WHAT AM
I DOING HERE?
I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD!

YOU'RE IN
A BIODERM
RECLAIMING
CENTER!



BUT WHAT'S A BIODERM?

(IT'S (UH) AN ARTIFICIAL
RECEPTACLE FOR
(UH) THE SOULS
OF DEAD (ER)
DEPARTED
(UH) HUMANS!

LIKE FOR-
NSTANCE
ME?

YEAH,
YOU GET
THE IDEA!



MY GOD! A MAN MADE HEAVEN!

YEAH ONLY
RIGHT NOW
THINGS AINT
SO HEAVENLY!







THAT YOUNG MAN WAS TRAINED FROM THE TIME HE WAS A CHILD, FOR THE ROLE YOU NOW SEE HIM IN.

ALONG WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PROGRAM, HE WAS FAMILIARIZED WITH EVERY ASPECT OF THE HISTORICAL ROLE HE WAS ABOUT TO ASSUME.



YOU THERE JOAN OF ARC! STOP FLIRTING WITH NAPOLEON AND PAY ATTENTION!

A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PAST TURNED UP NO TRACE OF AN ACTUAL JESUS, BUT WITH THE HELP OF OUR PROGRAM, HE BECAME A HISTORICAL REALITY!



AND DON'T WORRY YOU'LL BE PICKED UP AT GOLGOTHA IN THREE YEARS!

ARMED WITH THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWHOW OF 2074, OUR ARTIFICIAL JESUS WISHED TO REWIRE THE BIBLICAL ANCIENTS'.



JESUS HAS BROUGHT LAZARUS BACK TO LIFE! IT'S A MIRACLE!

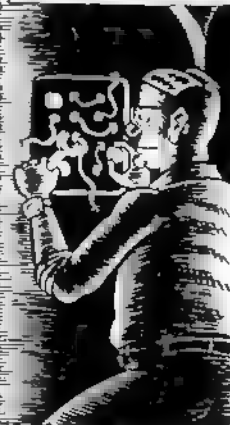
THANKS TO MY XOXAL VIVASIZIK STIMULATOR!

ARISE LAZARUS!

BY MY BEARD, I LIVE!

HEY! IT'S EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE THAN WHEN HE WALKED UPON THE WAVES!

IRIS AND BORATEEM HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING BUT BACK IN SAN BERNARDINO, I REWIRED THE TIME TRAVEL APPARATUS TO TAKE THEM TO ANCIENT JERUSALEM.



THEN I PRETENDED TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK AND LET THEM THINK THEY WERE ESCAPING.

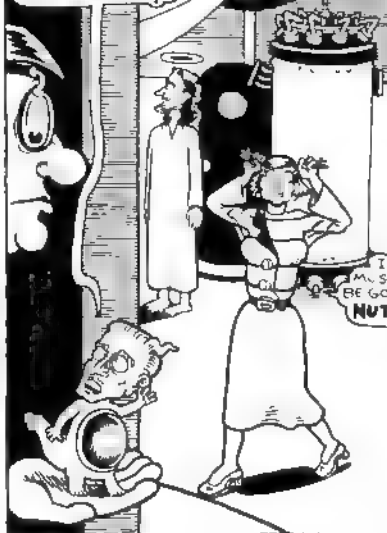


MY HEART!

INSTEAD THEY UNINTENTIONALLY PERFORMED THE VALUABLE SERVICE OF SAVING JESUS IN THE NICK OF TIME.

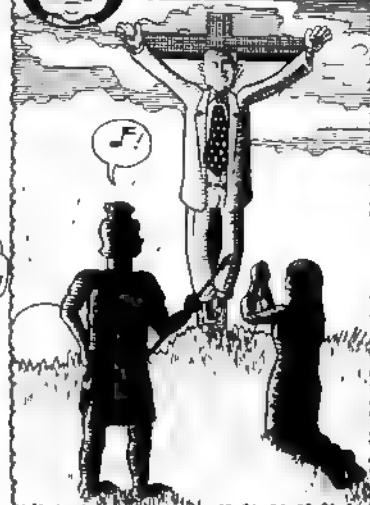


BUT WHAT BECAME OF BORATEEM?



I MUST BE GOIN' NUTS!

DON'T WORRY LAD, HE ULTIMATELY SERVED US WELL.



HOORAY!

JESUS TURNED
THE WATER INTO
WINE! HE IS
THE MCCOY!

HEY!
WHAT'S GONE
ON OUT
THERE

?

HEY! THIS
ONE'S BEER!

WHEE!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Fowlton Meach

Kim Deutch



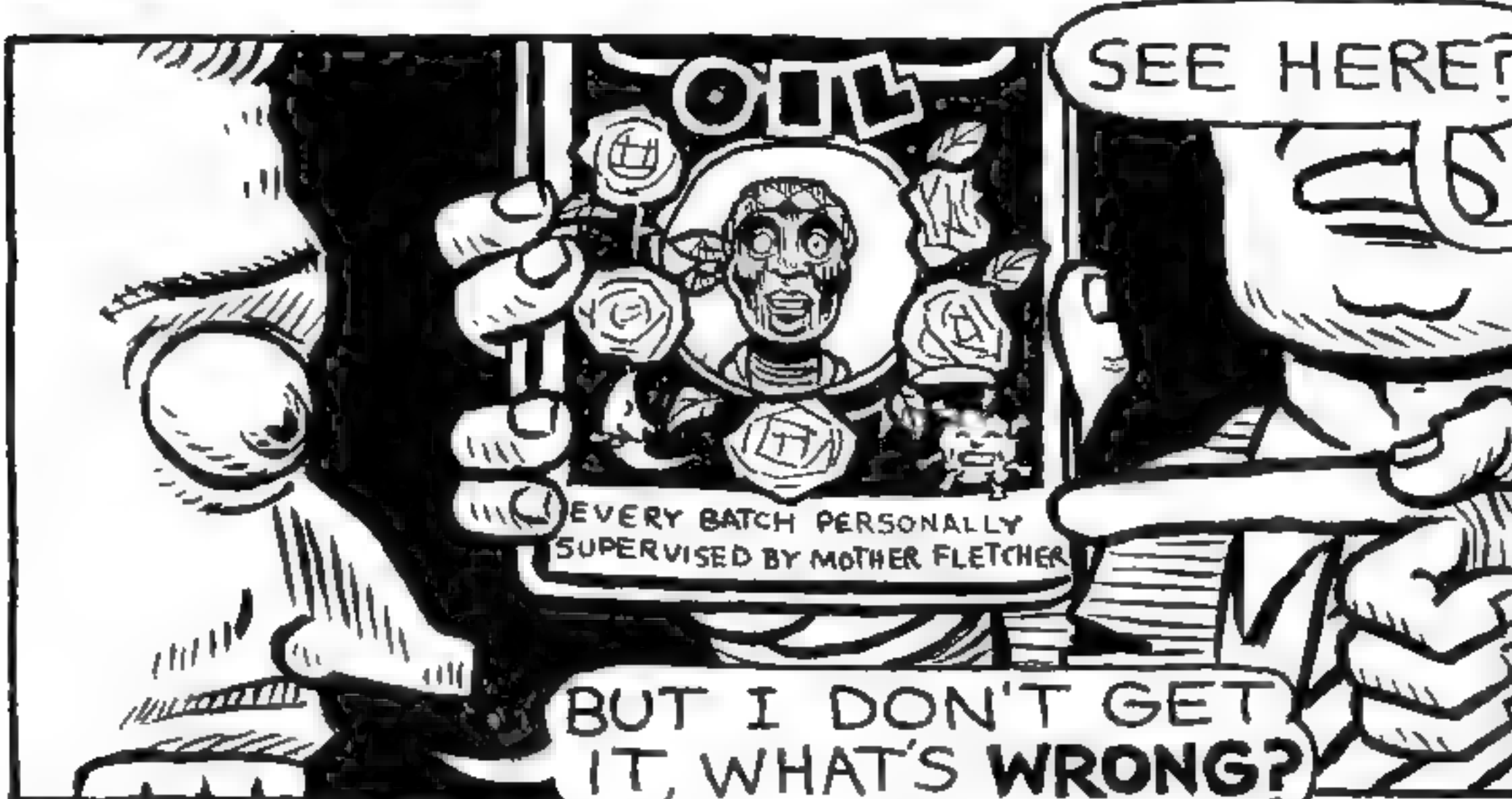


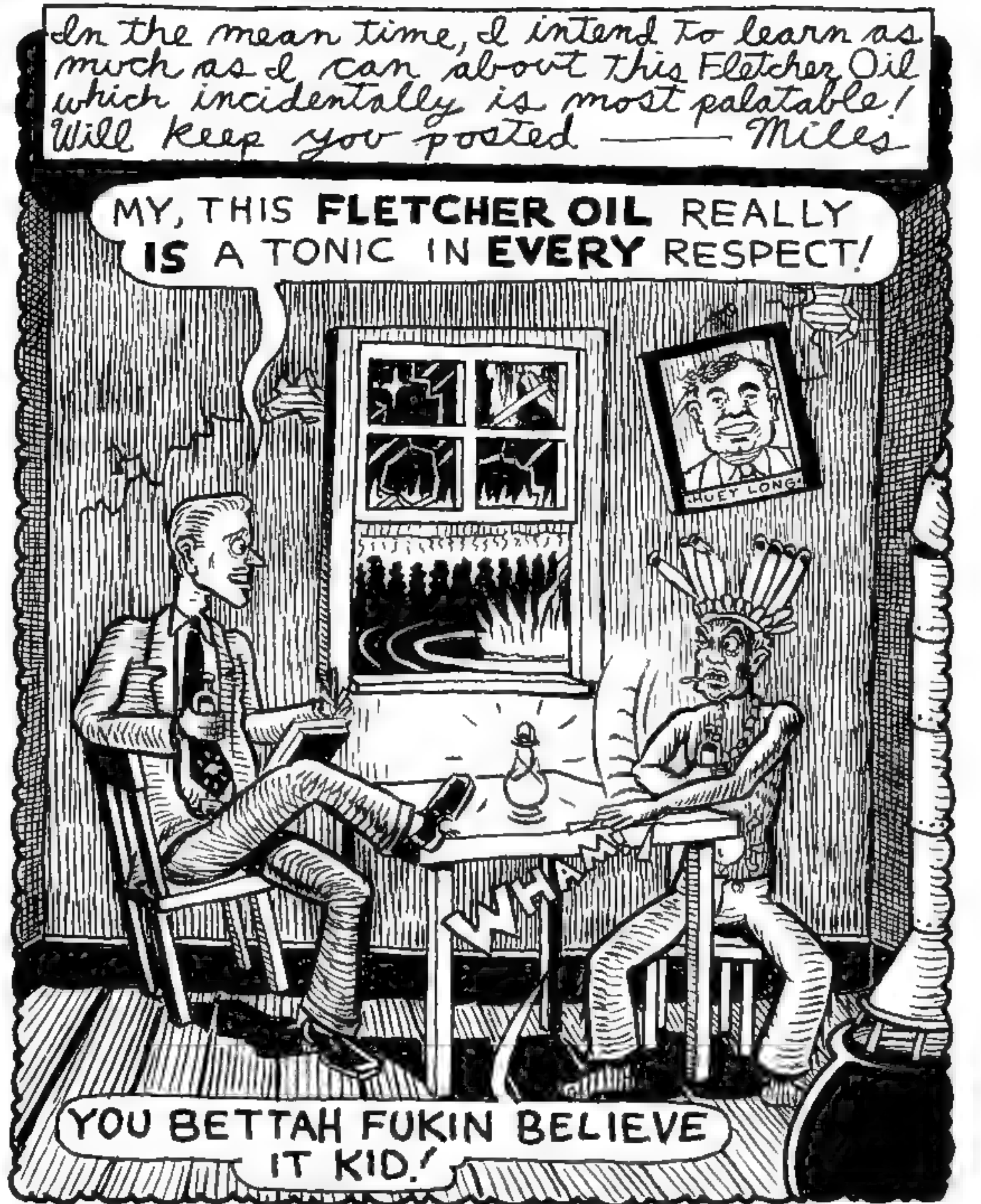
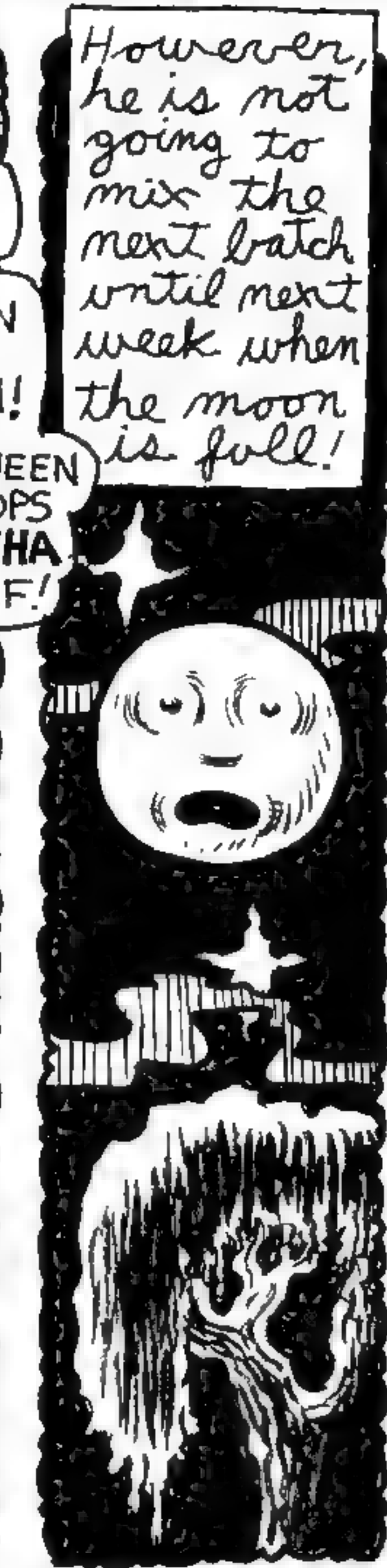
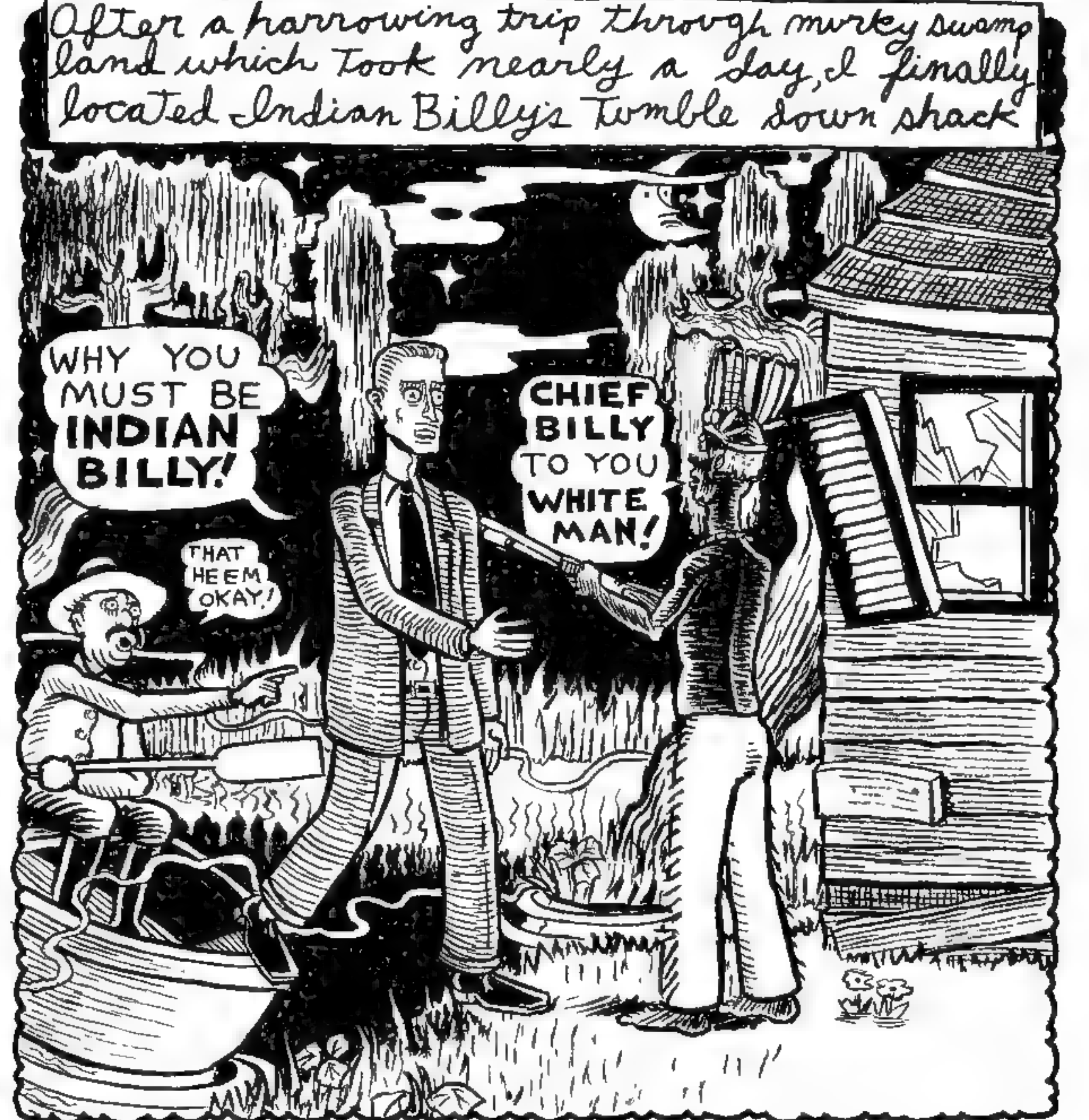
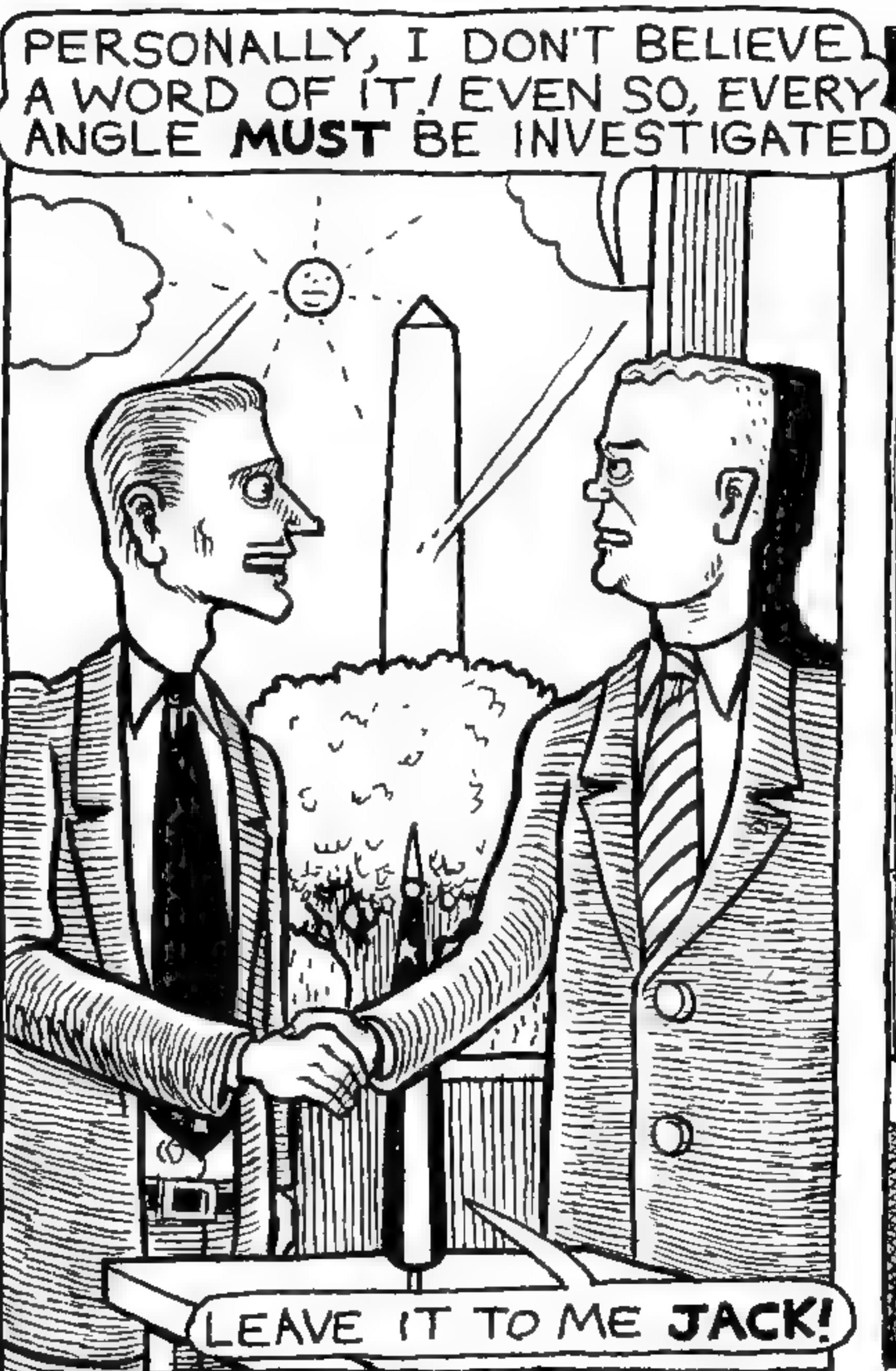
MILES IS BRIEFED BY JOHN H (JACK) MIDDY OF THE FEDERAL PURE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION IN WASHINGTON D.C.

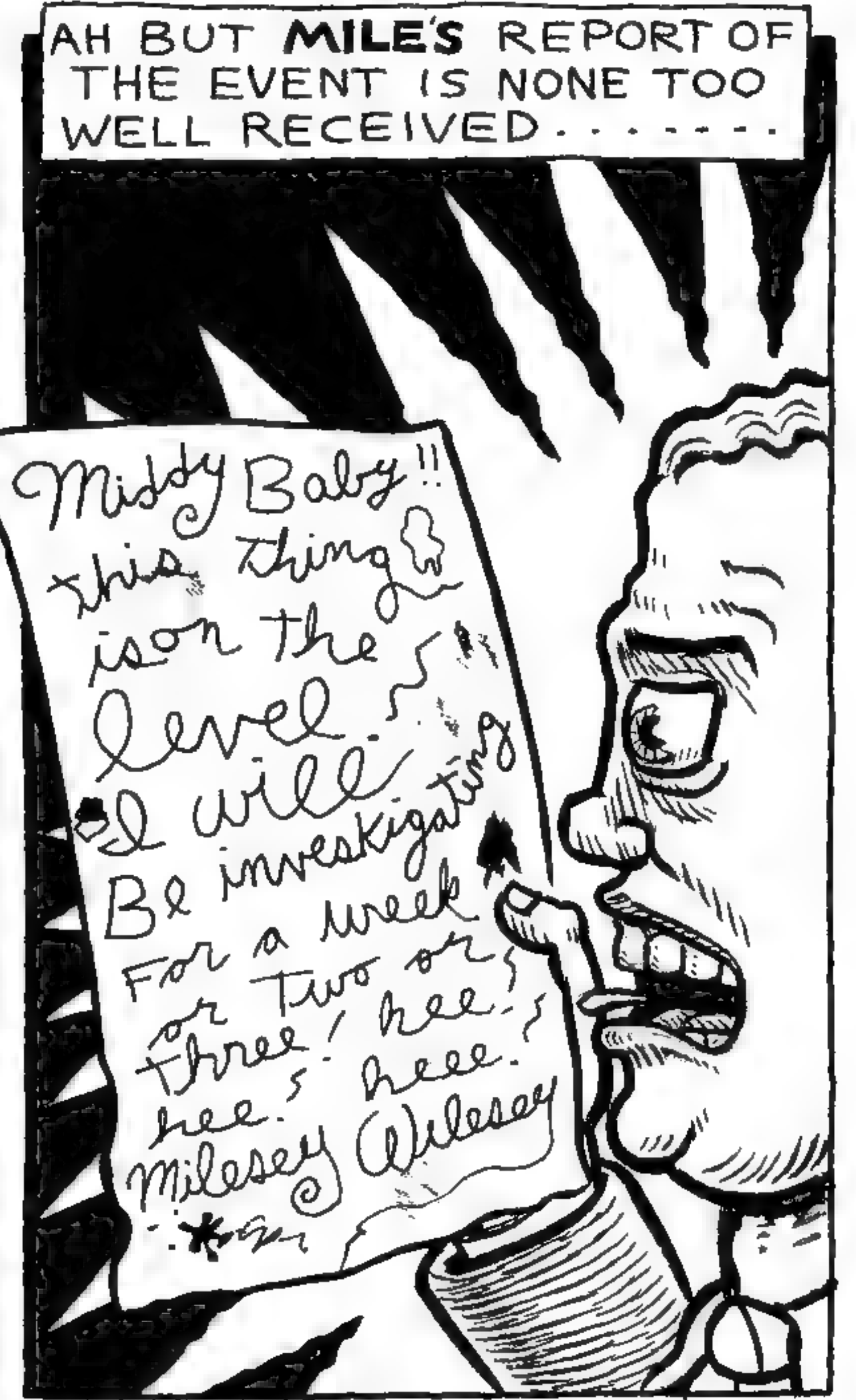
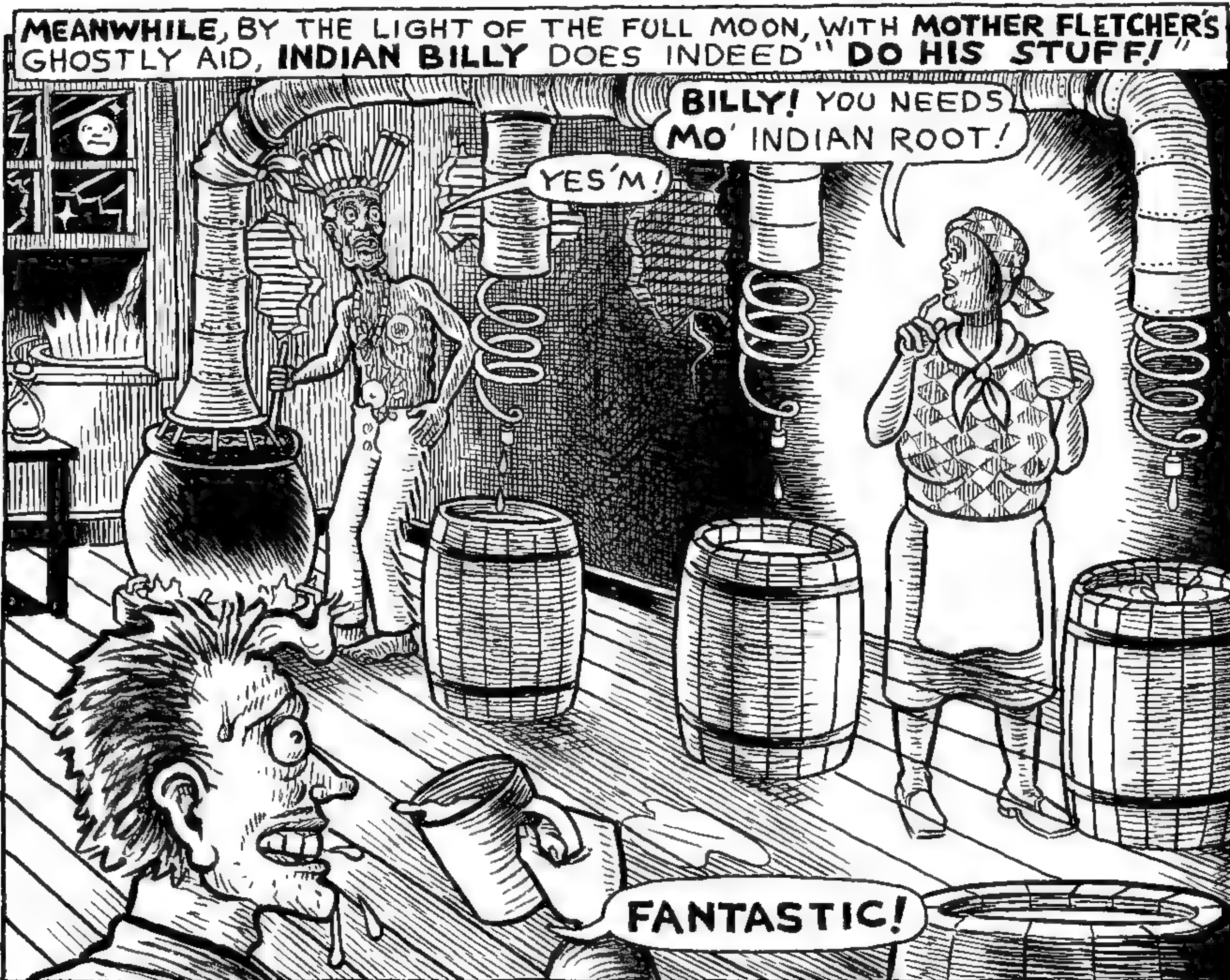
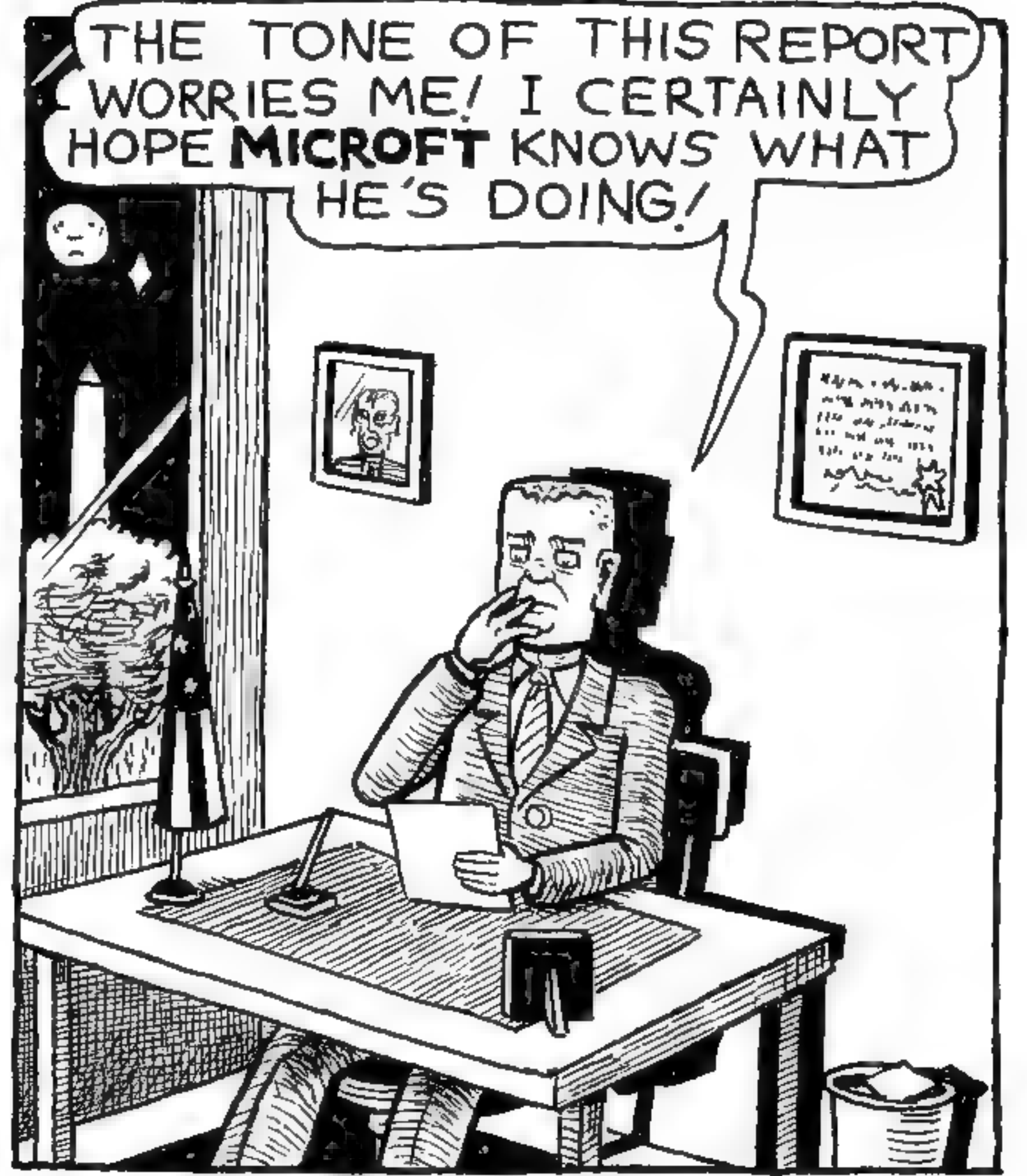
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED MICROFT, IT'S A CLEAR CUT CASE OF FRAUD!



JUST THIS, MOTHER AMANDA FLETCHER, AN EX LOUISIANA SLAVE, WHO MADE A FORTUNE FROM HER FAMOUS 'FLETCHER OIL' COMPOUND, WAS KILLED IN A LONDON AIR RAID WHILE ON A EUROPEAN PUBLICITY TOUR BACK IN 1939







THE NEXT MORNING JACK VOYAGES INTO THE SWAMPLAND IN SEARCH OF INDIAN BILLY'S CABIN



GAD IT'S NO WONDER THOSE TWO ARE SEEING SPOOKS! THIS MURKY SWAMP COULD DRIVE ANYBODY CRAZY!

BACK AT BILLY'S AGAIN, A FEW HOURS LATER;...THE PARTY ROARS ON!



BUT DURING THE MELEE AN OIL LAMP IS OVERTURNED, AND UNNOTICED...



WHICH IN TURN IGNITES A PILE OF FLETCHER OIL LABELS



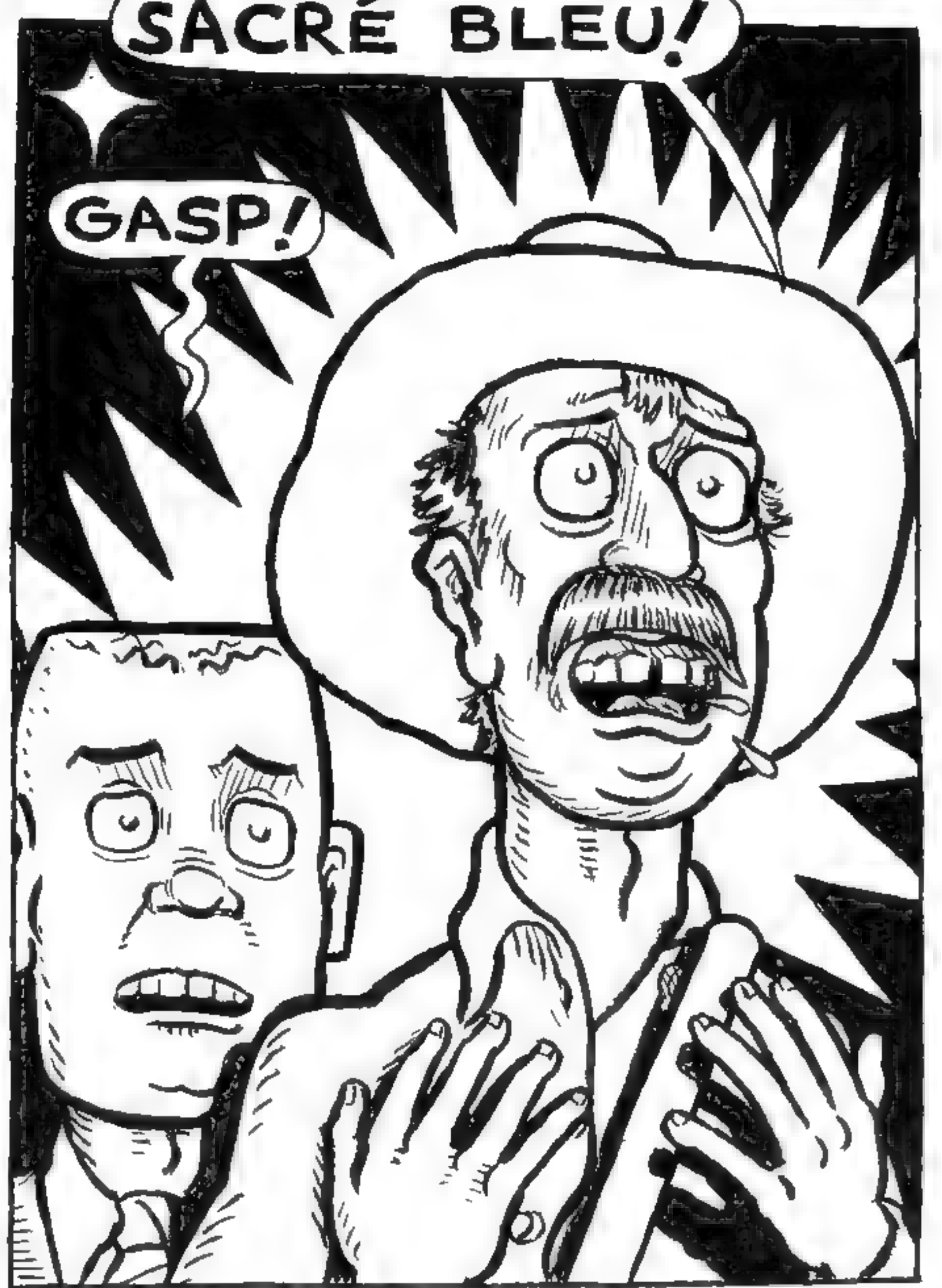
M'SIEU WE ARE NEARING YES! I SEE LIGHT AHEAD!

THANK HEAVENS!



SACRÉ BLEU!

GASP!



EEYOWOOOH!

MICROFT! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!

HEH?

SPLASH

IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?

HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!

YOU ALL DONE SCARED HER AWAY!

LATER THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE A WORD OF THIS BACK IN WASHINGTON;... THEREFORE, RATHER THAN JEOPARDIZE MY CAREER,...

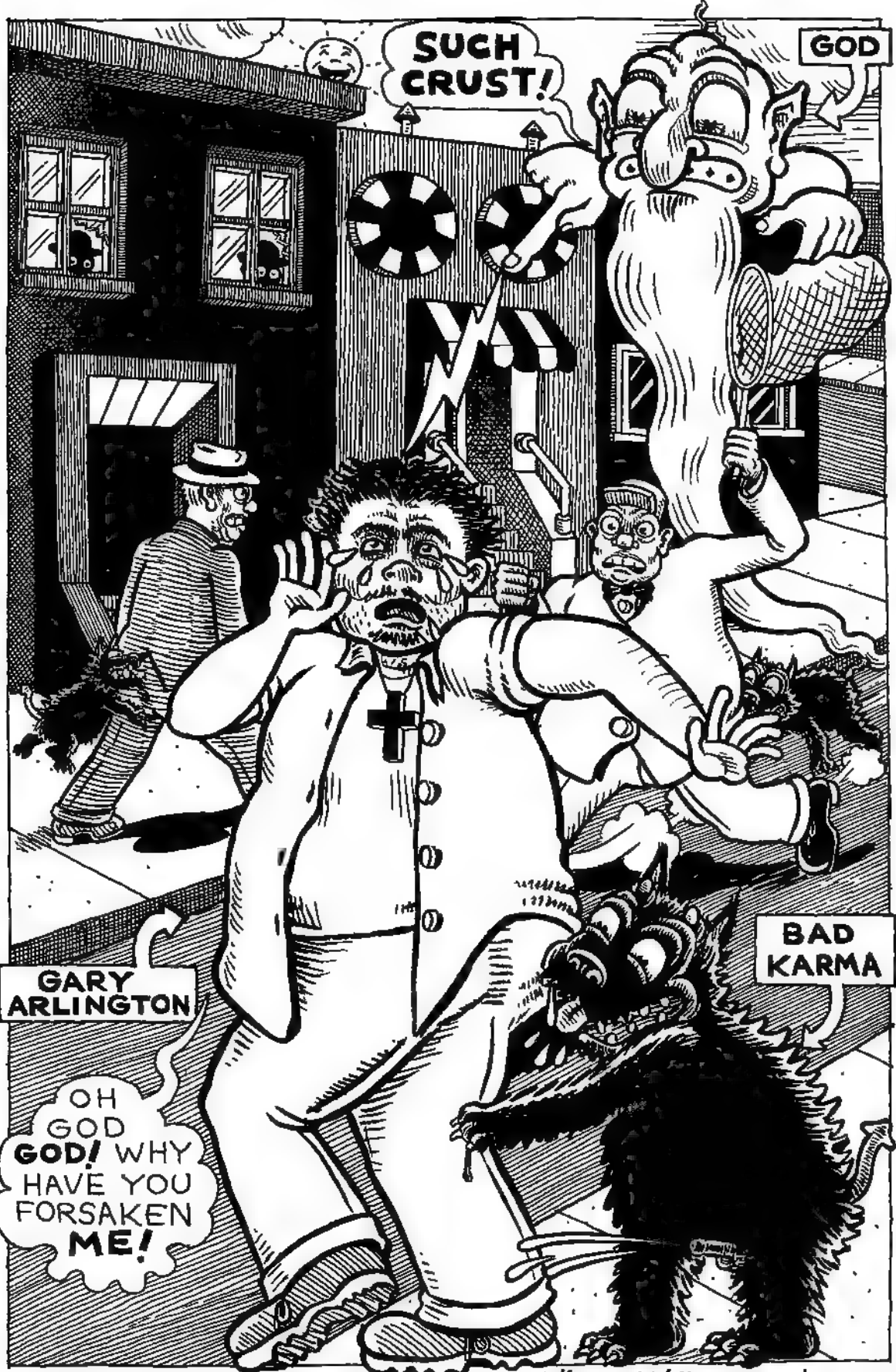
I'M PREPARED TO OFFER EACH OF YOU ONE HUNDRED IN CASH IF YOU'LL SIGN THESE AFFIDAVITS DENYING EVERYTHING!

SHEET! THAT'S MONEY FROM HOME!

HAVE SOME FLETCHER OIL JACK! IT'LL SOOTH YOUR NERVES!

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY Kim Deitch 3/8/73



**SUCH
CRUST!**

GOD

**GARY
ARLINGTON**

**BAD
KARMA**

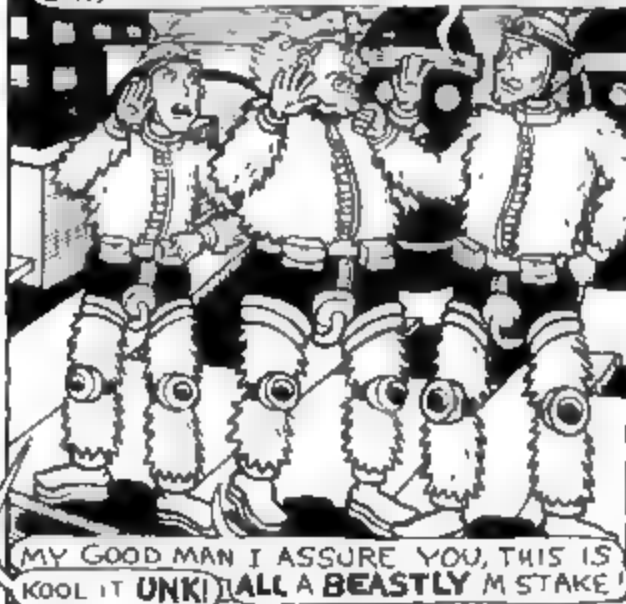
**OH
GOD
GOD! WHY
HAVE YOU
FORSAKEN
ME!**

THAT LAST HERRING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, CAN BE JUST AS SALTY AS THE FIRST, ... AS THAT LOVABLE OLD FART, KRISHNA HOROWITZ SOON DISCOVERS IN

THE FINAL FUMBLE

IT'S 2002 AD FOLKS AND OLD KRISHNA HAS JUST MADE A FOOL OF HIMSELF AGAIN, MUCH TO THE CONSTERNATION OF HIS YOUNG NEPHEW. QUICKSO

SAY, WHO DO YA THINK YOU'RE PINCHING!



MY GOOD MAN I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS KOOL IT UNK! ALL A BEASTLY M STAKE!

GOD DAMN! YOU CANT TELL THE BOYS FROM THE GIRLS ANY MORE!



GEE UNK, YOU MUST BE SUPPING, DIDNT YOU SEE HIS PURPLE FORE LIGHTS?

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO SEE THEM WHEN THE SHIT!! SUN GETS DIMMER EVERY YEAR!



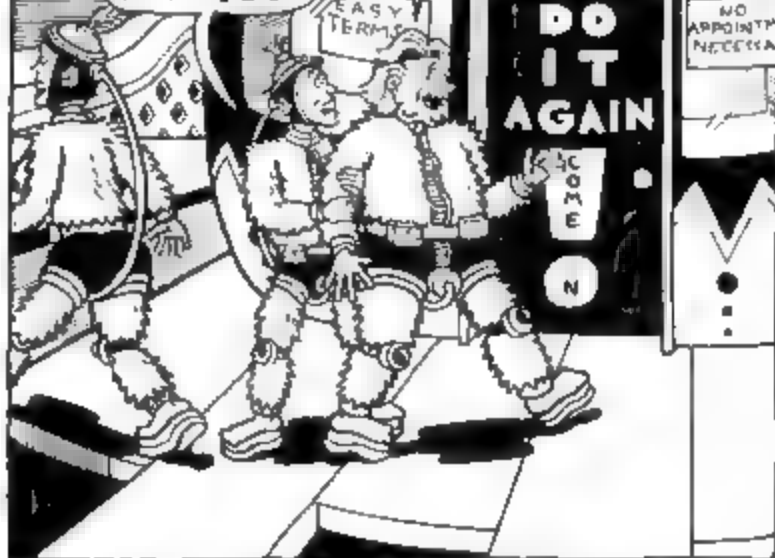
(MY DAD SAYS IT WONT GO OUT FOR CENTURIES YET AND BY THAT T ME

BY THAT TIME WELL ALL FREEZE OUR ASSES OFF! OH FOR THE DAYS OF MY MISSPENT YOUTH!



SAY NOW! HOW'S THAT FOR SERVICE?

COME ON UNK! THOSE JOINTS ARE NOTHING BUT A CHEAP SWINDLE FOR OLD FOOLS LIKE YOU!



TIME TRAVEL EMPORIUM

DO IT AGAIN

TUT TUT TUT LAD, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

BUT UNK!

RUN ALONG NOW, IVE THINGS TO ATTEND TO (CHUCKLE)



INSIDE.

SAN FRANCISCO 1968 AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

RIGHT THIS WAY SIR!

LIVE TUP

ME TRAVE MPORIUM



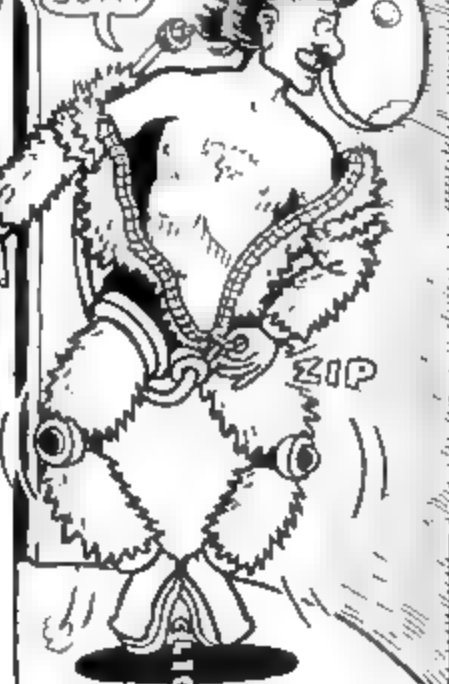
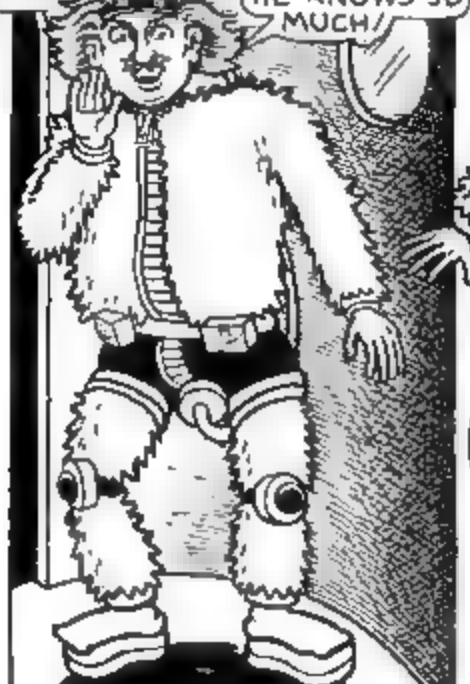
KRISHNA GAPE S AS THE RAVAGES OF MANY FILANDERING DECADES ARE MAGICALLY MELTED AWAY WITHIN THE PRESSURIZED TIME TRAVELING MECHANISM!



HEY! THIS IS NO FAKE! I HAVENT FELT THIS GOOD IN YEARS

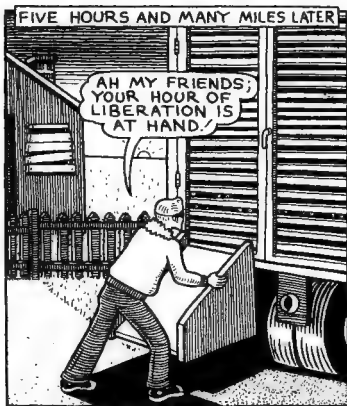
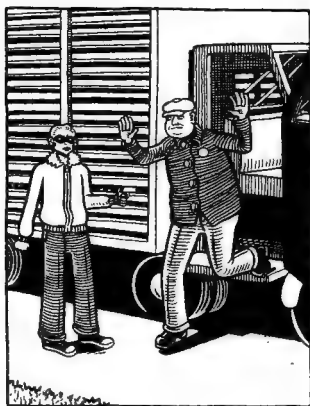
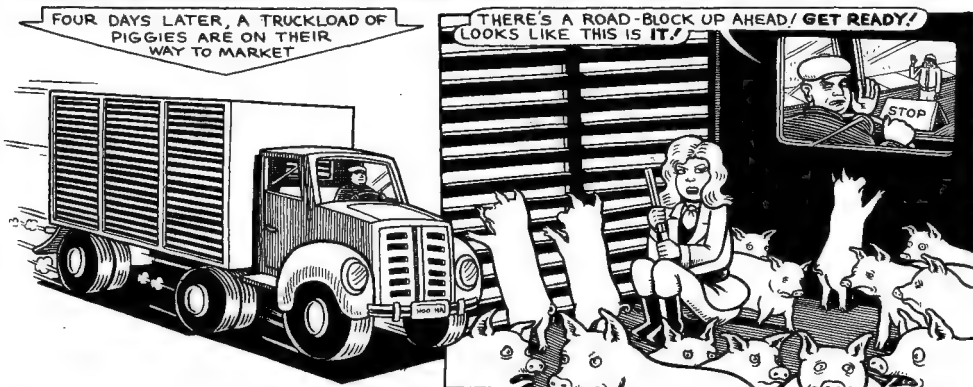
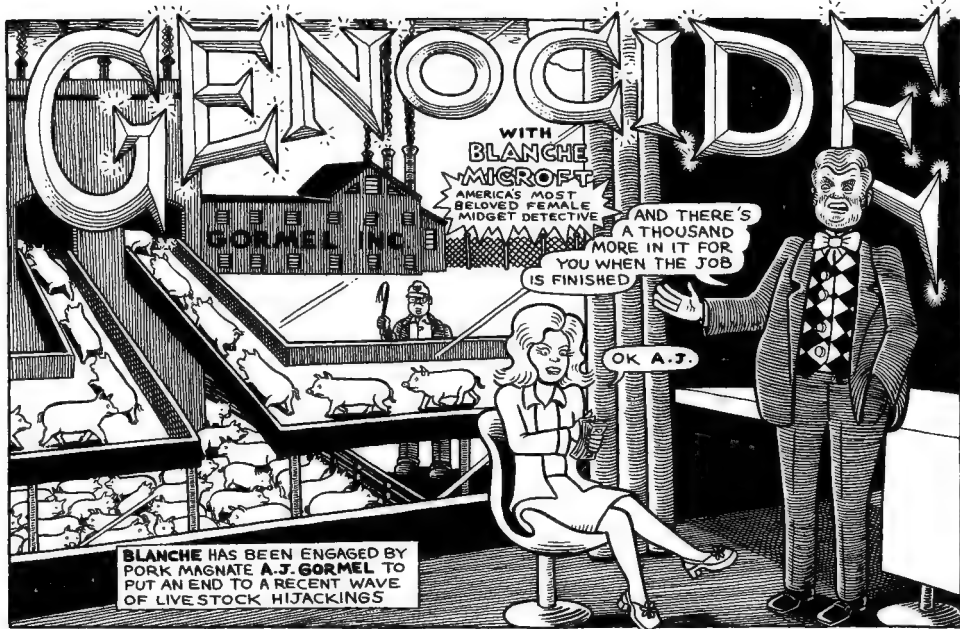
THAT DUMB NEPHEW OF MINE THINKS HE KNOWS SO MUCH!

HEY! ITS GETTING BRIGHT! AND WARM! I DONT NEED THIS DAMN JUMP SUIT!



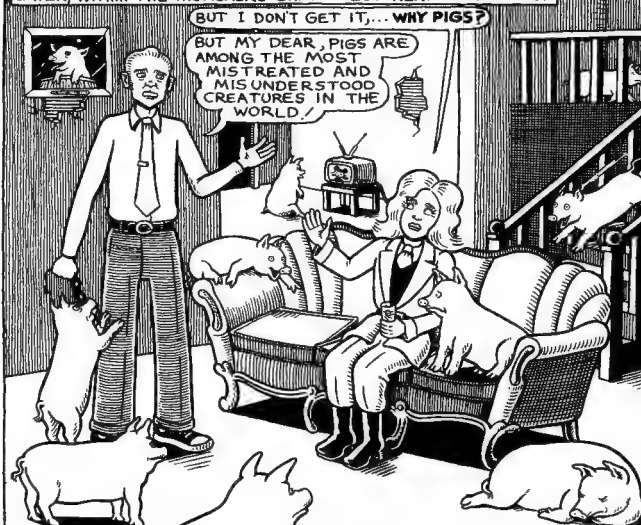
ZIP

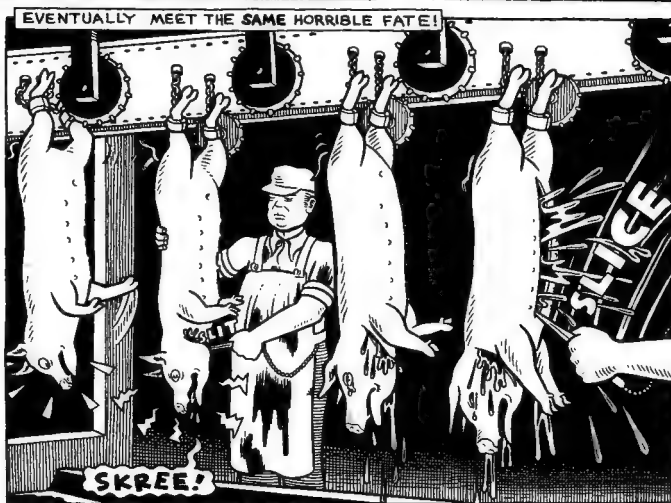
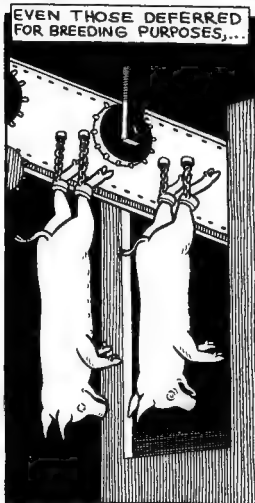
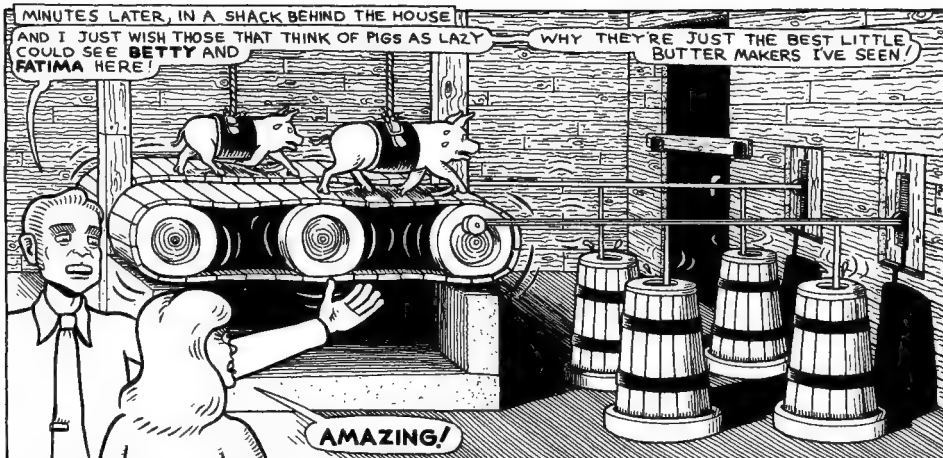


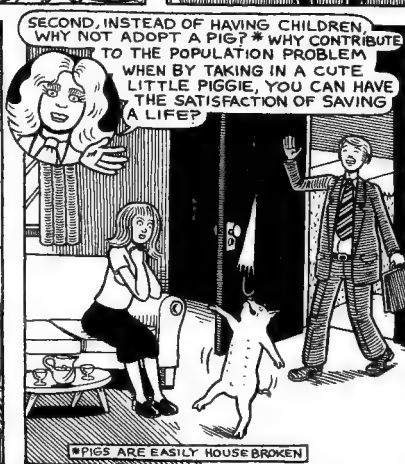
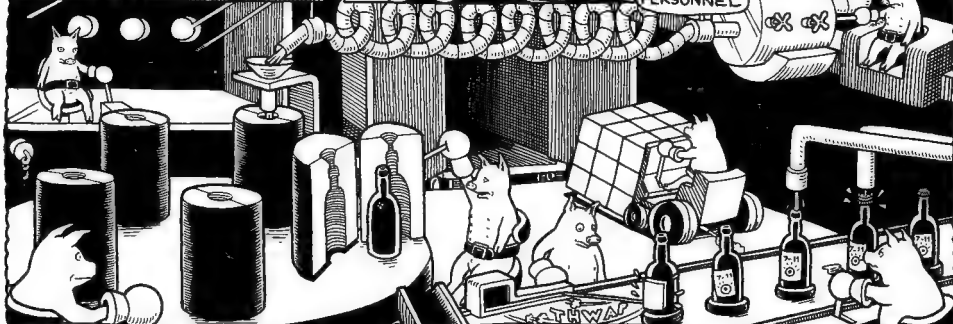




LATER, WITHIN THE HIJACKER'S SHABBY BUT NEAT FARM HOUSE







BESTIAL PASSION

OH DOCTOR! I HAD THAT
SAME TERRIBLE DREAM!

THERE, THERE, MY DEAR;
JUST START FROM THE
BEGINNING, SHALL WE?

DR. PIERRE
ROVERE

PSYCHIATRIST

KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING

HEY
KIM
DEITCH
THE MAN WHAT A

ALRIGHT. I WAS ON MY WAY TO WORK,
AND ABOUT TO STOP FOR BREAKFAST,
WHEN A VW. PULLED UP BESIDE ME...

HEY
BEAUTIFUL!
WANT A RIDE?

SKREECH

ORDINARILY I WOULDN'T ACCEPT SUCH A
PROPOSAL, BUT HE WAS SOOOO HANDSOME!

BUT TWO BLOCKS LATER,
HE LURCHED INTO AN OPEN
GARAGE DOOR,.....

HEY!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



GEE

WHERE TOP

OH M JUST GO NG TO THE DINER THREE BLOCKS UP



VROOOOM



WHICH SLAMMED
BEHIND US!

SKREEE



YOU'LL SEE!

EEEE!

SLAM!

HWANG

WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE, HE WHISKED ME INTO A WAITING ELEVATOR

WE EMERGED ON A HIGHER FLOOR WHERE OTHER DOG-LIKE CREATURES OF VARIOUS BREEDS HAILED OUR ARRIVAL,...



THEN I WAS BOUND FIRMLY TO A CHAIR!



FORTUNATELY I HAD UH, "RE-LIEVED" MYSELF EARLIER, SO I WAS SPARED THE DISCOMFORT WHICH DENIAL OF SUCH BODILY FUNCTIONS CAN CAUSE.



BUT, AFTER A FEW HOURS, ANOTHER, VERY BASIC ANIMAL NEED EMERGED,...



HUNGER!

GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT!



...I BELLOWED

TO MY GREAT SURPRISE THEY COMPLIED, OFFERING ME DOG FOOD!



AT FIRST I WAS REPULSED. BUT TIME CLICKED BY, AND INSANE WITH HUNGER I SUCCUMBED, DEVOURING IT EAGERLY, AND WEIRDEST OF ALL, ... LOVING IT!



OH DOCTOR, I WENT THROUGH SIX CANS OF THE AWFUL STUFF BEFORE I WOKE UP. WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

YIKES!

THERE, THERE, MISS VAN POOCHE, THESE DREAMS ARE NOTHING TO BECOME ALARMED ABOUT!

THE FACT THAT YOU TOOK ON THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC GUISE OF A HUMAN IN YOUR DREAMS, WAS MERELY PART OF YOUR PSYCHE'S UNCONSCIOUS ATTEMPT TO HIDE THE MESSAGE OF YOUR DREAM!

ALL IN GOOD TIME MY DEAR, BUT FIRST LET'S ONE THING STRAIGHT

YOU NEEDN'T BE ASHAMED OF EATING SO CALLED "DOG FOOD," BESIDES BEING JUST PLAIN DE-LICIOUS, A RECENT SURVEY HAS PROVEN THAT AN AVERAGE ADULT PORTION OF DOG FOOD* CONTAINS MORE NUTRIENTS THAN ITS HUMAN COUNTERPART

* ANALYSIS	FOOD NUTRITIONAL SCALE	
	REPUTABLE "DOG FOODS"	AVERAGE DAILY HUMAN DIET
PROTEIN	10 2%	6 7%
CALCIUM	3%	2%
VIT A	14%	10 1%
VIT D ³	6%	3%
VIT E	4%	1 3%
NACIN	23%	18%
VIT B ¹²	16%	12 5%
RIBOFLAVIN	60%	27 7%

BUT DOCTOR, WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?

WHY THE EXTRA RIBOFLAVIN ALONE IS STAGGERING!

RILLYP

*SOURCE: THE NATIONAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION OF DOG FOOD ANALYSIS

GOLLY, I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY DOG FOOD IS AMERICA'S MOST ECONOMICAL HEALTH FOOD!

DREAM ANALYSTS SEEM TO AGREE THAT HUNGER DREAMS ARE GENERALLY WISH DREAMS HAVING TO DO WITH UNFULFILLED SEXUAL NEEDS AND (NIGHT) DESIRES!

QUITE RIGHT, BUT LET'S GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS AT HAND

B'BUT DOCTOR! I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!

DR. PIERRE ROVERE

PSYCHI

OH DOCTOR!

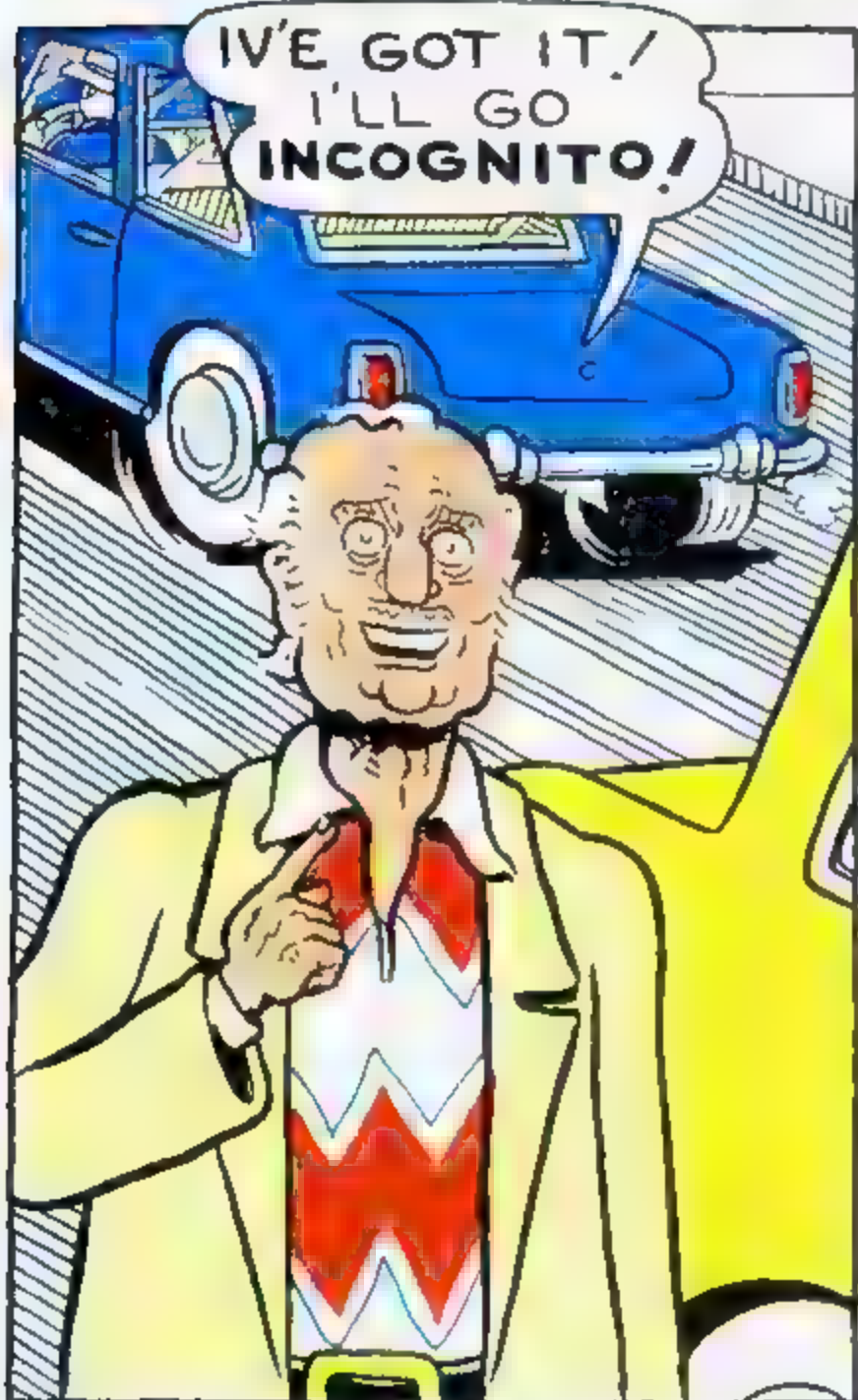
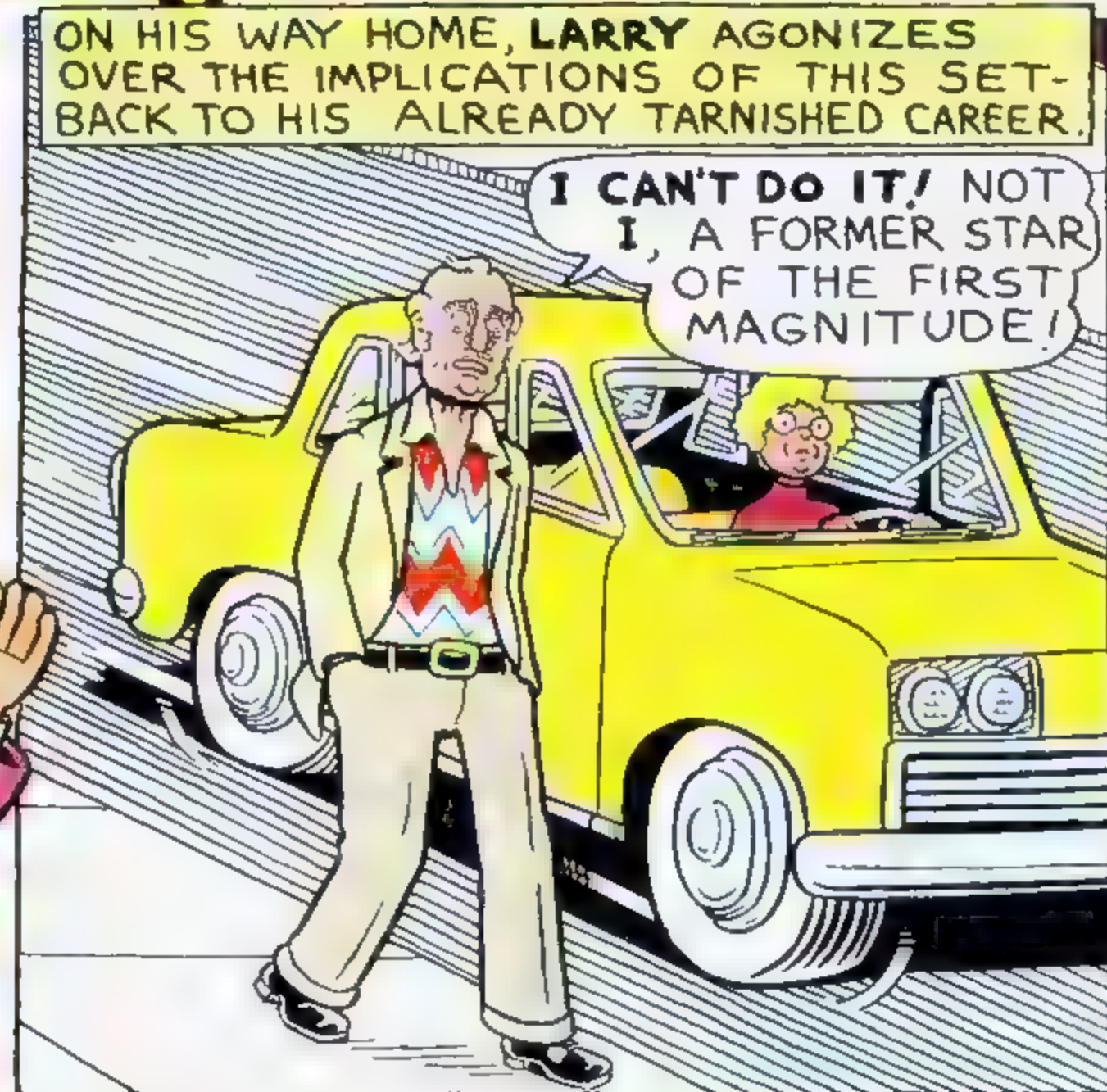
WE'LL PERHAPS I CAN EXPLAIN IT BETTER AT DINNER OVER FINE WINE AND ALPO STROGANOFF

PLEASE CALL ME PIERRE!

OH PIERRE, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

THE END

INCOGNITO





BY
JIM HOBEBMAN

THE CALVIN COOLIDGE STORY

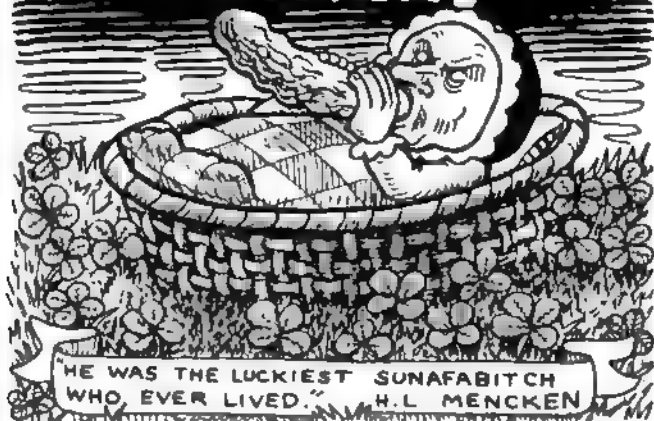
©1976

Heaven was illuminated by electric advertising slogans, filled with stunt fliers and sky-writing, while the fleshapoid in the street — mind agog before the bewildering novelty of Model-T existence — took to worshipping beings whose disincorporated exploits could be consumed via the picture-press, cinema and radio. Most inspiringly totemic of these New Gods was "Silent Cal," the first imperial American Presi-

dent. The unerringly enlightened behavior that led Coolidge through the dimension of Media Blitz to the White House and satori, is a classic example of American Zen. A model for every single one of his successors, he mystically maintained "There is only one form of political strategy in which I have any confidence and that is to try to do the right thing."

WEANED ON A PICKLE?

LUCKY STAR



HE WAS THE LUCKIEST SUNAFABITCH WHO EVER LIVED. H.L. MENCKEN

The future President, son of a small-time politician and systematically programmed to seek power, was a faithful cog in the Bay State G.O.P. machine when it was revealed to an eccentric Boston millionaire that Calvin Coolidge was "a man of destiny." Coolidge was advanced from Lt. Governor to Governor, and the advertising genius who invented Betty Crocker (and who would later write a best-selling depiction of Jesus as go-getter achieving success through His visionary grasp of good advertising) was commissioned to create Coolidge's "national image."

Stage set, Coolidge's break came in the form of the "Great Red Scare" of 1919. When the newly-organized Boston police force went on strike, he prevented the mayor (a Dem) from calling up the state guard until after law and order broke down. Workers lost their jobs while Coolidge — "the man who defied Bolshevism and won" — was nominated by his Party to run with Warren G. Harding, an Ohio hack with a good profile.

Under their banner "A Return to Normalcy" (potent device for the year in which bimbos first balloted and booze was banned, C. B. DeMille glamorized indoor plumbing and home radios went on sale) the Harding-Coolidge ticket won in a record landslide. As President, Harding pimped for the favors of the Federal Government on a wholly unprecedented and blatant scale; while Coolidge's enigmatic behavior in this wide-open atmosphere led wits to wonder if he had been "weaned on a pickle."



Suddenly, on a yacht off the California coast, Harding dropped dead of "heart attack," "shellfish toxin," or "something." He was at the height of his popularity but it was only a year until the next Election. Later in the decade, many would speculate that Harding had committed suicide or even been "put to sleep" for soon after his death the lid blew off the "Teapot Dome" scandals to reveal his administration's frenzy of influence peddling.

Harding's demise caught the constitutionally-designated man in meditation at his father's rural dojo. The elder Coolidge swore in the younger, both in their night-shirts. (A painting of this event was quickly executed, mass-produced and hung in homes). The new President moved to distance himself from the surfacing scandals and push the investigative burden into a congressional morass. Supported by the clandestine Ku Klux Klan (whose 5,000,000 members billboarded the Midwest and Southern Rim with "Keep Kool With Koolidge" signs) the new President was elected, swamping both the Dem John Davis and the "Bolshevik candidate" Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin.

"The President shouldn't do too much and he shouldn't know too much," Coolidge once told his p.r. man (or was it vice versa). Aside from the Harding cover-up, the official accomplishments of his regime were the KKK-supported Immigration Quota Act, the creation of federal radio police (the F.C.C.), the well-hyped construction of Boulder Dam and "Most important," as Coolidge revealed to reporters in his last press conference, "minding my own business." What Coolidge actually did — with greater sophistication than "nickle and dime" Harding — was to give war-profiteering capitalists total *lebensraum*. The real power in Laissez Faire Land with a reign that spanned three administrations, was Andrew Mellon. America's third wealthiest fella, Mellon had been director of 60 corporations (controlling a sizeable piece of the steel, oil, coal action, a near monopoly on aluminum and the state of Pennsylvania) when Harding appointed him "Secretary of the Treasury." Mellon subsidized his 7-year "permanent prosperity" with agricultural overproduction and German war reparations, while the new science of advertising produced "a nation of avid, astonished and somewhat aimless consumers."



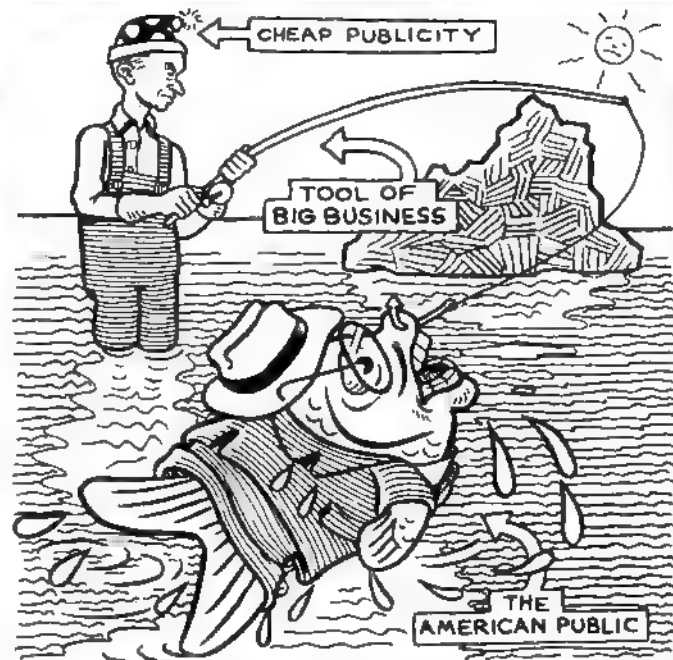
Radio — the vunderful volksempfanger¹ whose celestial voices cast their spells over entire populations — came into its own as a mass-medium under Harding. Though his use of it went no further than an occasional oration, there was some tentative radio-coverage given to his doings (particularly his funeral). However, Coolidge's first speech as President proved to be a revelation. Like Ruby Keeler in 42ND STREET he went out a chorine but came back a star. Over the air, the new President's cool eschewel of bombast gave the startling impression of intimacy, the illusion of "straight talk" from Washington, and thus restored confidence in the Government.

Quick to exploit his initial success, Coolidge made further broadcasts and established himself as an avant-garde radio personality. Radio-listeners, accustomed to hearing his one-sentence assessments of topical concerns felt that "God was in His Oval Office — all's right with the world, etc." (See M-G M classic **THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR** (1950) for magnificently turgid exposition of this concept.)

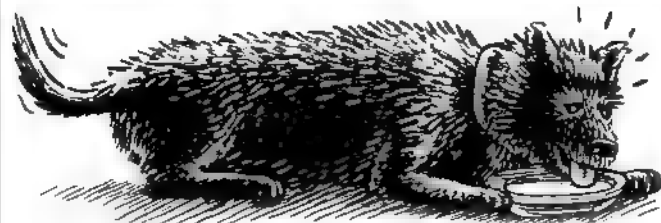
That year the President spoke on the radio 75 times (25 more broadcasts than Hitler made in 1933) to reiterate his key koans:

- I. "The business of Amercia is business."
- II. "Civilization and profits go hand in hand."
- III. "Advertising ministers to the spiritual side of trade."
- IV. "The man who builds a factory builds a temple — the man who works there worships there."

¹ "People's wireless receiver" in Nazi-talk.

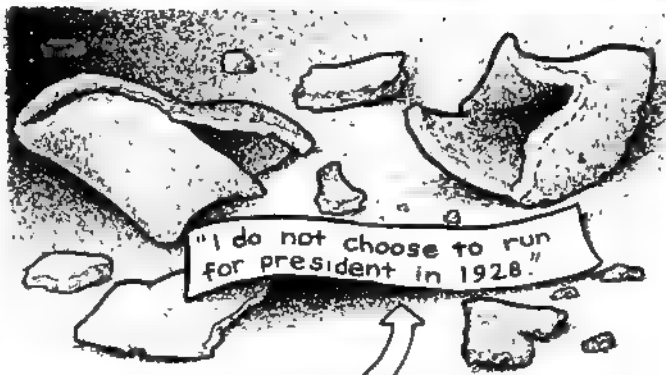


The tom-tom of radio not only presented Coolidge to the American people as their tribal leader, but created widespread interest in the "private life" of the Chief. When a reporter had asked Vice-President Coolidge what his hobby was, he received the frank reply: "Holding public office." However, Coolidge's celebrity as President made it necessary to manufacture some form of recreation for him. A North Dakota lake was secretly stocked with tame trout, trapped in a designated area between steel mesh nets; and while off-camera Secret Service men baited his line and unhooked his fish, Coolidge appeared on page one as "America's Greatest Fisherman." The President further made himself a good source of copy by his taste for posing in iconic get-ups, as a Cowboy or Indian Chief. The fact that he looked "acutely miserable, self-conscious and ashamed" only served to reiterate his Presidential majesty.



As contemporary pundits speculated on this "Genius of the Average," Will Rogers — another radio-created personality who had zenned in on the Show Biz factor in American politics — wished that he "had a dollar for every good gag Cal pulled that went over some politician's bean." (Some were quite good. At an official breakfast Coolidge poured coffee and cream into his saucer. The guests followed suit and were waiting for the Chief to take the first sip when he placed the dish on the floor for his dog.)

Early in 1928, on the most ambitious radio hook-up yet assembled, Rogers impersonated Coolidge without announcing it as such. His burst of Presidential gibberish produced a national confusion prefiguring "The War of the Worlds." Coolidge correctly saw this as a threat to his Dr. Strange-like mastery over his ectoplasmic form and soon after he announced "I do not choose to be a candidate for President in 1928." This prudent decision was treated as though it were a national catastrophe. Picked up by admen and turned into the first bumper sticker slogan, Coolidge's 12-word phrase generated hysterical speculation as to its real meaning until the day that Herbert Hoover was nominated to run on a platform of "Coolidge prosperity."



ENTIRE TEXT OF COOLIDGE'S HISTORIC PRESS RELEASE.

Kim Datch

Leaving office in the rain, Coolidge's last words as President were "Goodbye, I have had a very enjoyable time in Washington." Then he paused and remarked, "A lot of people got wet today all right." Destroying his presidential papers, Coolidge marketed a lengthy "autobiography" at five dollars a word. Enshrined in Massachusetts, the old master sat counting the Model-Ts that pilgrimaged by, while contemplating the "Great Depression" that had engulfed his unlucky successor: "The final solution of unemployment is work." When Coolidge died in 1933, Will Rogers clapped one hand and wrote "He didn't do anything but he didn't do it better than anyone."

THEY CALLED HIM THE BUTT HOLE OF COMPANY B. LOOK, BILLY BUTTFORD WAS THE FIRST TO ADMIT HE WASN'T THE SMARTEST. SO WHAT? WHY HE'D MADE CORPORAL PICKING OFF MORE THAN HIS FAIR SHARE OF AXIS MONKEYS HADN'T HE? AND NOW, WITH THAT SAME UN-ERRING, COLD BLOODED SKILL, HE WAS WINNING A PAIR OF CUTE BABY MONKEYS FOR HIS BEAUTIFUL REFUGEE BRIDE, FREDA. POOR BILLY, IT'S A DIRTY SHAME, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO BECOME THE FALL GUY IN A SORDID TALE OF

SIMIAN SIN!

PLEASE GIVE ME A HOME

BY

KIM DEITCH

MY DARLING!
YOU HAF WON
FOR ME DA
MONKEYS!

I VILL
CALL DEM
HANS UND FRITZ!
TEE HEE!

BANG!

LOOKING BACK, IT ALL HAPPENED PRETTY FAST, FRESH FROM THE HONEYMOON, AND ALREADY THEIR PARTY HAD DOUBLED IN NUMBER.

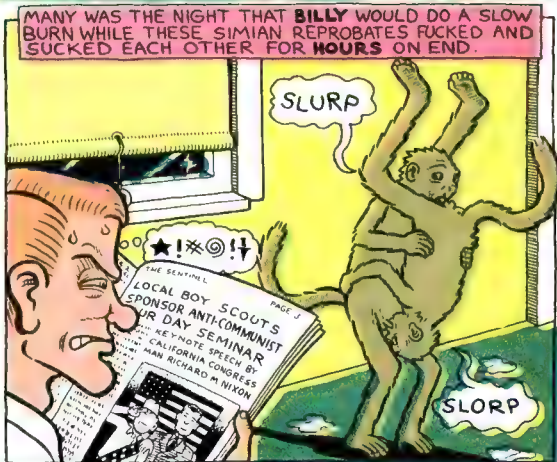
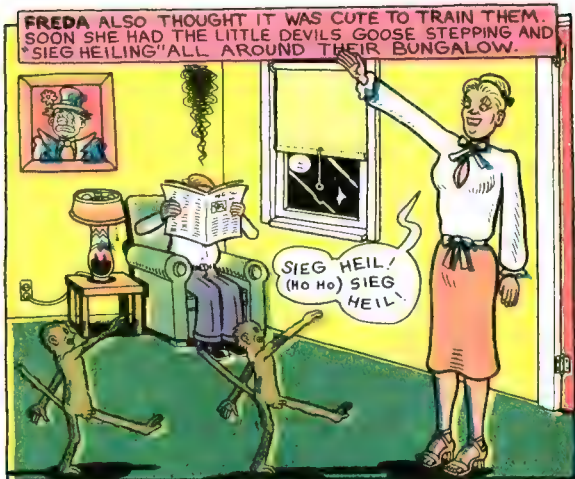
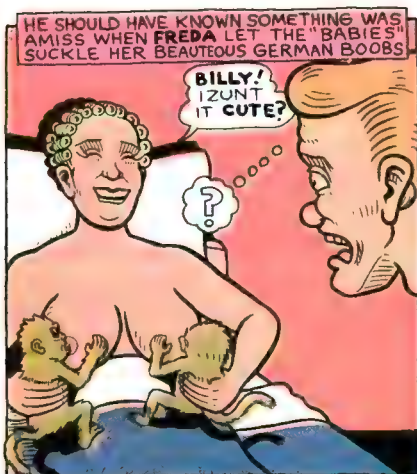
THE
WINNAH!

EEK!
EEK!

EEK!
EEK!

BE CAREFUL
DOOMKOFF!
YOU ARE
FRIGHTENING DEM!

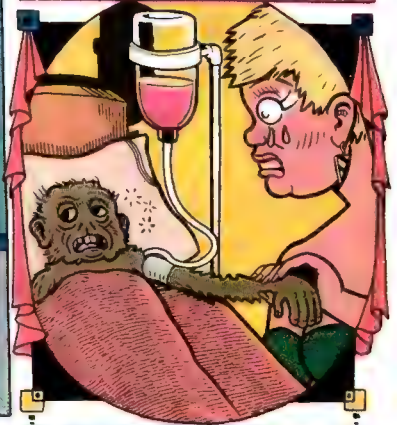




HOWEVER, BEFORE HE COULD GIVE FREDA A GOOD DOSE OF THE SAME, SHE WAS SAVED THANKS TO SOME FAST ACTION ON THE PART OF LITTLE HANS!



HANS DIED A NATURAL DEATH TEN YEARS LATER, ATTENDED (AS EVER), BY HIS LOVING MOMSY, FREDA!



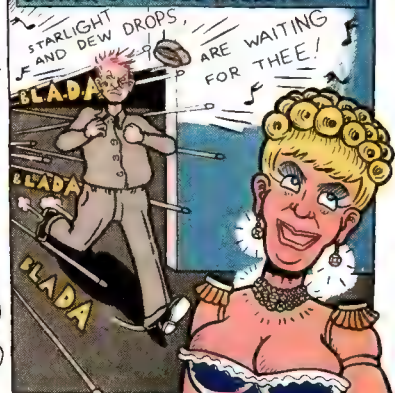
BILLY WAS A MODEL PRISONER FOR THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF HIS SENTENCE; UNTIL ONE DAY IN THE PRISON GYM.



ABOUT HALF WAY THROUGH A SCREENING OF THE GIANT APE OPUS, 'MIGHTY JOE YOUNG', BILLY JUMPED UP AND RAN SCREAMING FROM THE GYMNASIUM.



DYING SECONDS LATER, IN A DEADLY SHOWER OF POLICE BULLETS!



FREDA TODAY IS A YOUTHFUL FORTYSIX, (THOUGH SHE SCARCELY LOOKS IT), AND LEADS AN INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED, CRACK MONKEY DRILL CORPS. WHILE SHE ADMITS TO MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, IT IS SHE AND SHE ALONE WHO PULLS THE STRINGS IN THIS UNIQUE ORGANIZATION.



CAN IT BE??

YES BY GOD, THERE'S A LIGHT
AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!

IT'S STUPENDOUS, IT'S COLLOSAL. IT'S

MR
NATURAL!

IT'S NUTS!

AVAILABLE
EXCLUSIVELY

FROM THE

**PRINT
MINT**

830 FOLGER
BERKELEY, CA. 94710

MR. NATURAL
WHAT DOES
IT ALL MEAN?

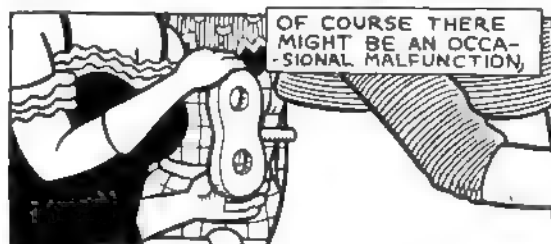
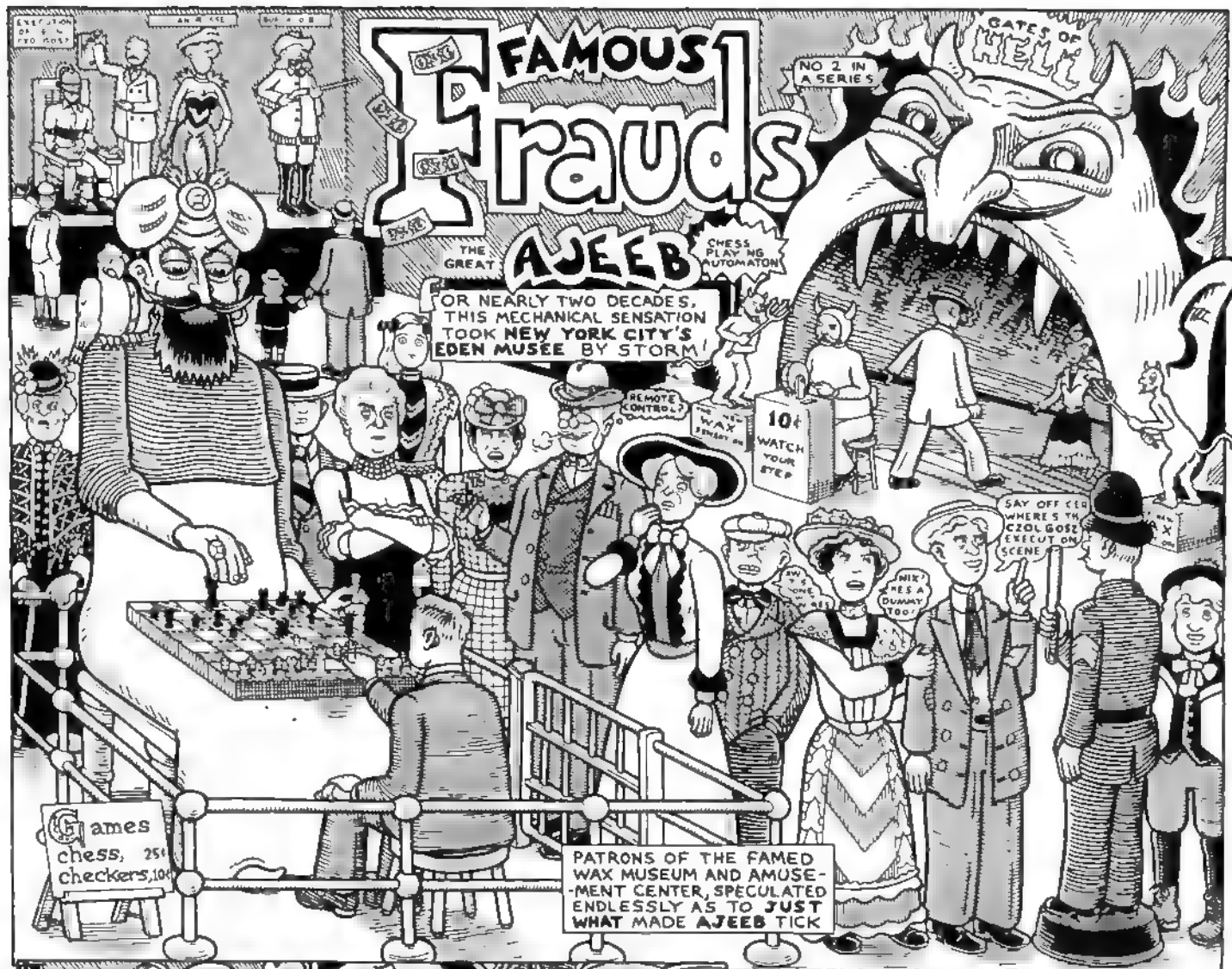
G'WAY
KID YA
BOTHER
ME!



STUPENDOUS
NEW SPAIN
COVER!

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY;.... OR YOU EITHER BUDDY, BECAUSE,.....
THOSE GOOD TIMES ARE HERE







IF A PLAYER MADE A WRONG MOVE OR ATTEMPTED TO CHEAT, A CONTROL WAS PULLED CHANGING AJEEB'S NORMALLY IMPASSIVE EXPRESSION.



PILLSBURY WAS A BRILLIANT PLAYER WHO WON MANY IMPORTANT TOURNAMENTS IN HIS OWN RIGHT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THESE WERE THE DAYS BEFORE BIG MONEY TOURNAMENTS.



THUS PILLSBURY'S CHIEF SOURCE OF INCOME FOR TEN LONG YEARS WAS EARNED AS AJEEB'S SECRET OPERATOR.

HOWEVER, CRAMPED WORKING CONDITIONS, COMPLICATED BY A QUART A DAY LIQUOR HABIT,



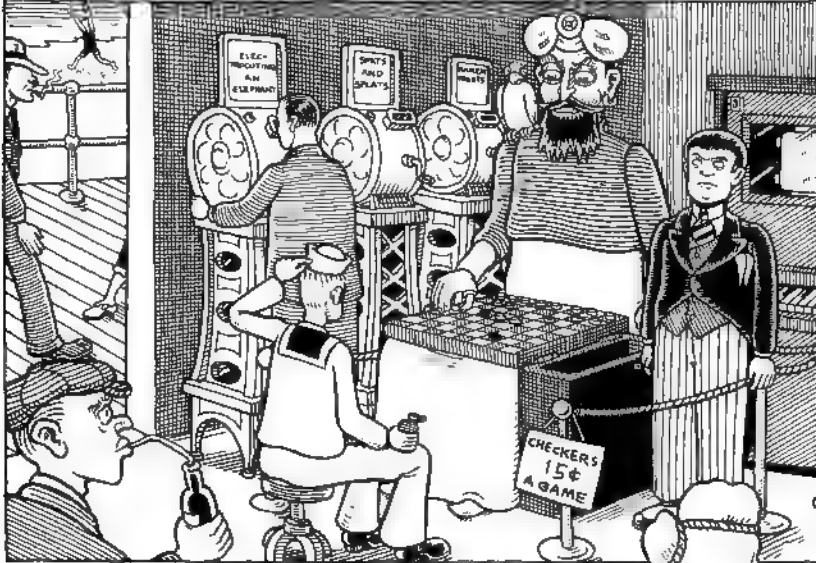
EVENTUALLY TOOK THEIR TOLL,...



AND HE DIED SOON AFTER HIS LONG TENURE, COMPLETELY INSANE.



BY THE 1920'S AJEEB HAD CHANGED HANDS AND MOVED OVER TO CONEY ISLAND THERE, BECAUSE OF A LACK OF AVAILABLE CHESS MASTERS, HE WAS REDUCED TO BEING A CHECKER PLAYING AUTOMATON ONLY

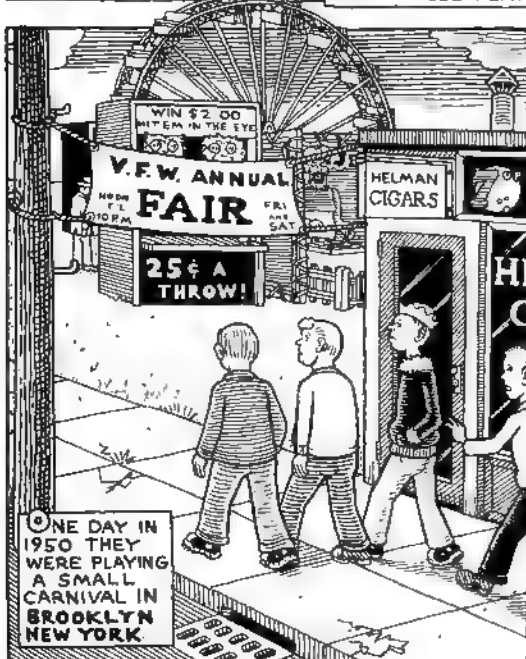
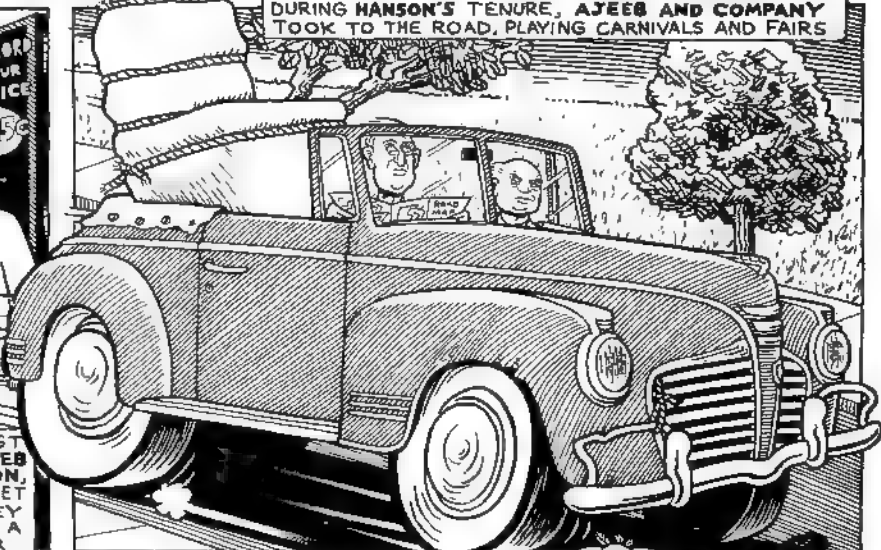


AJEEB WAS OPERATED DURING THIS PERIOD BY A PART TIME WESTERN UNION DELIVERY BOY NAMED SAM GONOTSKY. OWING TO A CONSUMPTIVE CONDITION (WHICH EVENTUALLY KILLED HIM,) GONOTSKY HAD TO BE CAREFUL TO AVOID TELLTALE SNEEZES



THE LAST AND TALLEST MAN TO OCCUPY AJEEB WAS JESSE B. HANSON, WHO WAS OVER SIX FEET TALL BUT THIN AND WIREY. BEST OF ALL, HE WAS A FINE CHESS PLAYER.

DURING HANSON'S TENURE, AJEEB AND COMPANY TOOK TO THE ROAD, PLAYING CARNIVALS AND FAIRS



ONE DAY IN 1950 THEY WERE PLAYING A SMALL CARNIVAL IN BROOKLYN NEW YORK



IT WAS AN OVERCAST DAY, AND AJEEB'S ONLY TAKERS WERE A GROUP OF SCHOOL BOYS

RIGHT THIS WAY BOYS



NONE THE LESS, HANSON FELT IN GOOD FORM THAT DAY. IN SPITE OF HIS HEIGHT, HE ENJOYED THE JOB, AND OVER THE YEARS HAD RE-ESTABLISHED AJEEB'S ALMOST FOR-GOTTEN CHESS PLAYING REPUTATION



SO IT CAME AS QUITE A SHOCK TO HIM AS ONE OF HIS YOUNG OPPONENTS SUDDENLY PIPED OUT...
CHECK MATE!



HANSON KNEW THERE WOULD BE HELL TO PAY LATER AND JUSTIFIABLY SO
WELL WELL THE YOUNG MAN WINS!

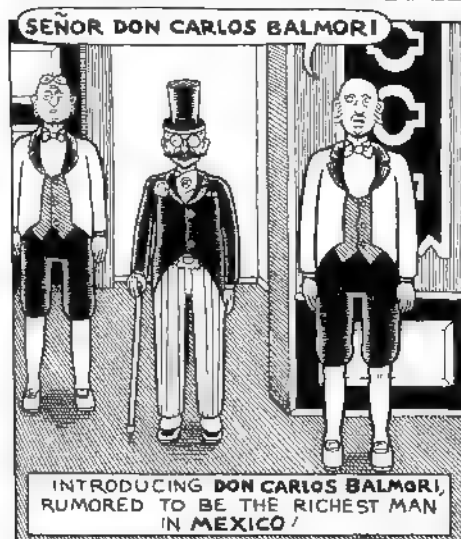
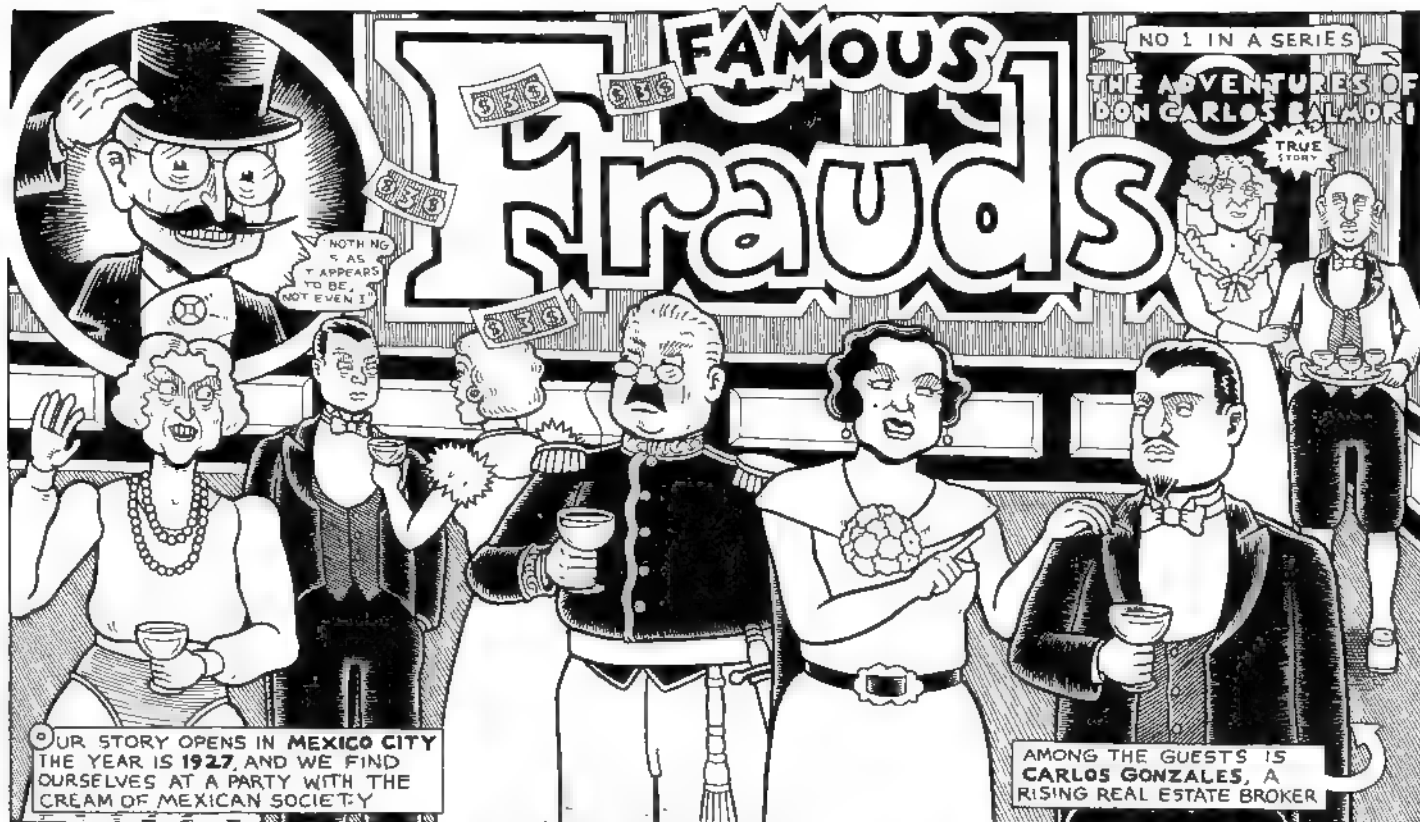


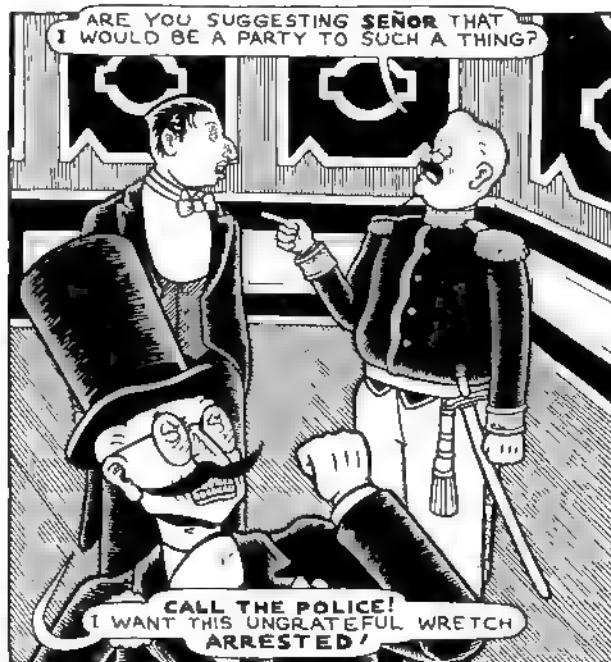
THAT HE, A FORMER TOURNAMENT CHAMPION, SHOULD LOSE TO A MERE CHILD, WAS AFTER ALL QUITE HUMILIATING!
NOW BE SURE AND GIVE THESE TO YOUR FATHER

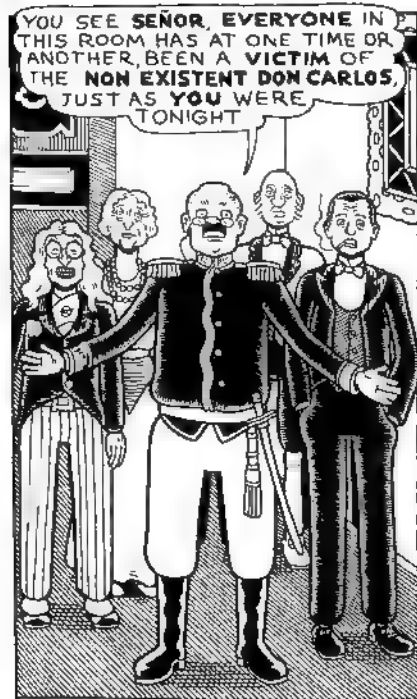
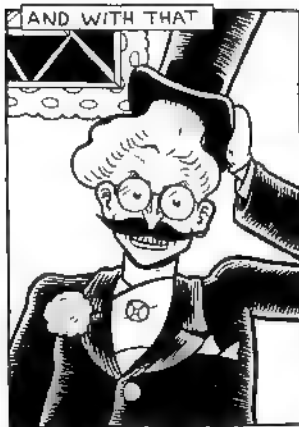


FOR SO IT WAS THAT ON OCTOBER 2ND 1950, YOUNG BOBBY FISCHER WON HIS VERY FIRST CHESS PRIZE

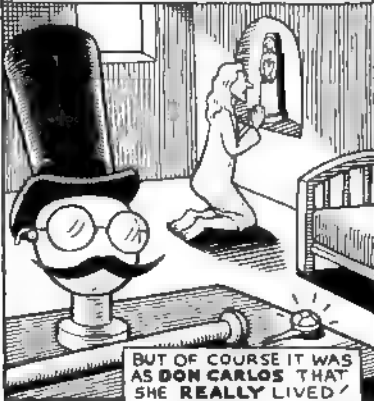
The End
Kim Dutch







IN PRIVATE SEÑORITA JURADO LED A CHASTE AND PIOUS EXISTENCE;



BUT OF COURSE IT WAS AS DON CARLOS THAT SHE REALLY LIVED!

AND DON CARLOS WAS FOREVER BEING LINKED ROMANTICALLY WITH THE CHOICEST PLUMS IN MEXICO'S SOCIAL REGISTER.



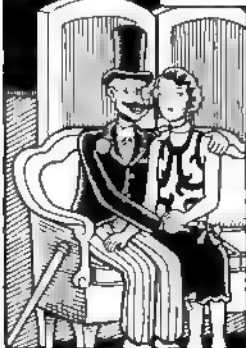
DON CARLOS, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY NIECE

MAJOR! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING THIS ONE!

ONE EVENING DON CARLOS WAS INTRODUCED TO SEÑORITA MARIA ANTONIETA



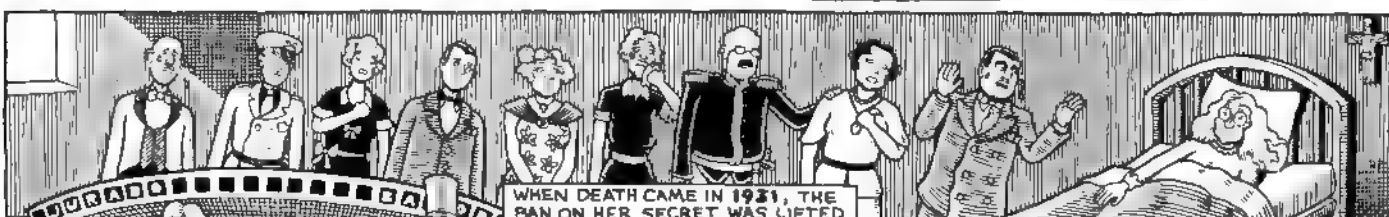
THE EVENING PROGRESSED RAPIDLY,



TO AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX



THIS MINOR SETBACK NOTWITHSTANDING, THE BALMORI LEGEND REMAINED INTACT



WHEN DEATH CAME IN 1931, THE BAN ON HER SECRET WAS LIFTED



TODAY THE SURVIVORS OF THIS BIZARRE HOAX MAKE AN ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO HER SHRINE HERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MEXICO CITY. THEY PAY HOMAGE TO THIS BELOVED RASCAL OF YORE

OLD HOME WEEK



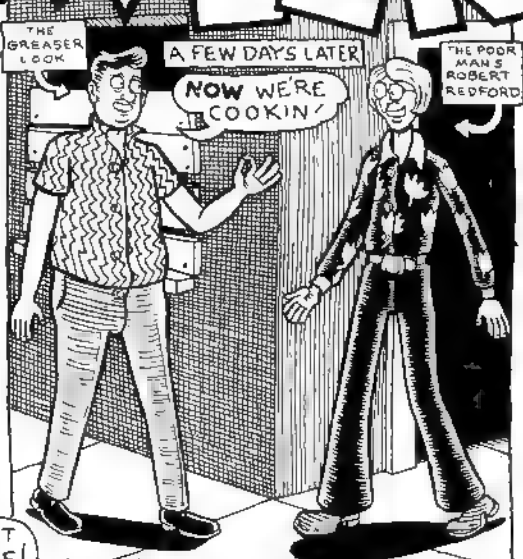
ER JH
HELLO
THERE

HMM

YOU KNOW WHAT IT
IS DON'T YOU? WE TWO
HAVE BECOME RELICS
OF ANOTHER ERA

HUHP

WE'VE GOT TO ADAPT
TO THE CHANGING TIMES!

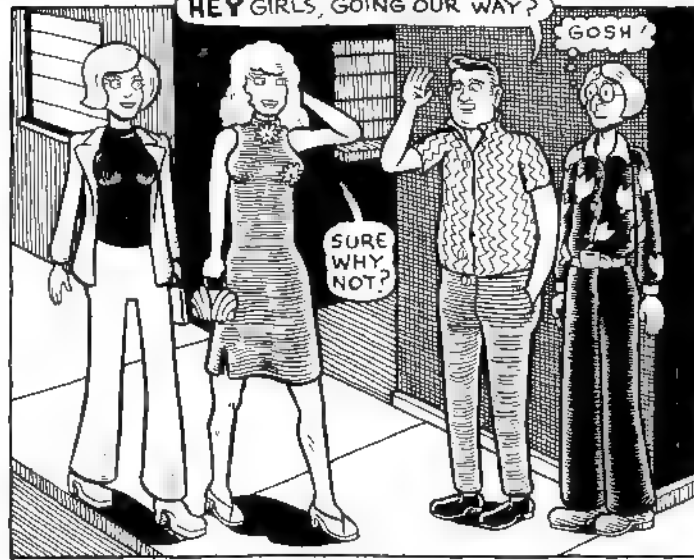


THE GREATER
LOOK

A FEW DAYS LATER

NOW WE'RE
COOKIN'

THE POOR MAN'S
ROBERT
REDFORD



HEY GIRLS, GOING OUR WAY?

GOSH?

SURE
WHY
NOT?



YOU BOYS LOOK AWFULLY
FAMILIAR! WHAT ARE YOUR
NAMES!

WELL MY NAME IS
EDDY O' SHMAY AND
THIS HERE IS
KRISHNA HOROWITZ!

TEE HEE

NO
CRED IT



WELL I DECLARE!
YOU BOYS HAVE
CHANGED!

HUH?



DON'T YOU REMEMBER US? I'M PHIL FERGISON,
I USED TO PANHANDLE
WITH YOU GUYS ON
TELEGRAPH
AVENUE!

AND I'M
MILTON
LOVEJOY!
YOUR OLD ACID
CONNECTION
FROM NEW YORK
CITY!

I GUESS WE'VE
CHANGED A LITTLE
TOO

THE BITTER END

KRISHNA HOROWITZ IN THE CABBAGE FIEND

I'LL HAVE THE CABBAGE STUFFED WITH GREEN BEAN CURD CUSTARD, AND CARROT JUICE

ERNIE'S EDIBLE ASHRAM

VEGETARIAN SPECIALTIES

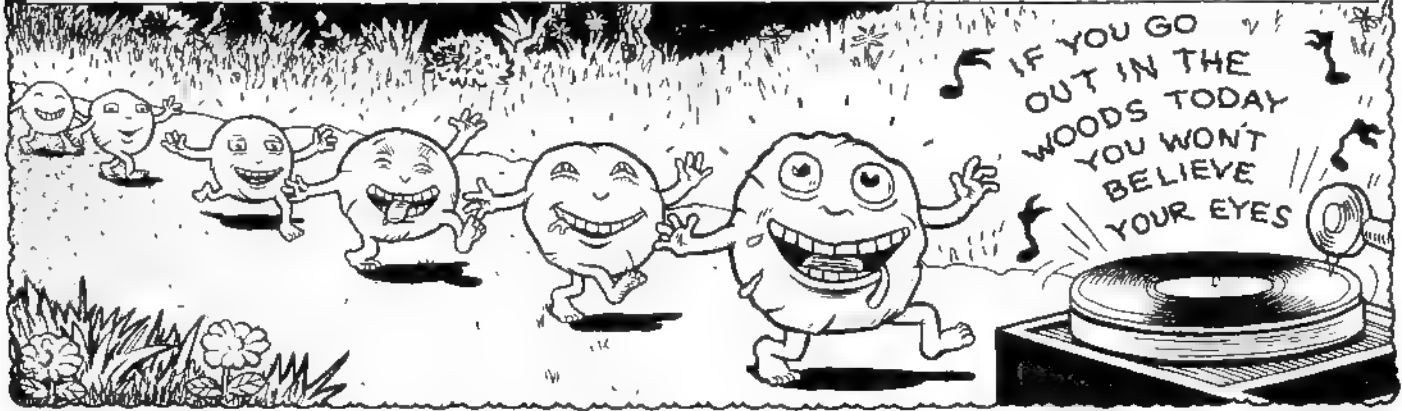
RUTABAGA SOUFFLE	3.50
SOY SURPRISE	2.75
CABBAGE STUFFED WITH GREEN BEAN CURD CUSTARD	4.50
WILD HICKORY NUT PIE (SLICE)	1.00
BEAN CASSEROLE	2.00
ORGANIC YOGURT TART	1.00

OTHER

FISH SANDWICH	1.75	GOATS MILK	75
CHEESE BURGER	2.25	CARROT JUICE	75
CLAM CHOWDER	1.50	PLUM WINE	1.00
CHICKEN SALAD	2.00	BEER	1.00
PIZZA	3.75	CIDER	75
		BUTTER MILK	75



IN HALF A SHAKE THEY'D BEGIN MARCHING INTO THE CLEARING RIGHT IN TIME TO THE MUSIC!



IF YOU GO
OUT IN THE
WOODS TODAY
YOU WON'T
BELIEVE
YOUR EYES

THEN, ONE BY ONE, I'D BOP EM OVER THE HEAD WITH A BASEBALL BAT, WHILE MY BUDDY TOSSED THEIR CARCASSES INTO A BURLAP SACK! **SOME HUMANE!**



IF YOU GO OUT
IN THE WOODS
TODAY
YOU'LL GET A
BIG SURPRISE

WHY I GOT TO FEELING SO GUILTY, I COULDN'T SLEEP!

I LOST
THIRTY
POUNDS!



IF YOU GO OUT
IN THE WOODS TODAY

WOODS
TODAY

WOODS
TODAY

YOU EXPECT ME
TO BELIEVE THAT?

YOU BETTER
BELIEVE IT!



BAM!

AND I'LL TELL YA
SOMETHING! TO
THIS DAY WHEN I
HEAR "THE TEDDY
BEAR'S PICNIC",
I GO **STARK,
STARING, MAD!**



WELL I WOULDN'T WORRY
ABOUT IT IF I WAS YOU,
BECAUSE I DOUBT VERY
MUCH THAT THEY'VE
GOT IT ON THE
JUKE
BOX
HERE!



WAITER! ANOTHER BEER!

THE END

THE FICKLE FREAK

OUR STORY IS SET IN THE SHADOW OF THE BIG TOP. OUR HEROINE BEV, THE BEARDED LADY,

...IS MADLY IN LOVE WITH EMILE, THE HUMAN PINCUSHION,

WHO ONLY HAS EYES FOR CELIA THE CIRCUS SWORD SWALLOWER.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO WIN THE GREAT EMILE, SHE SHAVED OFF HER BEARD

EMILE LOOK!

LATER KID!
CANCHYA SEE
I'M BUSY?



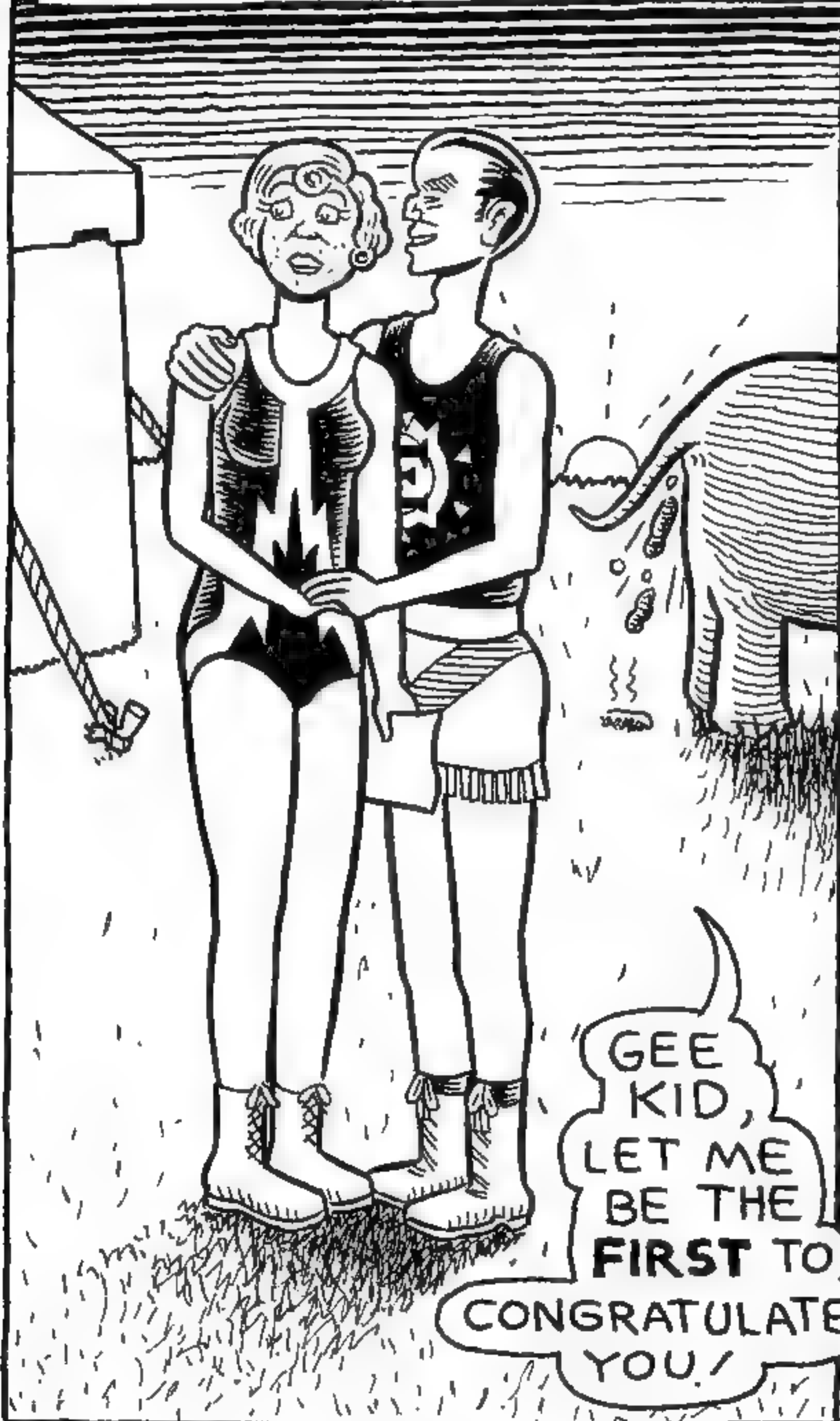
HOWEVER THE ONLY CONCRETE RESULT OF THAT EXPERIMENT, WAS THE LOSS OF HER JOB

BEV! THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU!

OUT!



NEWS OF THE INHERITANCE
BROUGHT ON A SURPRISE
CHANGE OF HEART IN EMILE



BUT, WHEN THE LAND TURNED OUT TO
BE MERELY A CEMETARY PLOT,...



EMILE WAS BACK WITH THE
SULTRY SWORD SWALLOWER
IN RECORD TIME!



THEN, IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY, SHE
DECIDED TO KILL THE FICKLE FREAK



BUT OVERLOOKING THE FACT THAT HE WAS A HUMAN
PINCUSHION, ..(AND USED TO SUCH ABUSE,)HER
EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN!

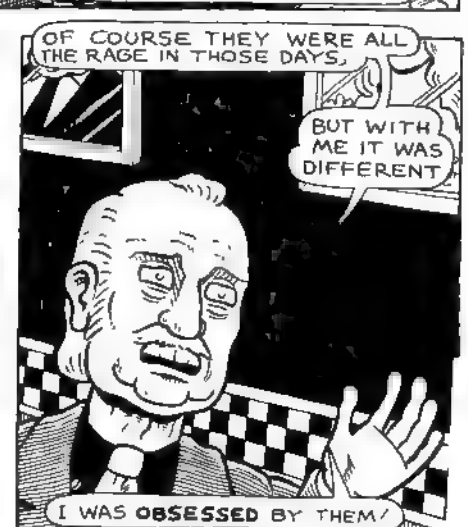
HEY! CUT IT OUT WILL YA!
YER RUININ THE MATERIAL!



The Bitter End

Kim Deitch

Where Are They Now?



CONGRATULATIONS

CONGRATULATIONS

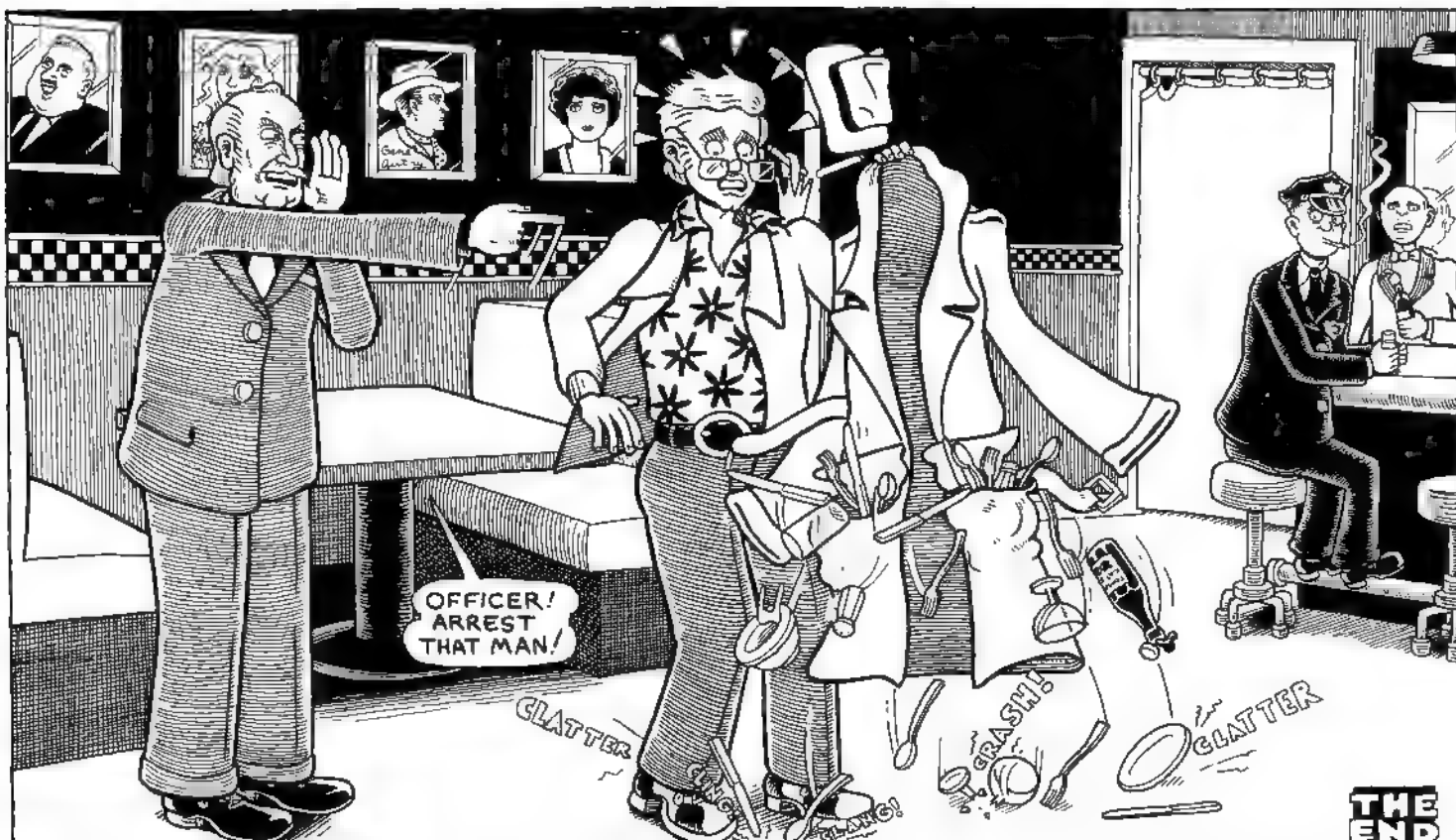
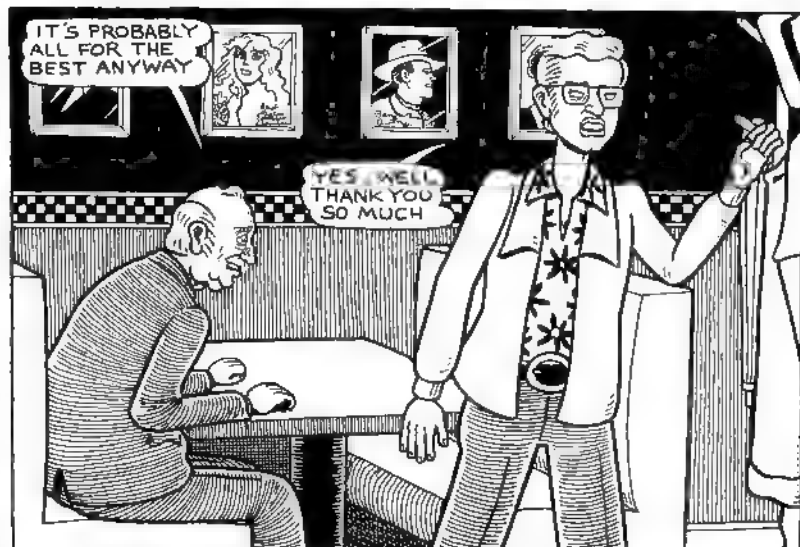
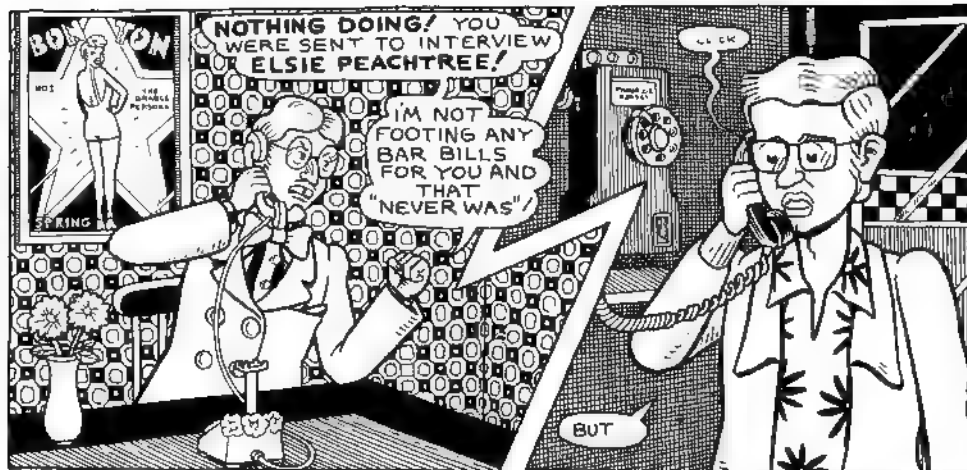
THE WHOOPIE CUSHION.

YES IT WAS COMPLETELY OVERSHADOWED BY THE TEAPOT DOME SCANDAL.

WHY BY NOW
I'D BE A
MULTI-
MILLIONAIRE!

W WONT YOU HAVE SOME
P-P-PUNCH?

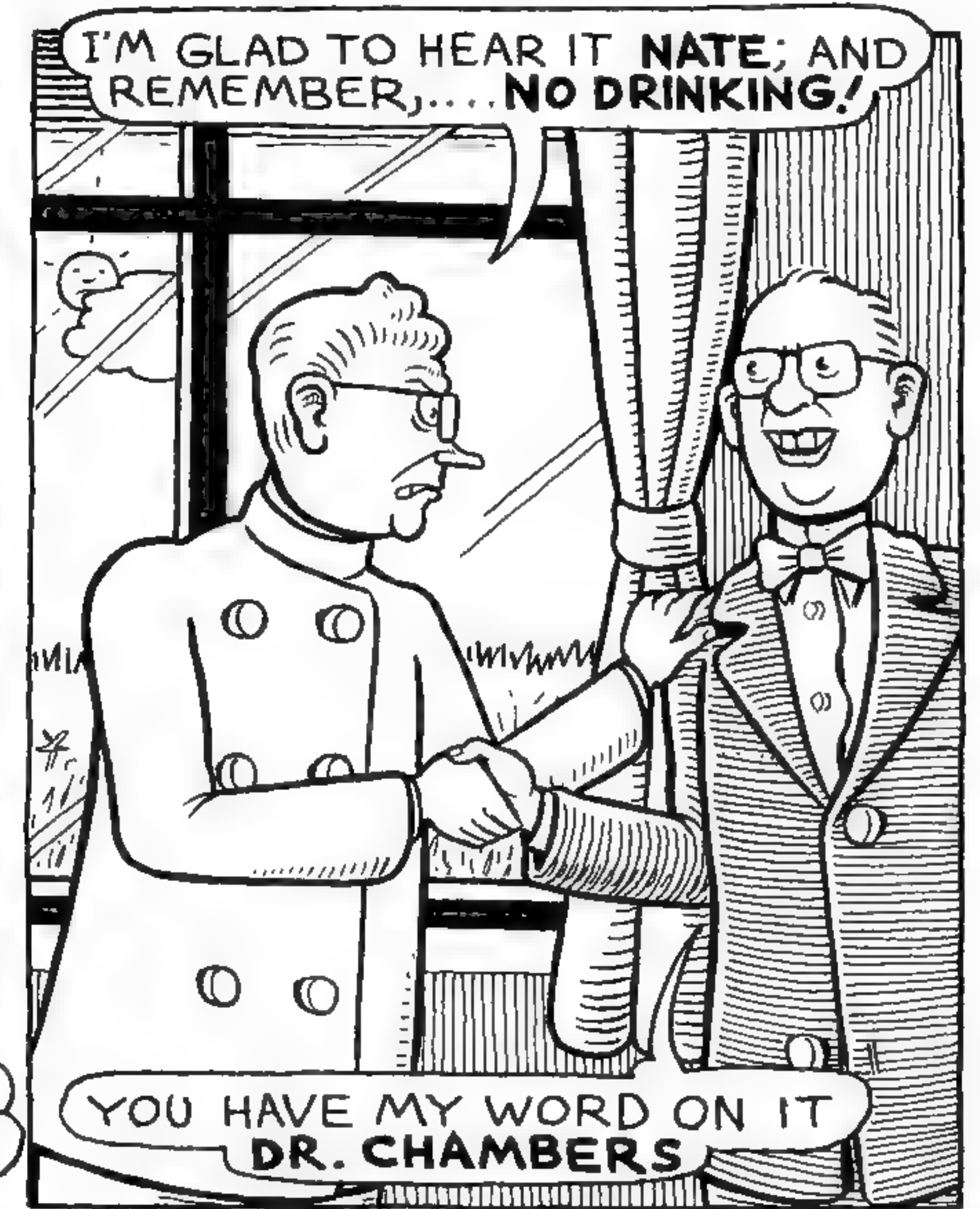
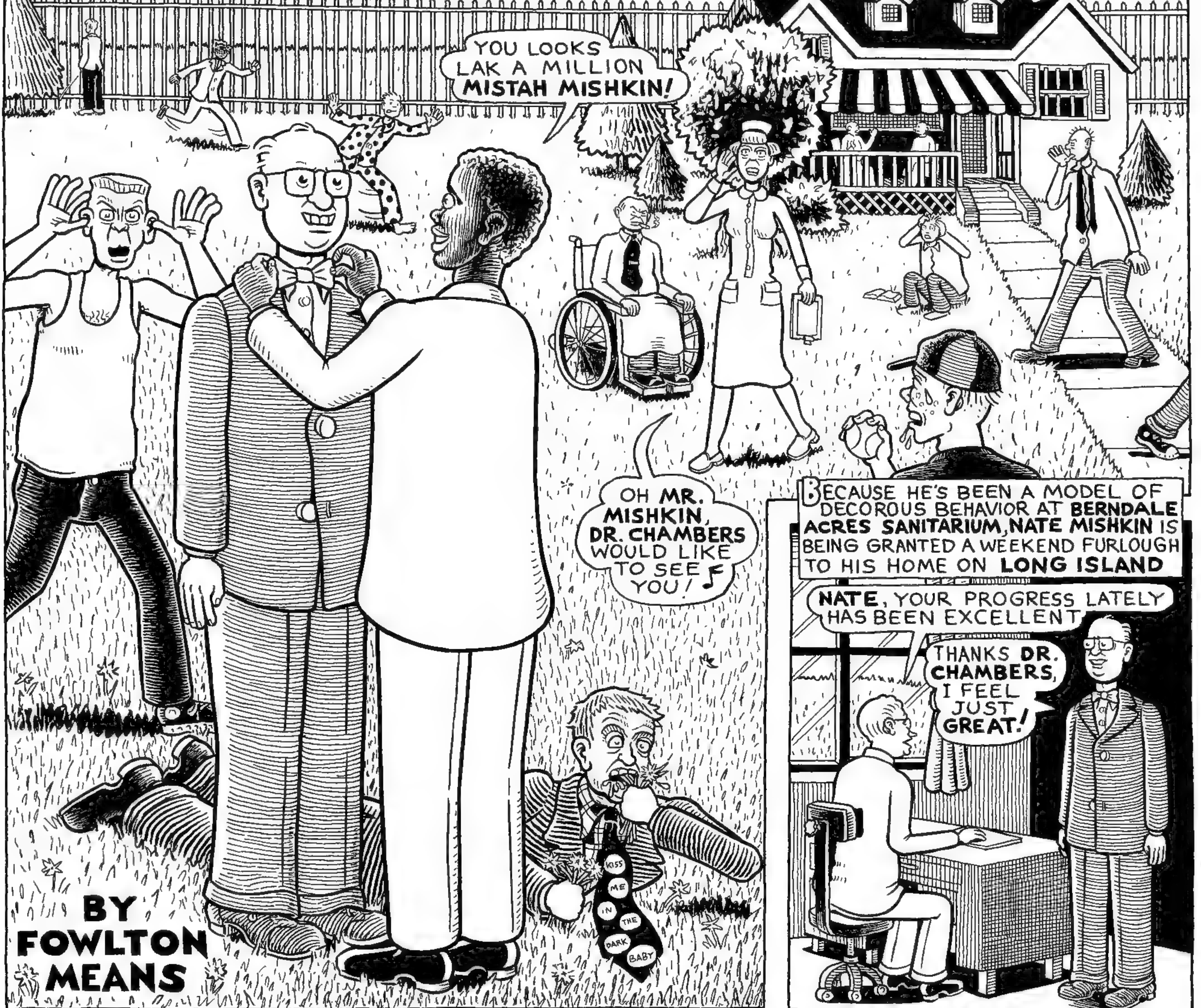


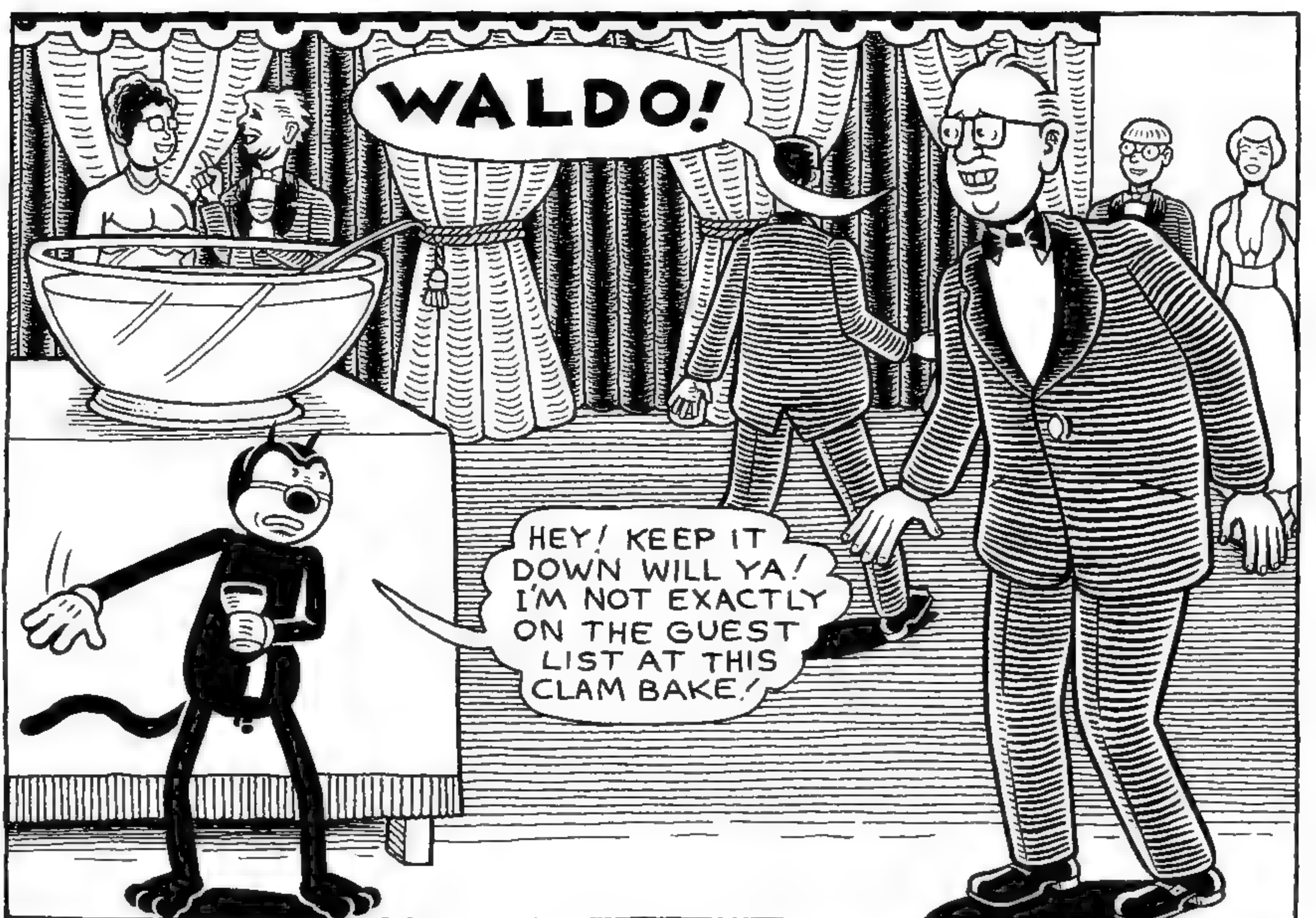
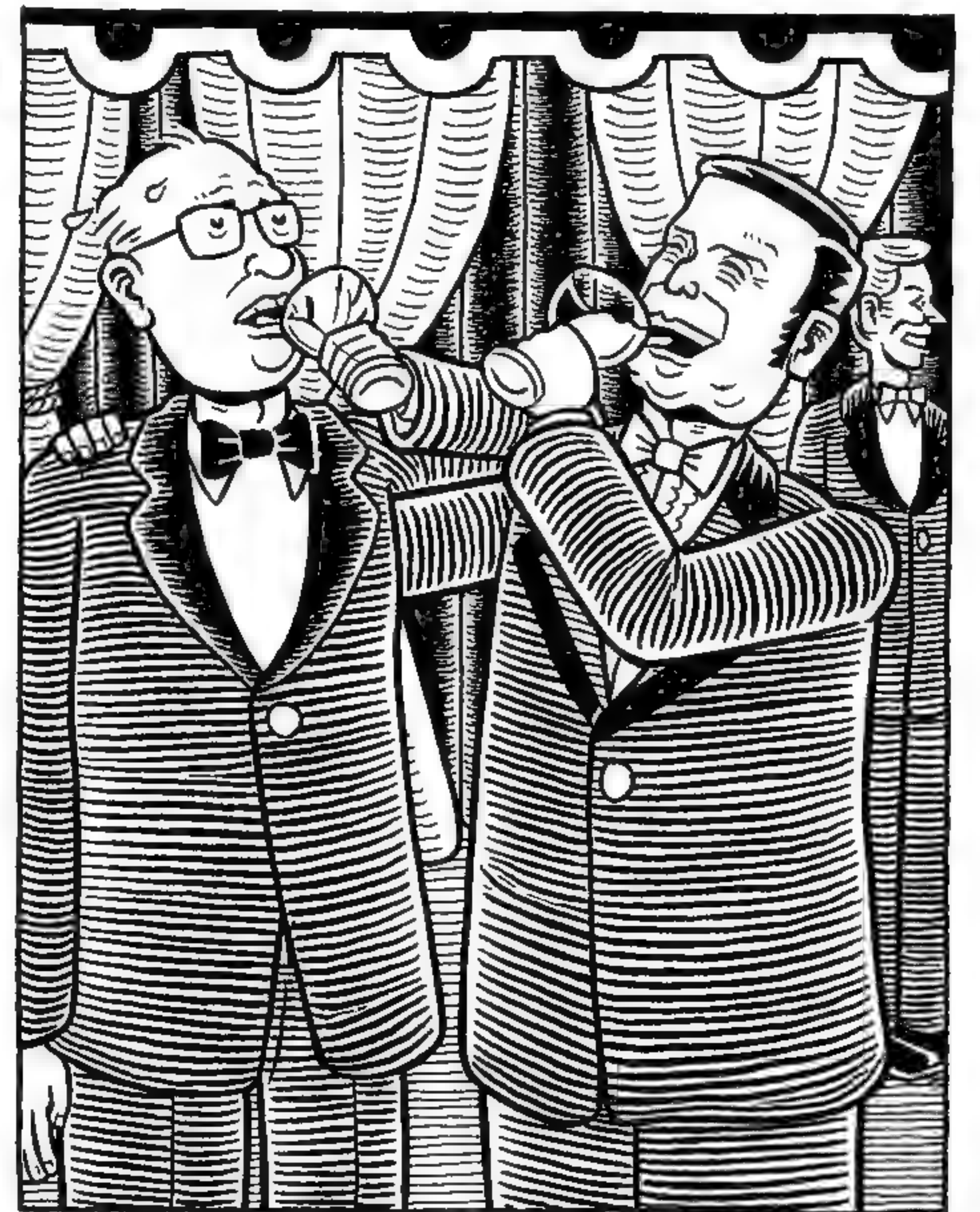
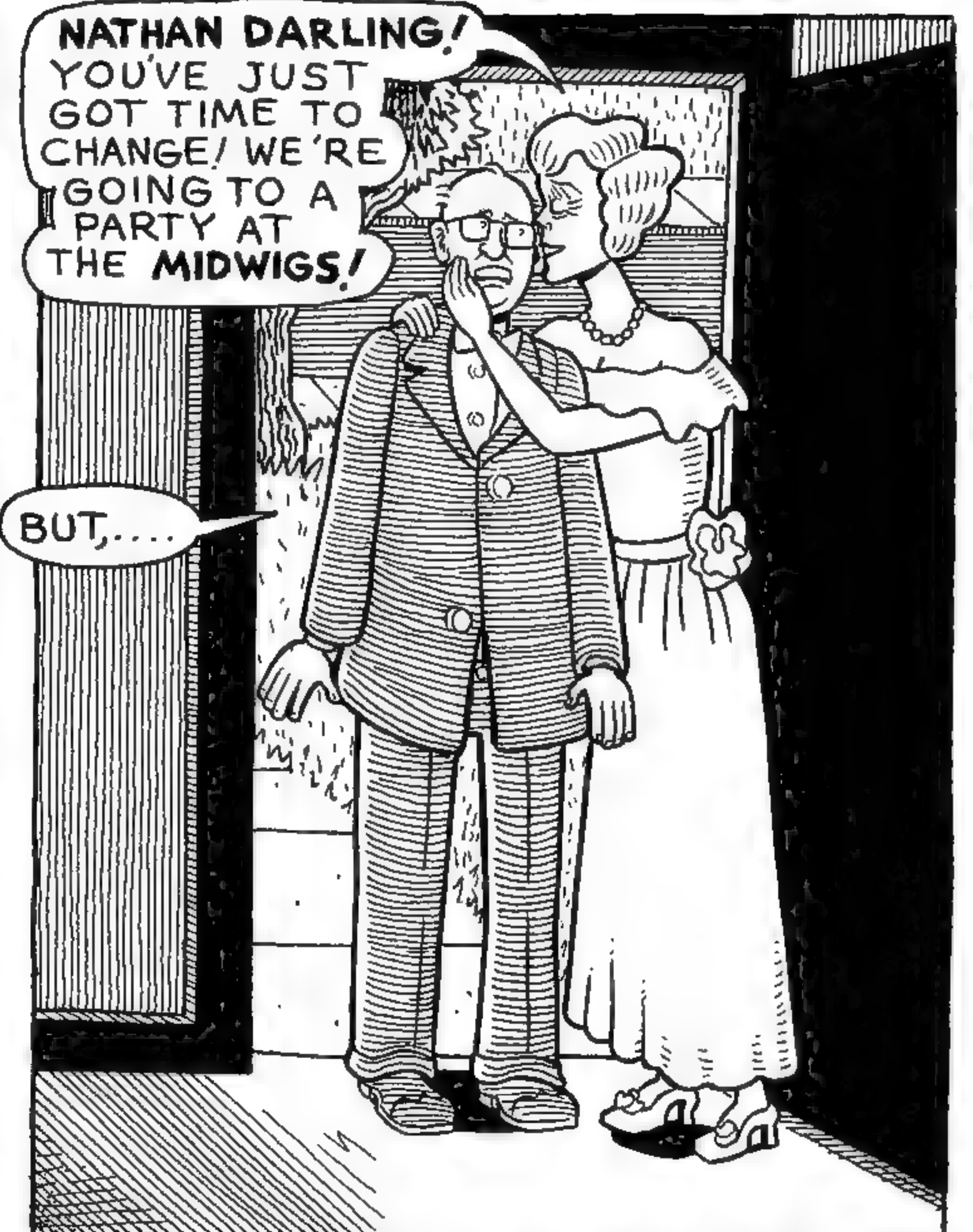


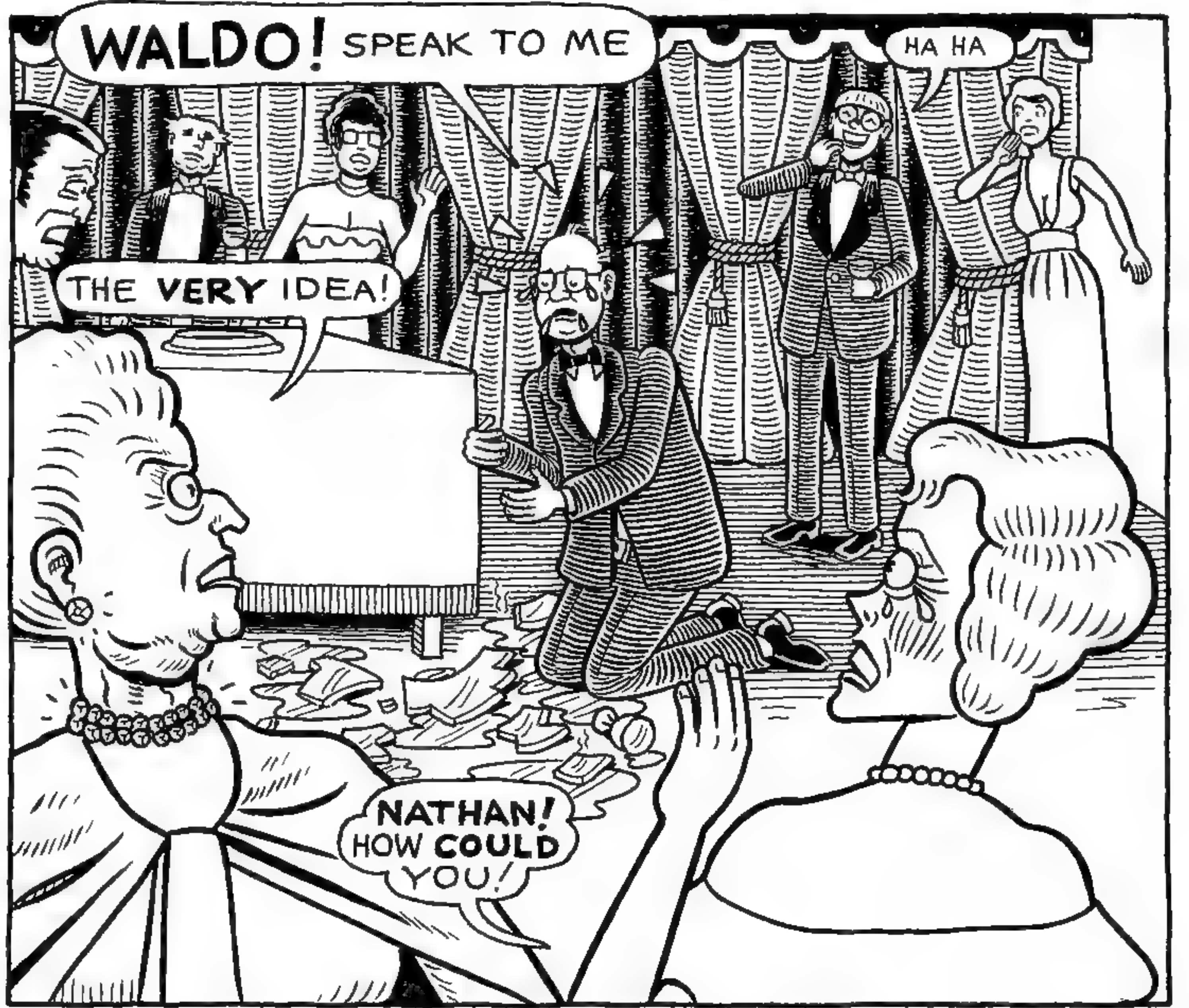
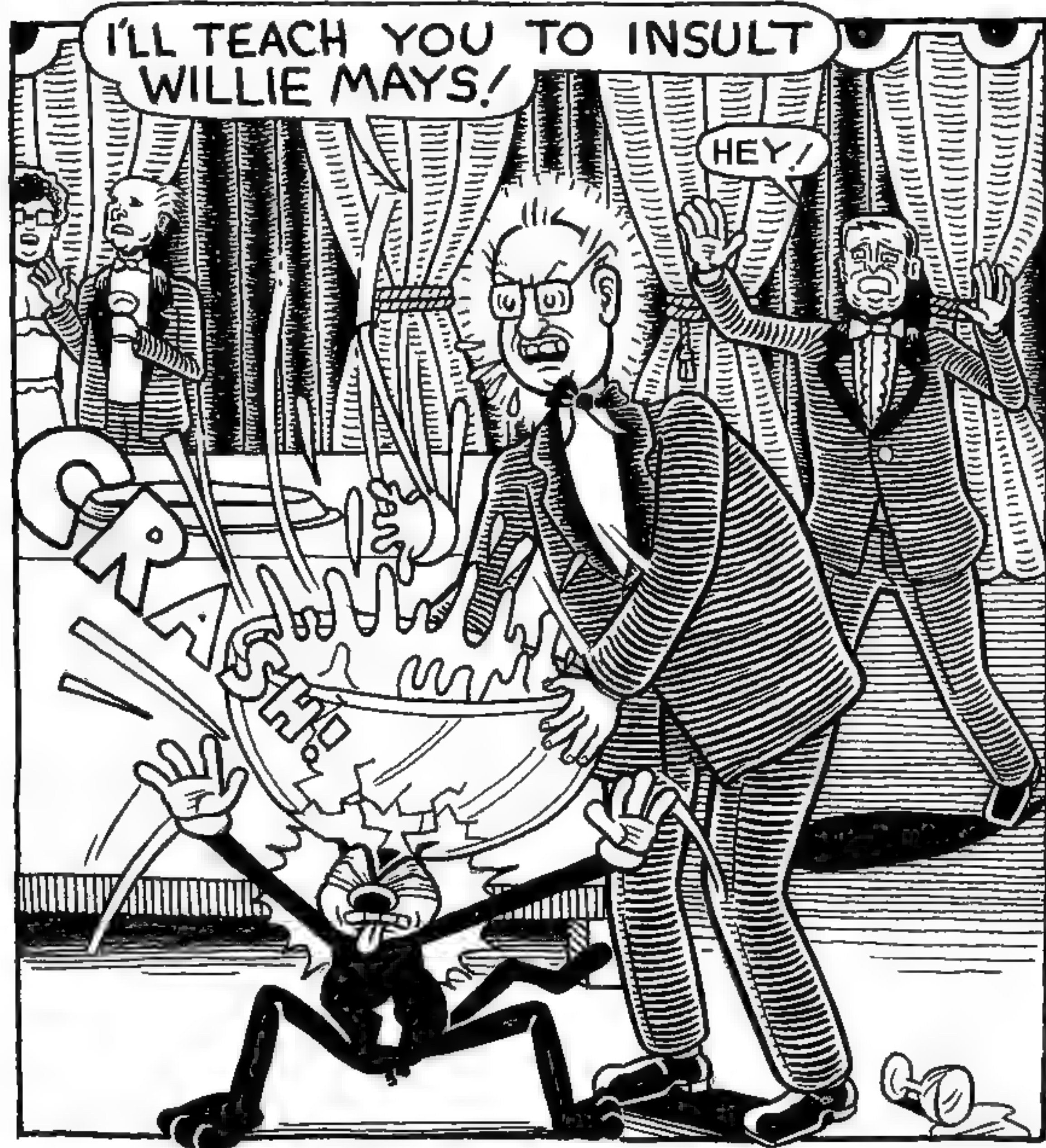
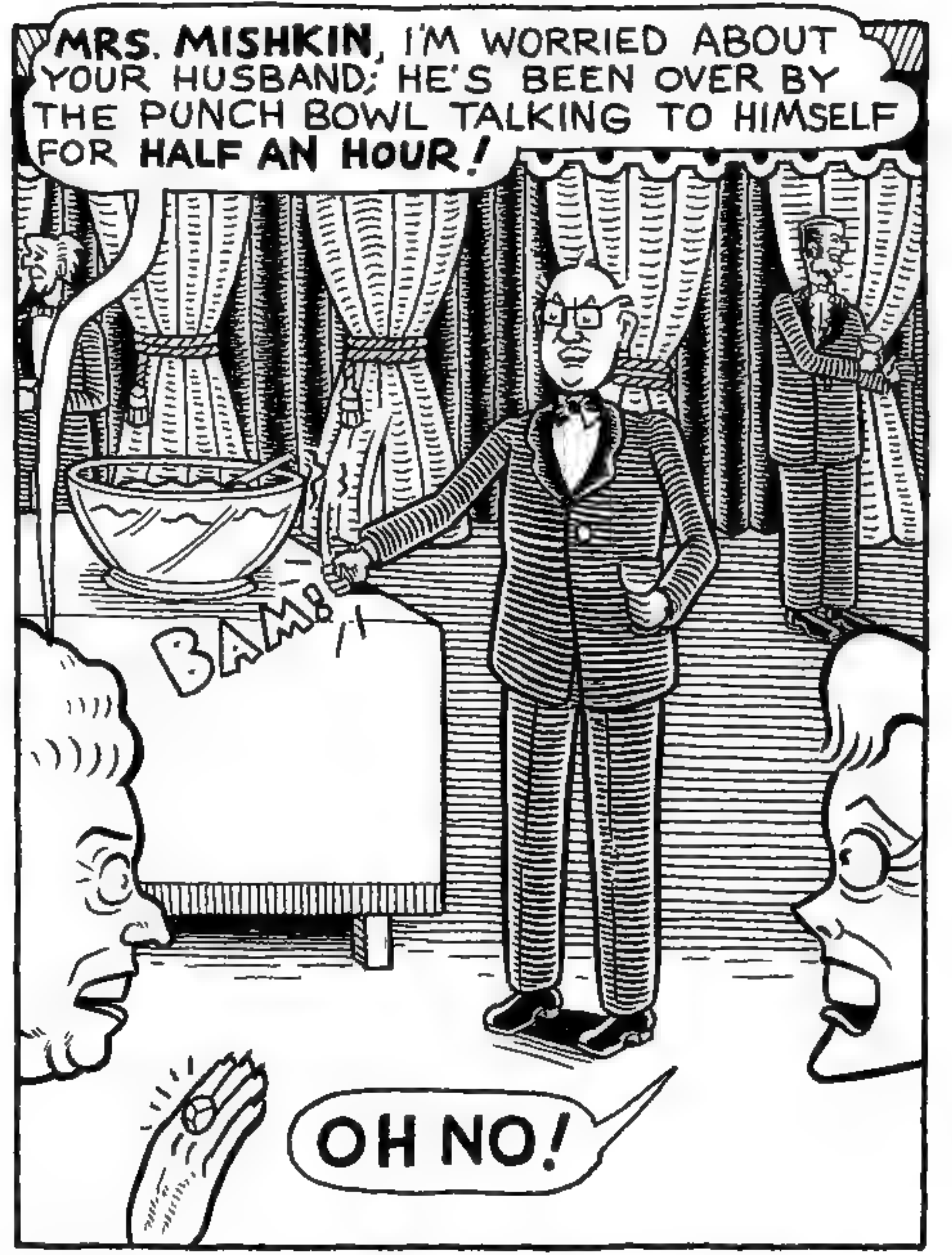
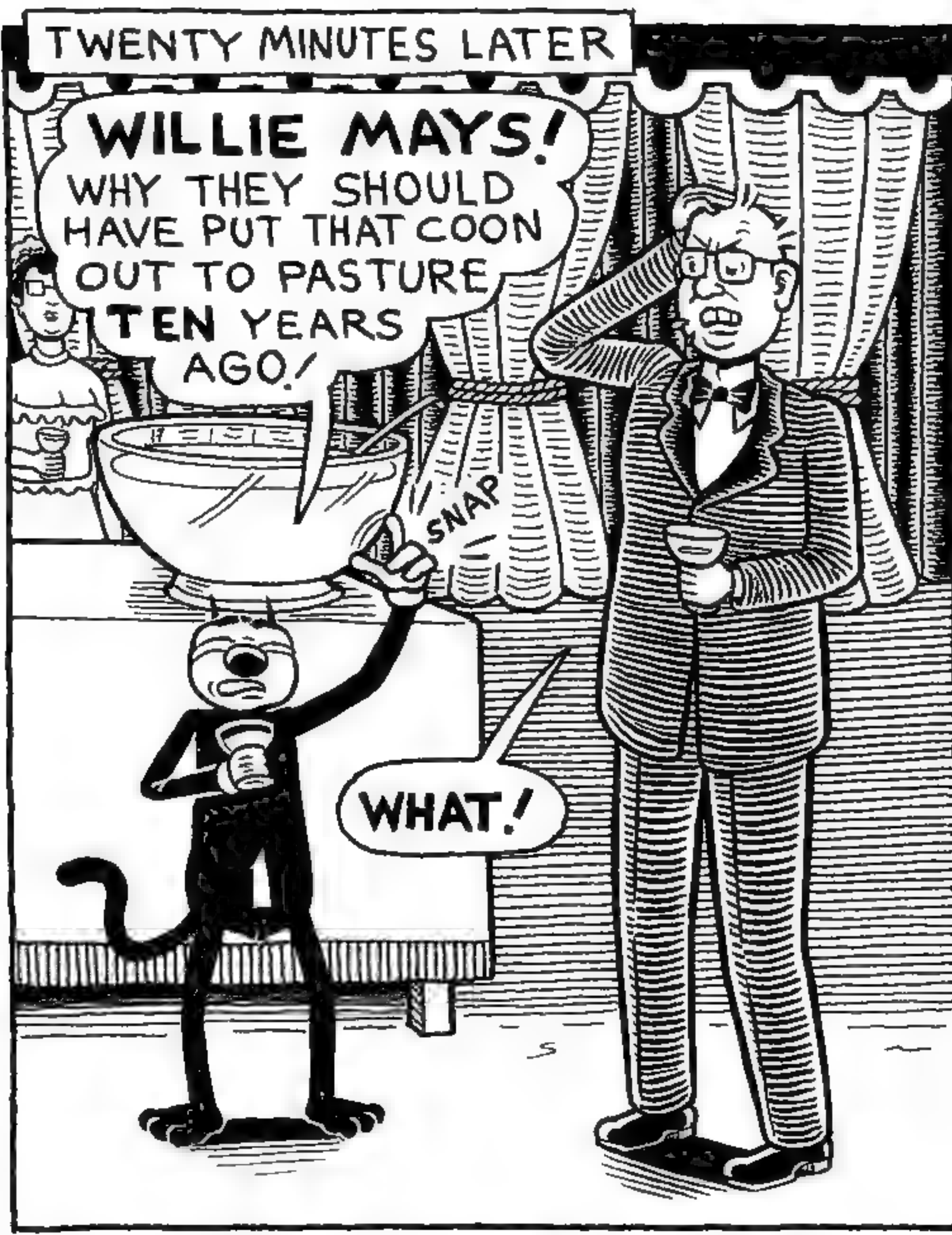


MISHKIN'S FOLLY

OR, A MOON, A FOOL, AND A FURLOUGH!

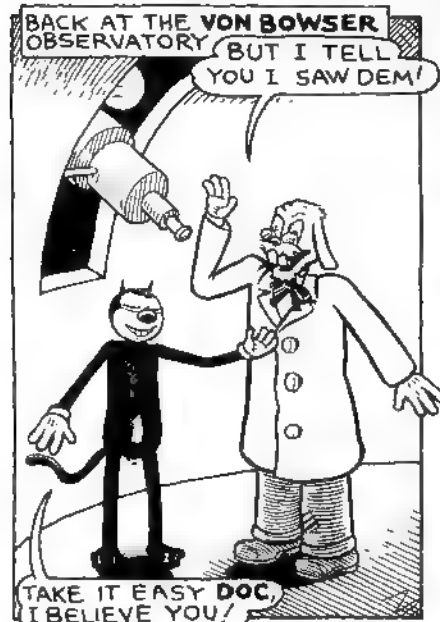
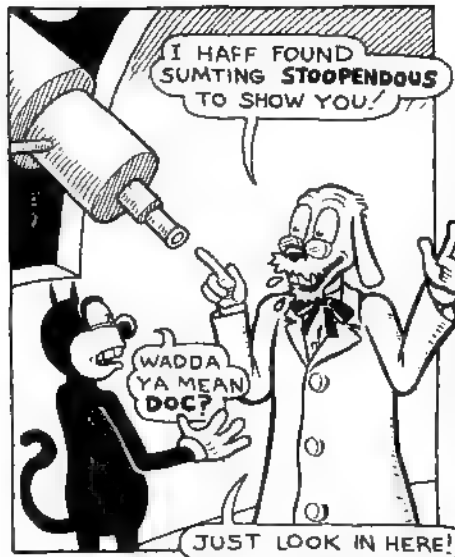






WALDO IN THE PENNY PINCHERS (FROM OUTER SPACE!

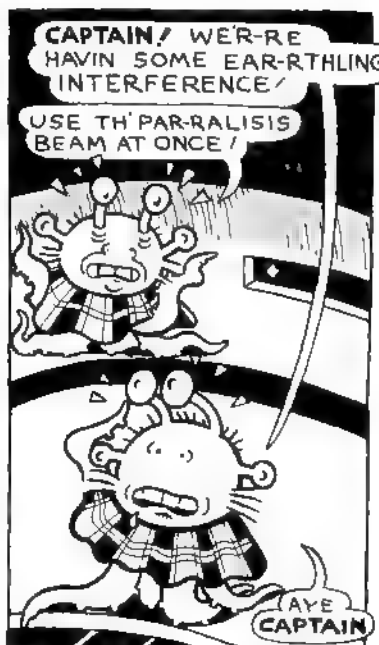
WALDO DECIDES TO PAY A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND, THE EMINENT DOCTOR BRUNO VON BOWSER.





HEY! THERE'S THAT PENNY! I THINK I WILL POCKET IT AT THAT!

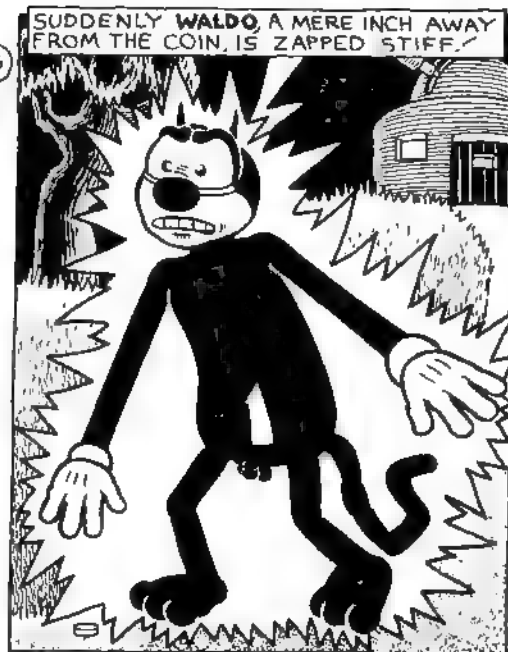
AFTER ALL, A PENNY SAVED,



CAPTAIN! WE'RE HAVIN SOME EAR-RTHLING INTERFERENCE!

USE TH' PARALYSIS BEAM AT ONCE!

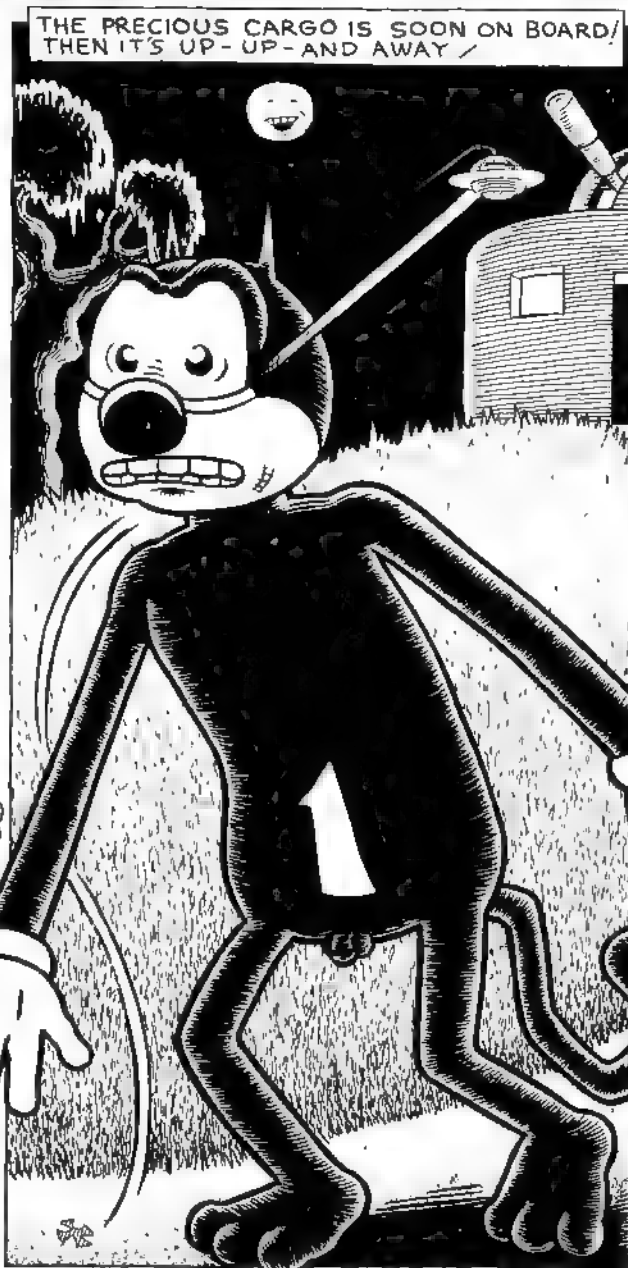
AYE CAPTAIN



SUDDENLY WALDO, A MERE INCH AWAY FROM THE COIN, IS ZAPPED STIFF.



THE LITTLE SAUCER WHIZZES RIGHT PAST WALDO'S UNSEEING GAZE



THE PRECIOUS CARGO IS SOON ON BOARD! THEN IT'S UP-UP-AND AWAY!



THE LOADING PROCESS DOWN BELOW, IS DONE QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY

EASY DOES IT LADDIE

UGH!



THEN WALDO COMES TO

HEY! THE PENNY'S DISAPPEARED!



MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE AGAIN

IN GOD WE TRUST

HA HA!

HA HA!

BOY! THAT DOPE VON BOWSER GAVE ME SURE IS SNEAKY STUFF!

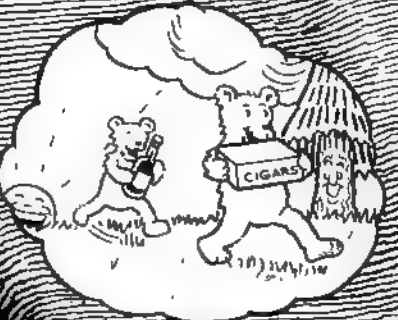
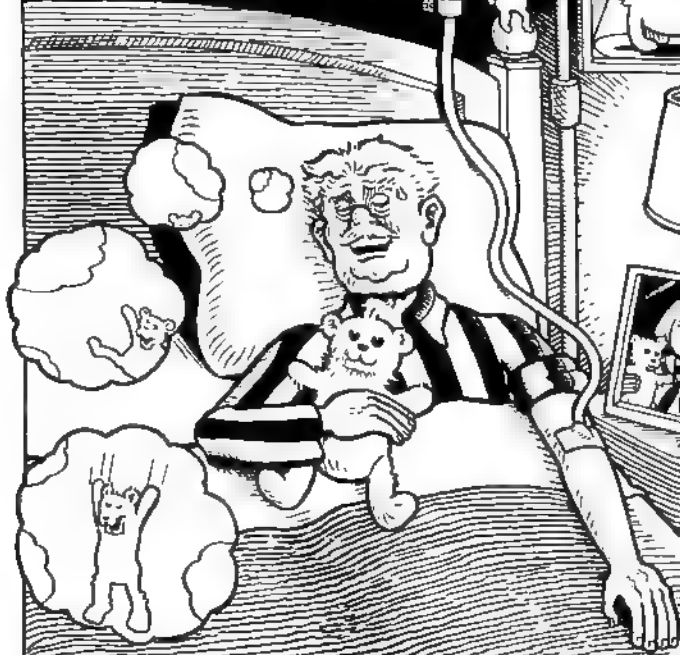
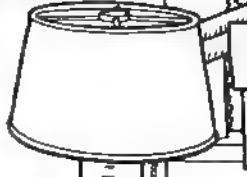
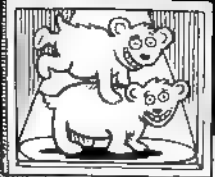
The End

Kim Deutch





HOLLIS HALE, THE NOTED FINANCIER AND NOTORIOUS COLLECTOR OF ALL KINDS OF "TEDDY BEARIANA," DRIFTS INTO HIS FINAL COMA.



AND HERE COME THE RELATIVES NOTE THE CUTE SUITS HOLLIS'S LAST REQUEST WAS TO SEE HIS KIN DECKED OUT LIKE THIS. THEY DARE NOT REFUSE

HIS IS WILBER HALE, (A NE'ER DO WELL IF EVER THERE WAS ONE), DOING HIS TURN FOR A FEATURED SPOT IN THE WILL

BUT WORRY NOT, THIS CROWD DOESN'T KNOW IT YET BUT HE LEFT IT ALL TO "THE COMMITTEE OF CONCERNED CITIZENS FOR IMPROVED KOALA BEAR CONDITIONS," HIS FAVORITE CHARITY.



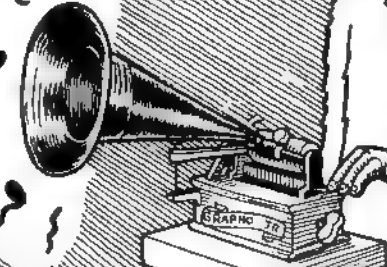
YA CAN GO BACK DOWN HE ISN'T CONSCIOUS.

WHAT A RELIEF! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS TACKY OUTFIT AT ONCE!

IS FAITHFUL VALET PLAYS HIS FAVORITE SONG, A RARE CYLINDER RECORDING OF "THE TEDDY BEAR'S PICNIC"

I'M AFRAID HE'S SINKING

BOO HOOO! HOOOW!

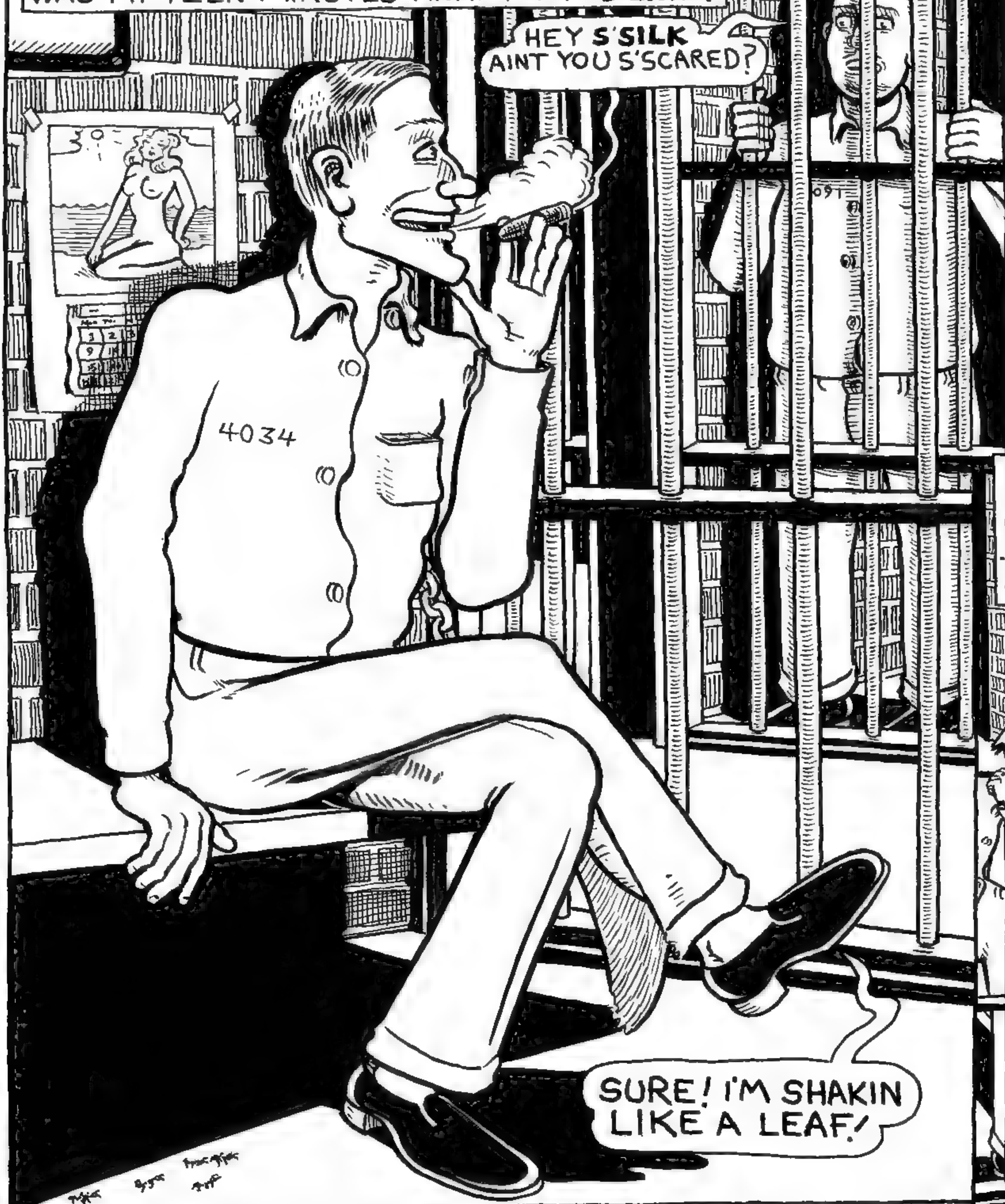


O F COURSE JUST NOW HOLLIS COULD CARE LESS ABOUT ANY OF THIS. HIS THOUGHTS ARE A MILLION MILES AWAY.

BORN AGAIN

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE **IDAHO PEN**, BACK IN '35. **SILK MILLER**, A CHEAP HOOLIGAN WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES AWAY FROM **DEATH!**

SURE! HE'D BEEN NERVOUS WHEN HE FIRST CAME ONTO THE ROW, BUT **COSMO** CHANGED ALL THAT.

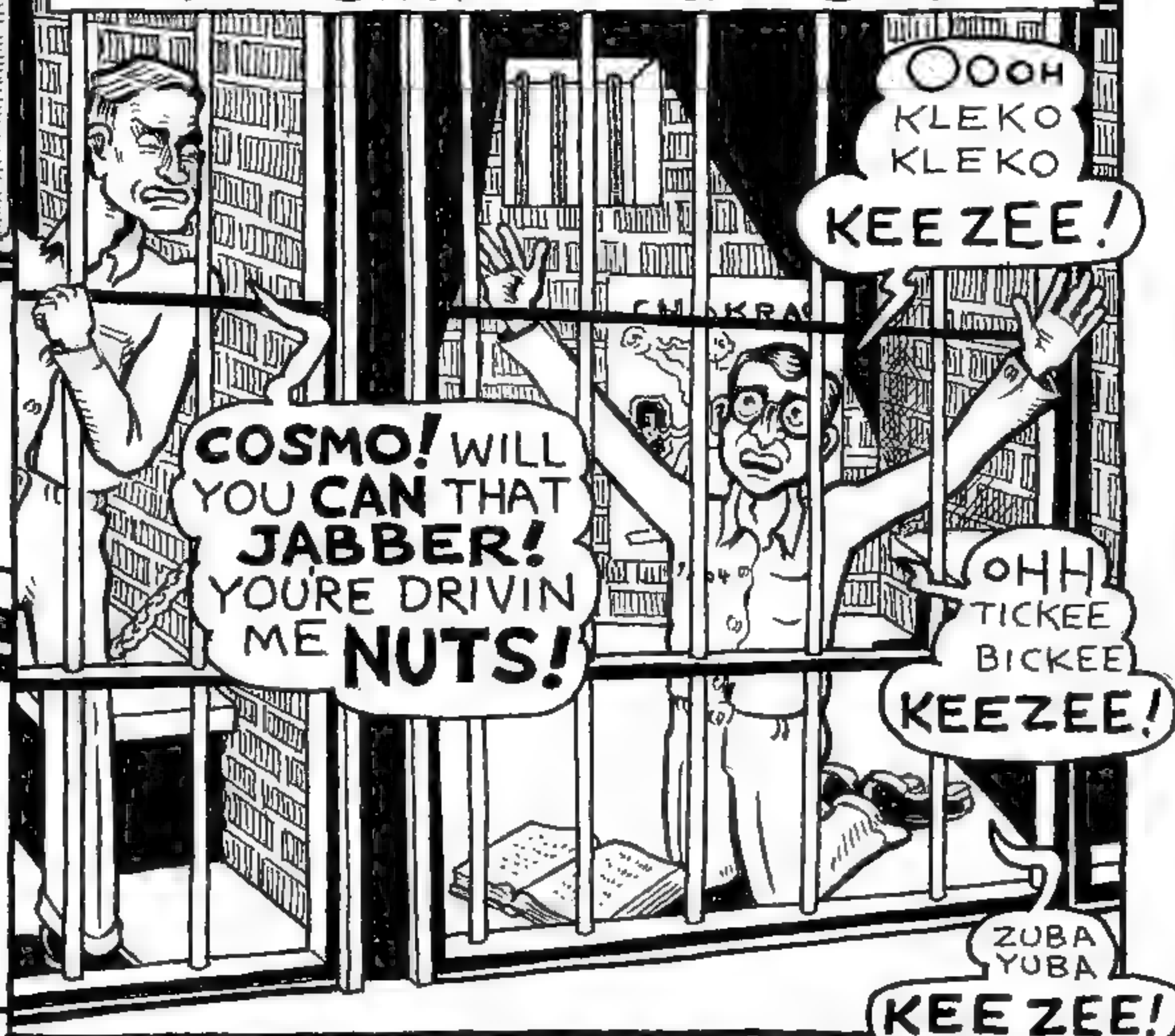


HEY S' SILK
AINT YOU S'SCARED?

SURE! I'M SHAKIN
LIKE A LEAF!



UP UNTIL A WEEK BEFORE, A WEIRD LITTLE GUY NAMED **COSMO LAVEY** WHO WAS ON DEATH ROW FOR A PARTICULARLY GRUESOME RITUALISTIC KILLING, HAD BEEN HIS NEIGHBOR



OOOH
KLEKO
KLEKO
KEE ZEE!

COSMO! WILL
YOU CAN THAT
JABBER!
YOU'RE DRIVIN
ME NUTS!

OH!
TICKEE
BICKEE
KEEZEE!

ZUBA
YUBA
KEE ZEE!

COSMO HAD BEEN A STUDENT OF THE **OCCULT**, AND HE CONTINUED TO PURSUE IT ON THE ROW.

DON'T WORRY **SILK** YOU
WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ME
TOO MUCH LONGER
(CHUCKLE)



RIGHT UP TO THE
DAY BEFORE HIS
DATE WITH DEATH



SAY YOU'RE PRETTY CHIPPER
FOR A GUY THAT'S GONNA
BURN TOMORROW!

WELL WHY
NOT? I FIND MY
IMPENDING DOOM
NO GREAT CAUSE
FOR ANXIETY!





THAT'S CAUSE YER **NUTS!** LISSEN PAL, WHEN THEY THROW THE SWITCH, **THAT'S ALL BROTHER!**



PERHAPS,...IF YOU **WANTED** IT THAT WAY, BUT... **HMM!**



SILK! HERE'S THE **PERFECT** SPELL FOR **YOU!** NOT ONLY DOES IT PROMISE TO **RE-INCARNATE**, IT GUARAN-TEES TO MAKE YOU **FAMOUS!**

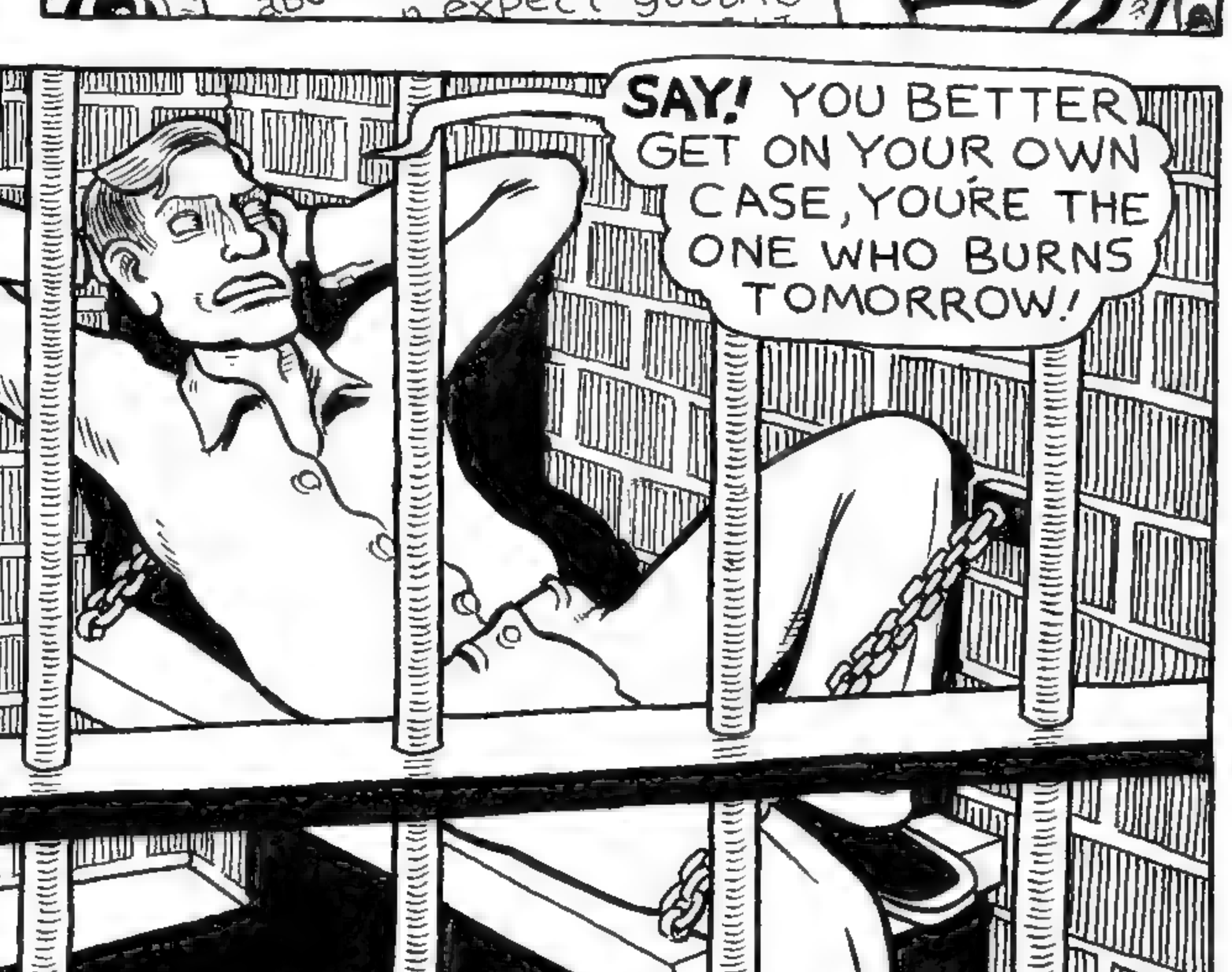
OHPOH OTAY OTOH
By concentrating mentally upon the delightful phrase above, even the novice or expect good re-



MIND YOU, I'M NOT SPEAK-ING OF THE PENNY ANTE NOTORIETY YOU'VE CURRENT-LY ACCRUED, I'M TALKING ABOUT **REAL FAME!** AND BEST OF ALL... IT'S A **CINCH!**



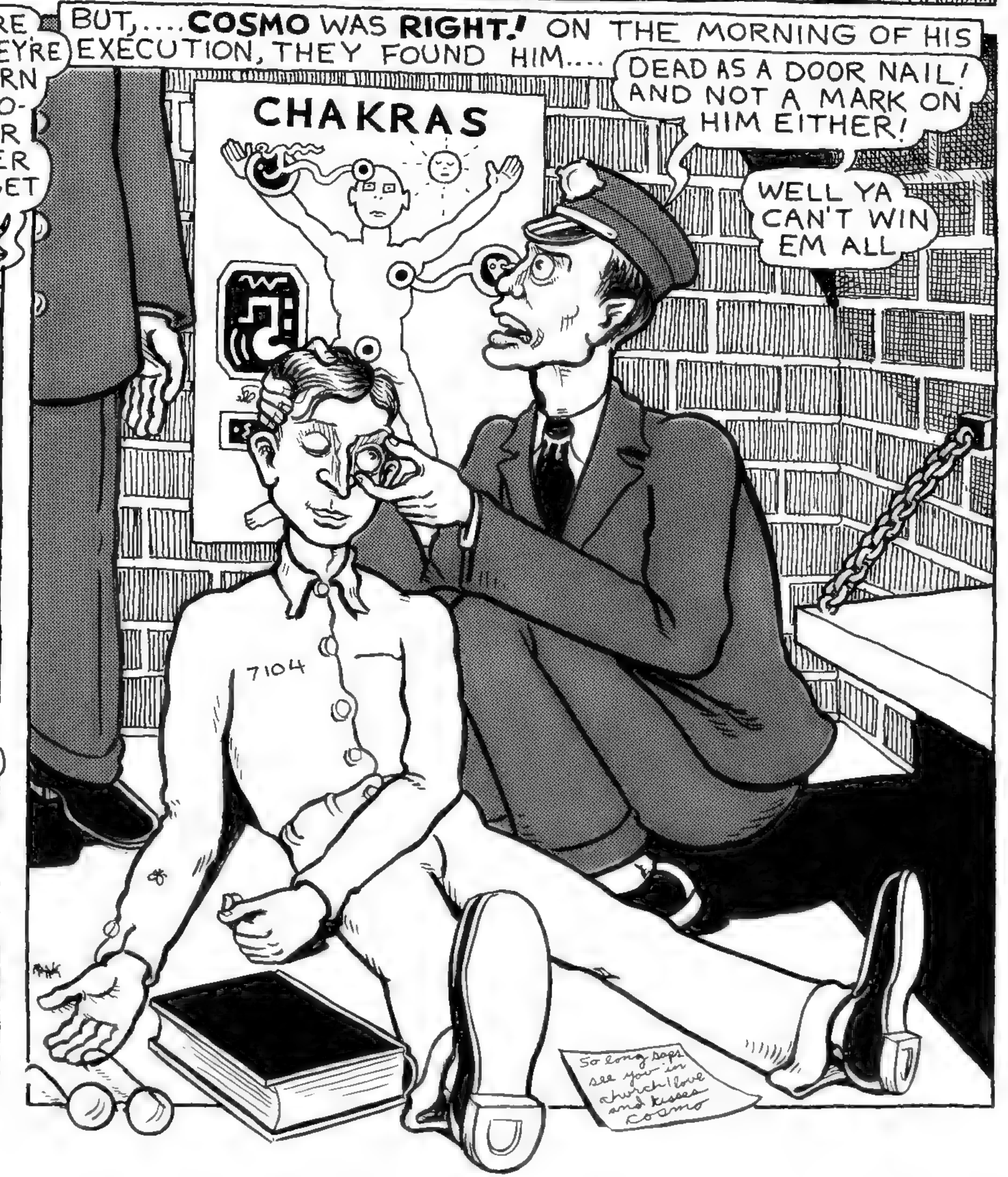
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP REPEATING **THIS** PHRASE, **OHPOH OTAY, OTOH!** YOU DONT EVEN NEED TO **SAY** IT... JUST KEEP **THINKING** IT!



SAY! YOU BETTER GET ON YOUR OWN CASE, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BURNS TOMORROW!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG **SILK!** THEY'RE NOT GONNA BURN **ME!** NOT TO-MORROW OR ANY OTHER DAY! GET ME?



BUT,... **COSMO WAS RIGHT!** ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION, THEY FOUND HIM....

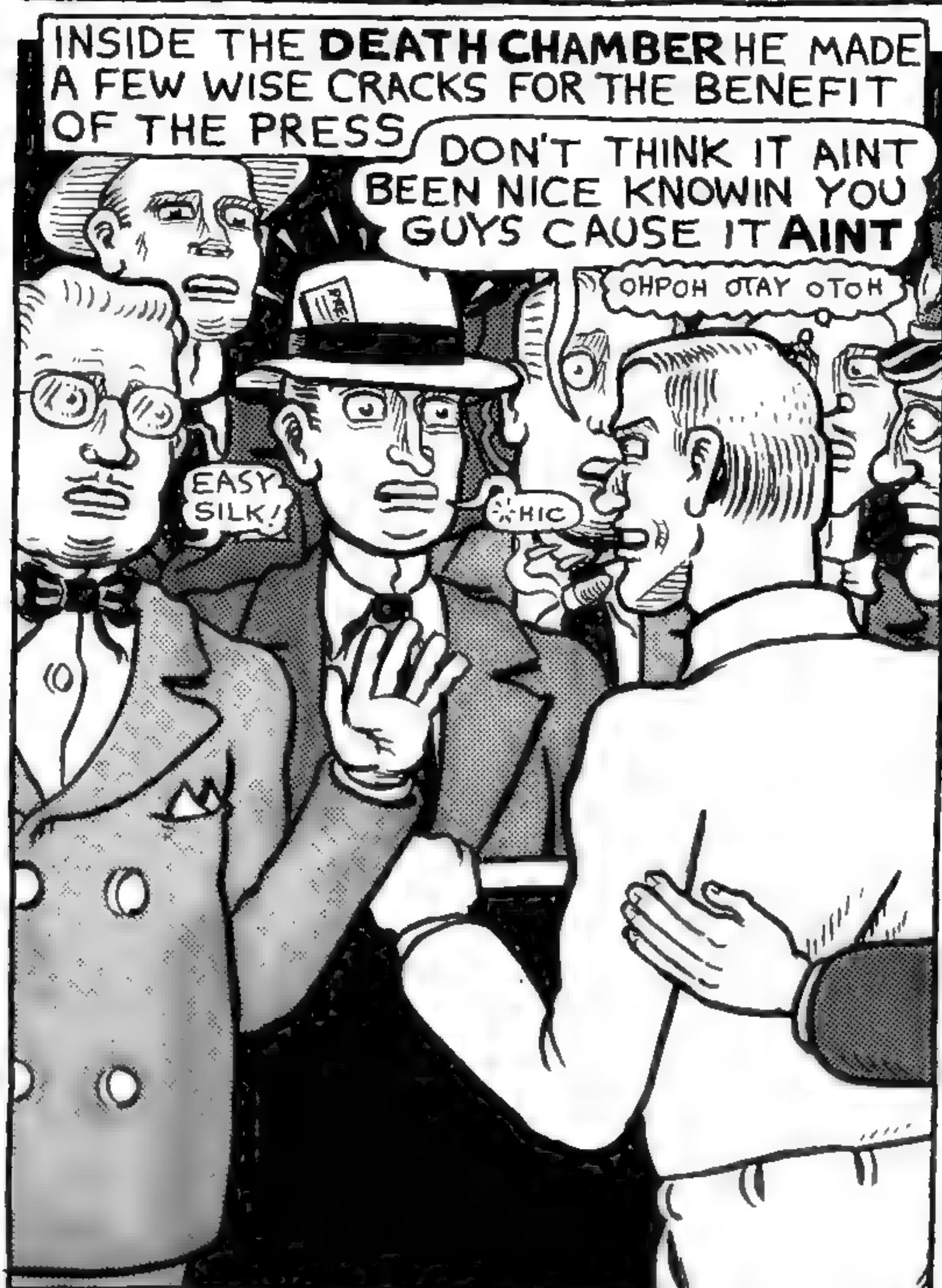
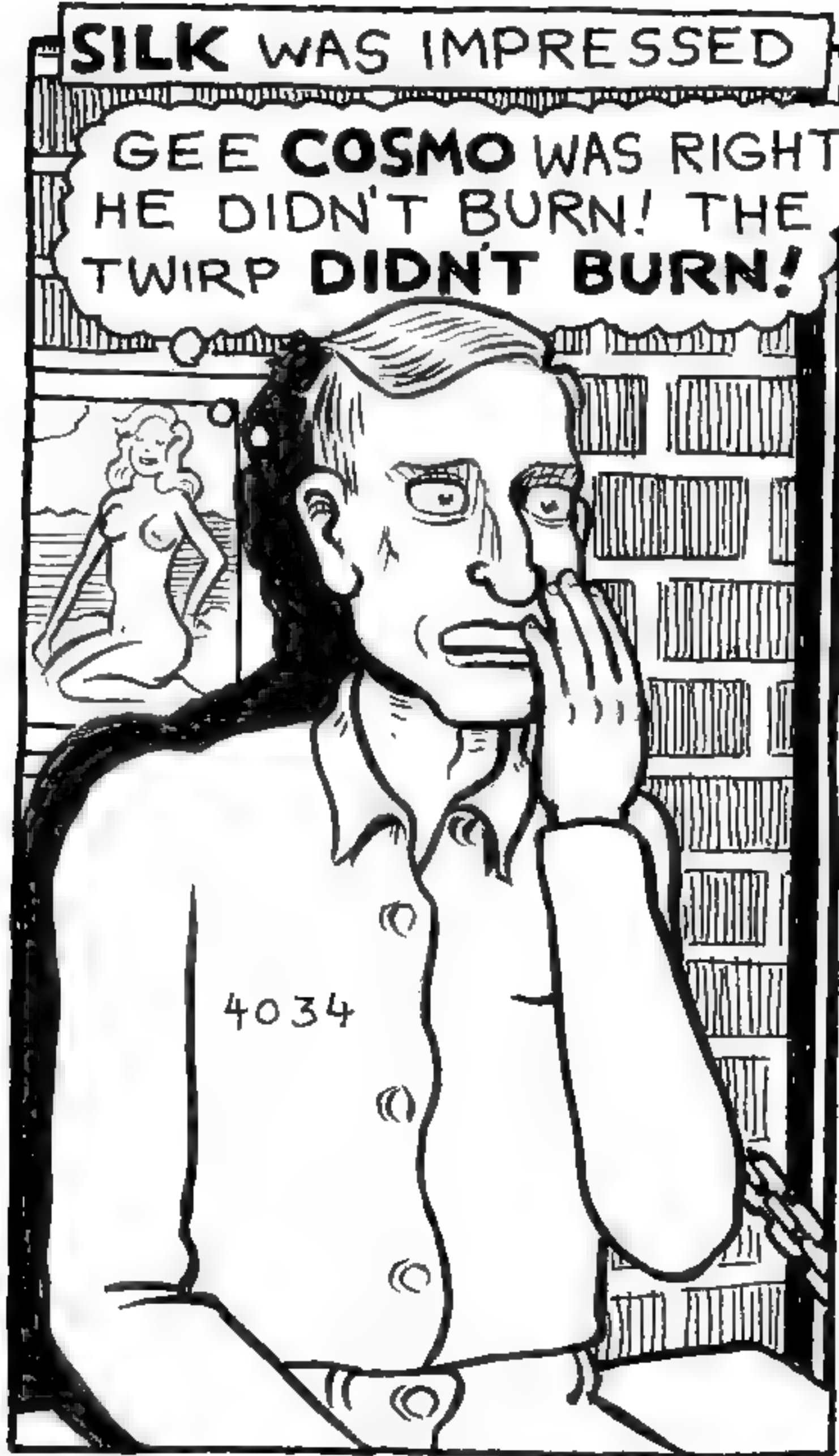
DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL! AND NOT A MARK ON HIM EITHER!

WELL YA CAN'T WIN EM ALL

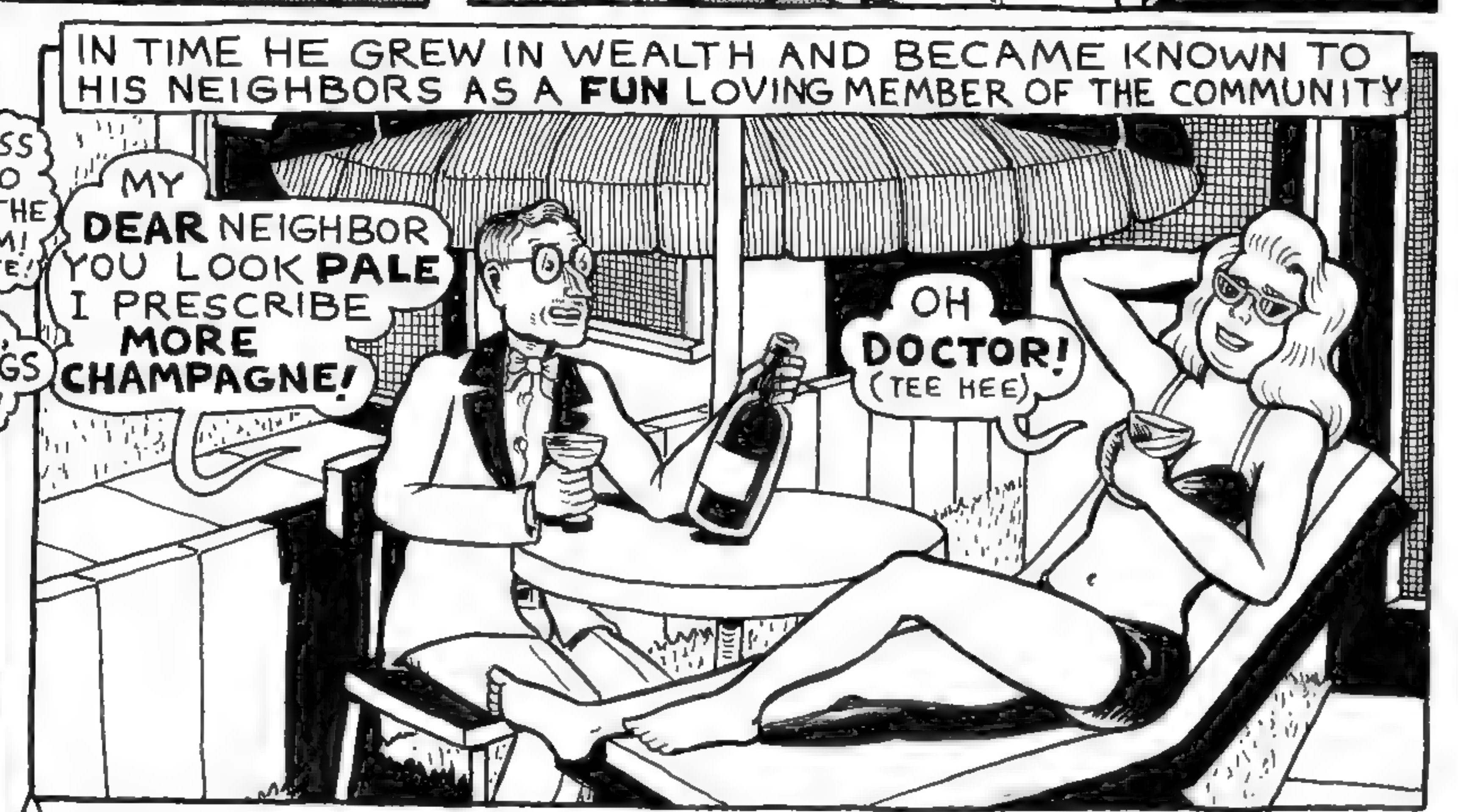
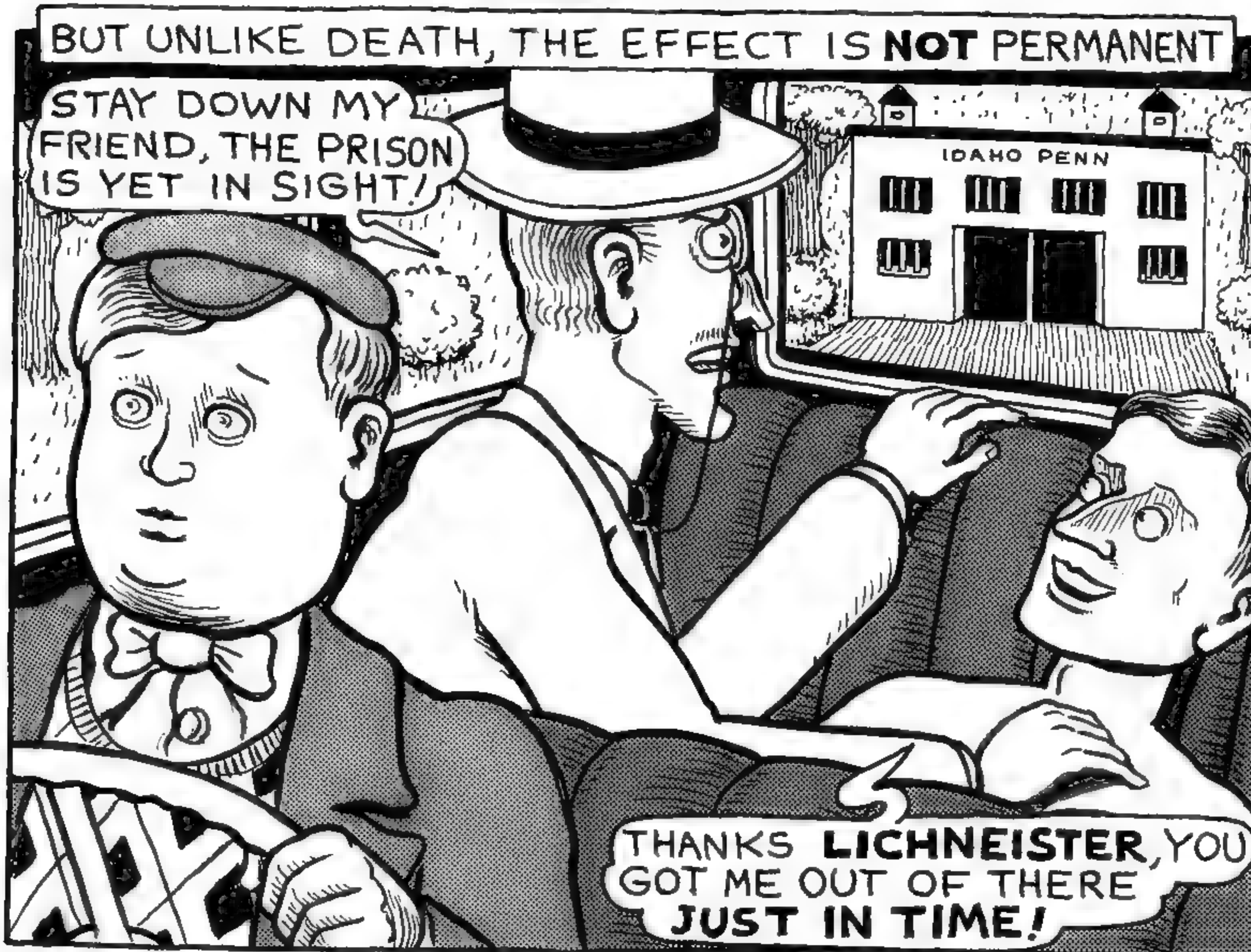


SURE PAL, ANYTHING YOU SAY

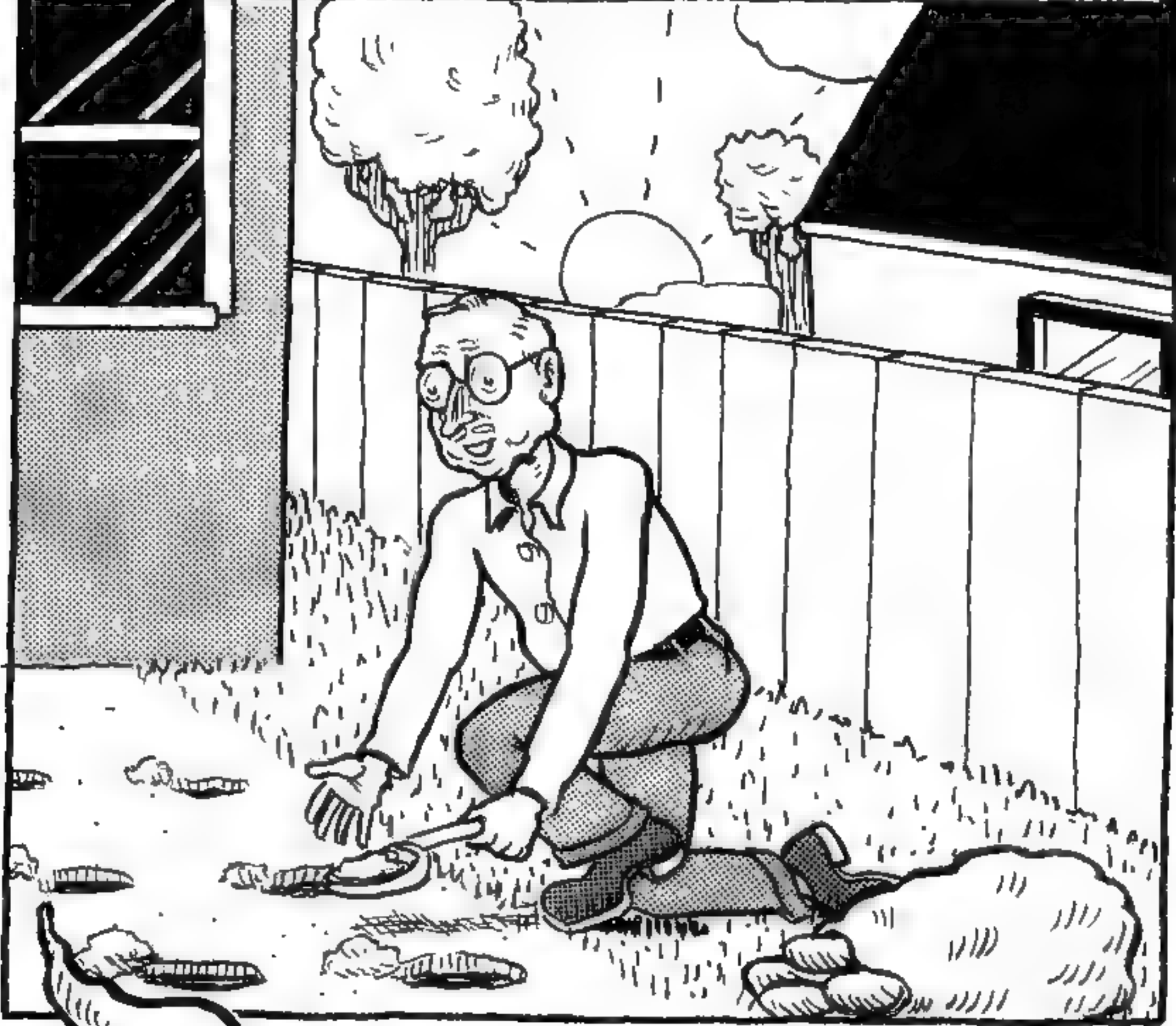
So long, hope
see you in
church! love
and kisses
Cosmo



AND WHAT OF **SILK'S** REINCARNATION AND SUBSEQUENT FAME? FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT BLAZING QUESTION WE MUST BACKTRACK TO THE DAY OF **COSMO'S** SUPPOSED **DEATH**. YES YOU READ IT CORRECTLY; AS SOME OF YOU PROBABLY GUESSED, **COSMO DID NOT DIE**, BUT WAS ACTUALLY IN A SELF INDUCED **CATALEPTIC TRANCE** WHICH **MIMICS DEATH** IN EVERY PARTICULAR



BUT WHAT OF **SILK**? WELL DEAR READER, LAST YEAR **COSMO**, ALIAS **DR. RICHARDSON**, WAS PUTTERING IN HIS POTATO PATCH. THE DAY'S YIELD WAS PLENTIFUL



HE WAS DIGGING UP ONE LAST POTATO WHEN HE GOT THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!



THE LAST ONE WAS A **FREAK!** THIS POTATO, UNLIKE ANY HE'D SEEN BEFORE, HAD LONG ARM LIKE APPENDAGES

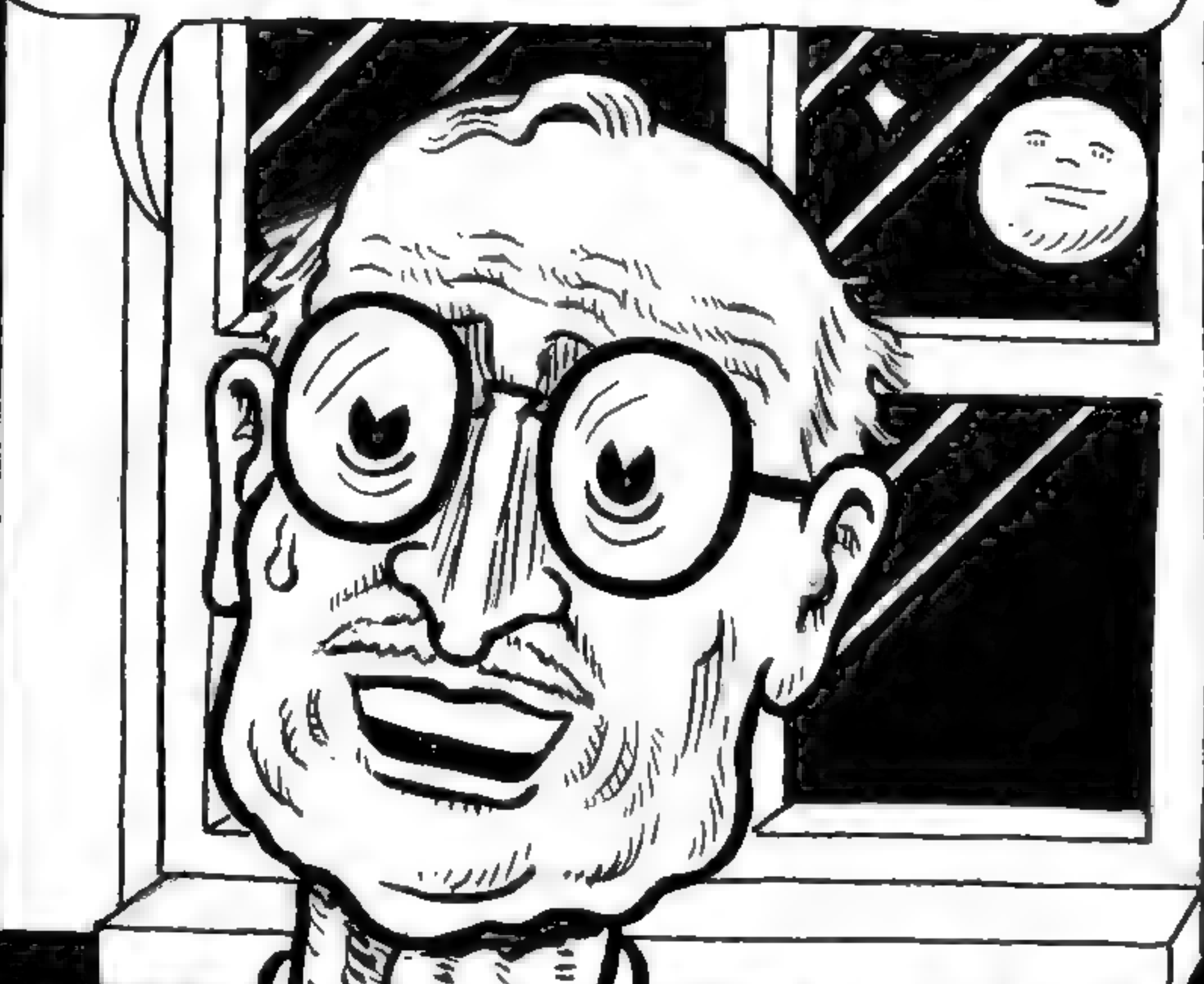


WEIRDER STILL, IN THE CENTER OF **THIS** POTATO WAS THE FROZEN LIKENESS OF **SILK MILLER!**

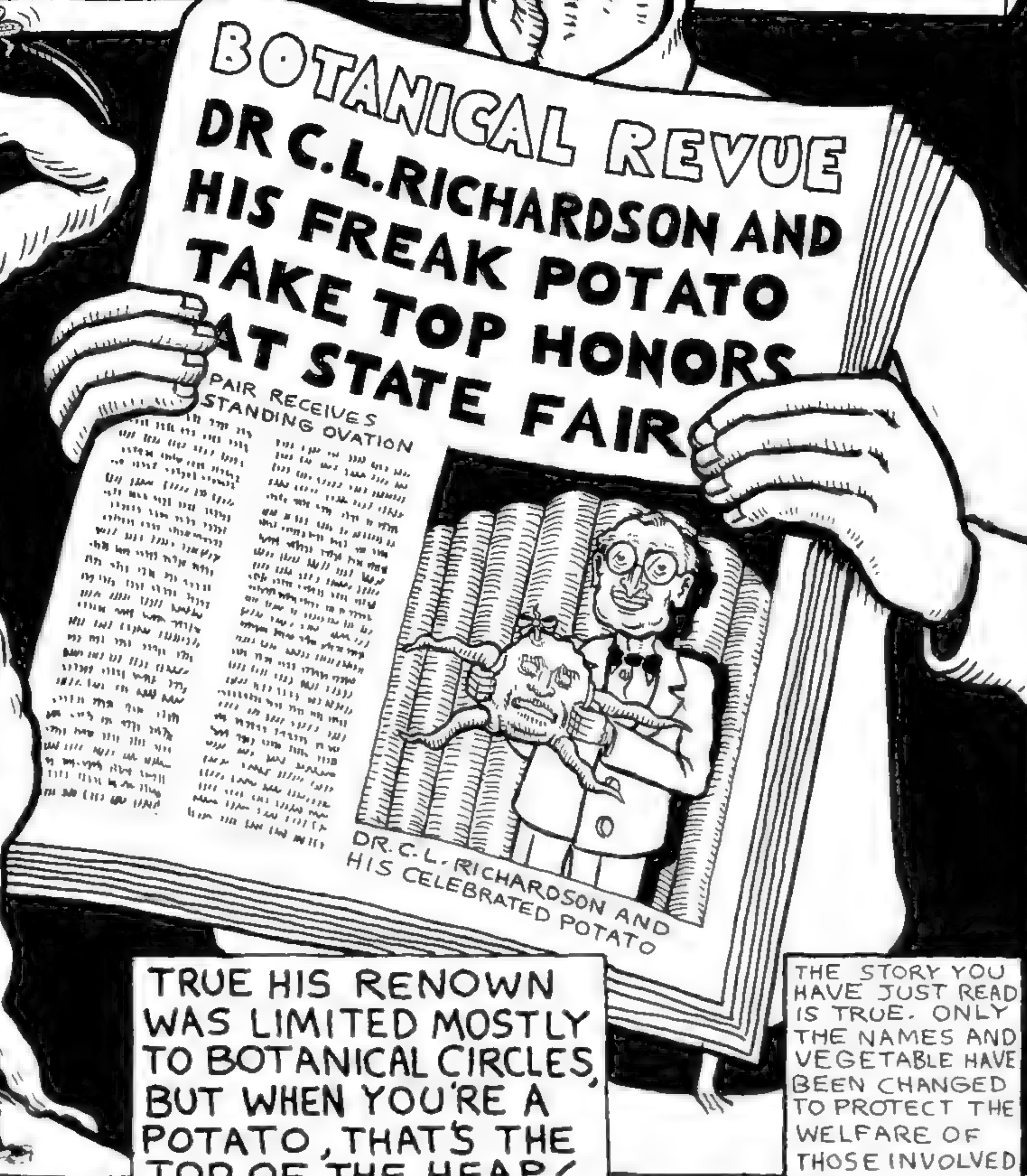


BUT WHAT ABOUT THE **FAME** YOU SAY? WHY IT WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

SILK! WE MADE IT!



BOTANICAL REVUE
DR C.L. RICHARDSON AND
HIS FREAK POTATO
TAKE TOP HONORS
AT STATE FAIR



TRUE HIS RENOWN WAS LIMITED MOSTLY TO BOTANICAL CIRCLES, BUT WHEN YOU'RE A POTATO, THAT'S THE TOP OF THE HEAP!

THE STORY YOU HAVE JUST READ IS TRUE. ONLY THE NAMES AND VEGETABLE HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE WELFARE OF THOSE INVOLVED

SCOOPED

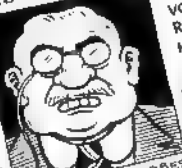
A TRUE STORY
FROM THE
FILES OF
FOWLTON
MEANS

C'MON BIMSTEIN
LET'S DRINK UP
THAT F N YOU
OWE ME!

I DON'T
WANT TO SEE
YOUR MISERABLE HIDES
UNTIL YOU
BREAK THIS
CASE!

DAALING
YOUR BREAKIN'
ME HEART!

San Francisco Courier 10c
MARCH 12 1933
**PROMINENT CITY BANKER,
R.B. FORBES DISAPPEARS
WITH 100 GRAND IN GOLD!
PANIC PREVAILS ON POLK STREET!**



R. BASCOMBE FORBES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
VOWS SWEEPING
REFORMS DAYS
NUMBERED FOR
PROHIBITION!

THE PRESIDENT

HEY CHIEF!
WHAT ABOUT
ME?

DON'T WORRY LAD. I'VE
GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL
FOR YOU!

ENTER OUR "HERO" YOUNG
FONTAINE PEUGEOT, THE THIRD,

IT'S MID MARCH OF 1933
AND CHAOS REIGNS AS
USUAL IN THE CITY ROOM
OF THE **SAN FRANCISCO COURIER**

GOSH!

CUB REPORTER BY VIRTUE
OF THE FACT THAT HE'S
THE PUBLISHER'S SON

I'VE RECIEVED
A TIP THAT AN
ILLEGAL BREWERY
IS OPERATING
SOMEWHERE IN
THE CITY'S
SEWER SYSTEM

SEE WHAT
YOU CAN
DIG UP ON
THIS!

YOU BET!

HEH HEH
THAT LL KEEP
THE LITTLE
WIMP OUT
OF MY HAIR
FOR A
WHILE!

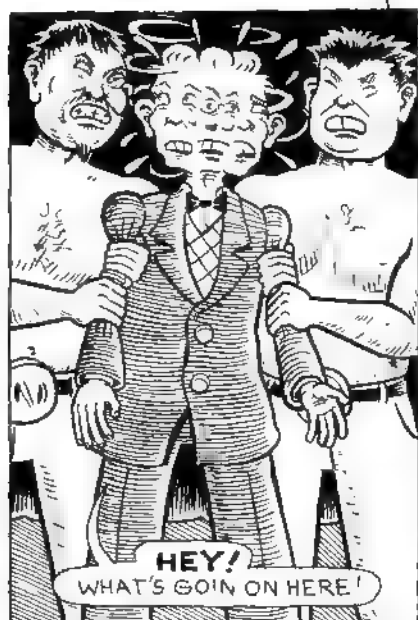
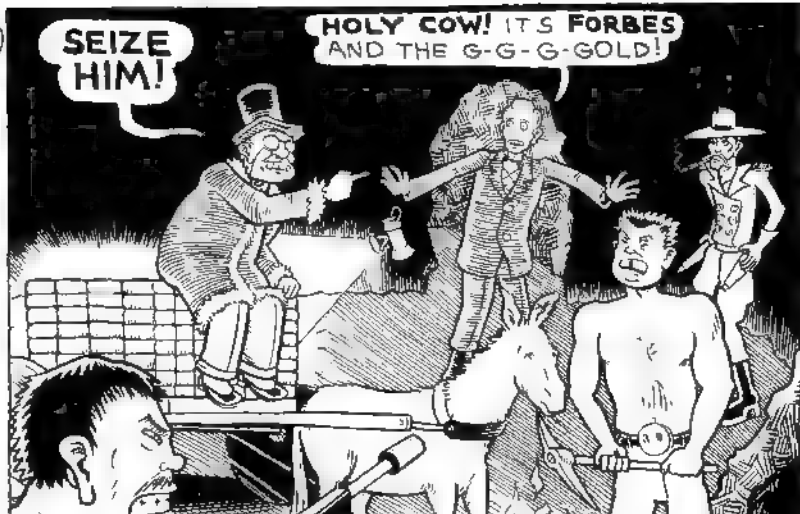
SOON YOUNG
FONTAINE IS
THOROUGHLY
IMMERSED IN
HIS SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT



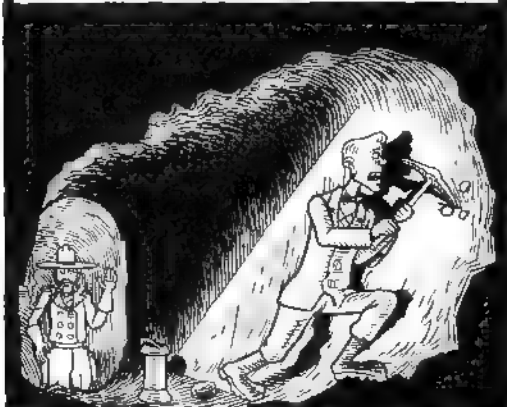
DIRECTLY UNDER CHINATOWN
HE DISCOVERS A HAND DUG DETOUR

HEY!

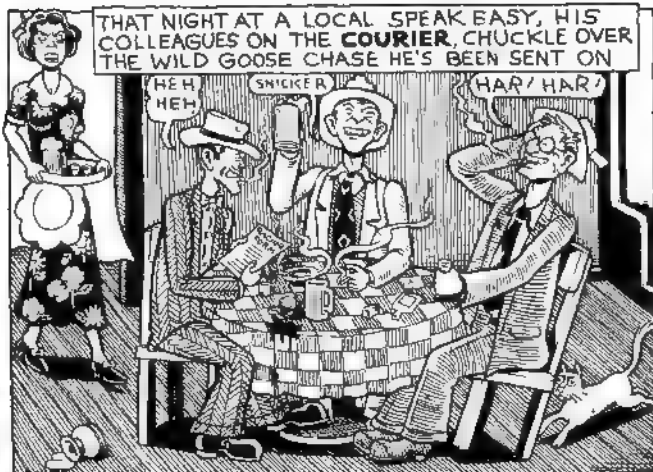




EQUIPT WITH COMPASS AND A MAP LEADING TO THE ILLICIT BREWERY, OUR HERO BEGINS TO DIG TOWARD HIS DESTINATION



THAT NIGHT AT A LOCAL SPEAK EASY, HIS COLLEAGUES ON THE COURIER, CHUCKLE OVER THE WILD GOOSE CHASE HE'S BEEN SENT ON



BUT FONTAINE DIGS ON



THE NEXT DAY, POLICE CAPTURE BANKER FORBES AND HIS CHINESE CONFEDERATES AS THEY BURROW INTO THEIR OAKLAND HIDE-OUT,

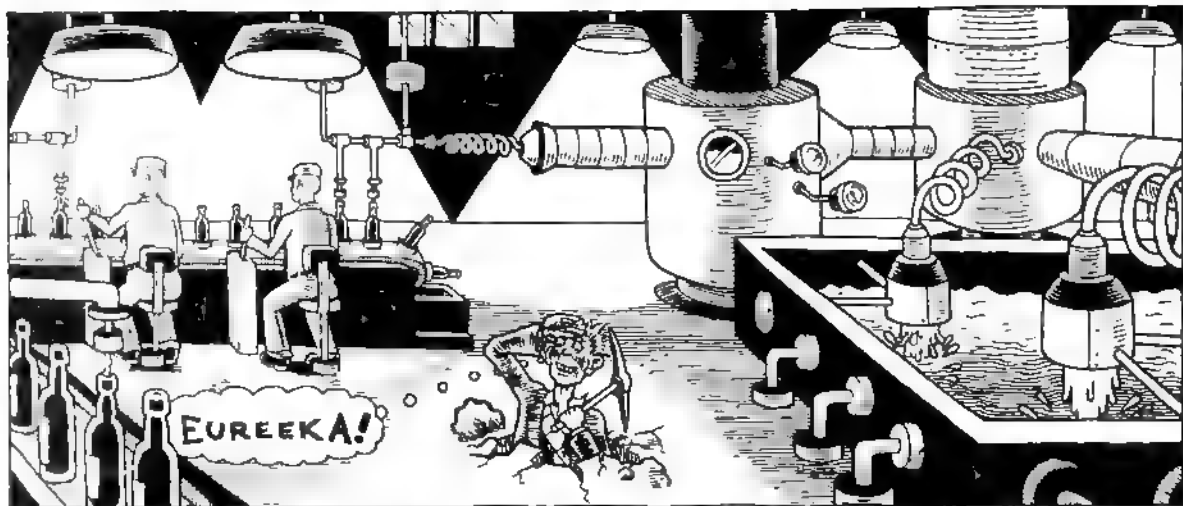


WHERE THEY WERE ABOUT TO MAKE AN ILLICIT NARCOTICS DEAL WITH THE STOLEN GOLD



MEANWHILE,





BACK BY
POPULAR
DEMAND!
FAMED PSYCHIC
MILES
MICROFT
AND HIS PERKY
WIFE
BLANCHE

IN...

OUR STORY OPENS AT
BERNDALE ACRES SANITARIUM.
MILES MICROFT IS RECOVERING
FROM A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.
AS WE JOIN THEM, HE IS
BEING RELEASED INTO THE
CUSTODY OF HIS CUTE MIDGET
WIFE, BLANCHE.

HONEY! YOU
LOOK GREAT!

I FEEL
GREAT!

LOOK!
LOOK!

DID YOU GET
HIS SIGNATURE?
THE MACHINE
IS READY!

HE'S SIGNIN
NOW. BE WITCHA
INNA MINUTE!

TO OUR RIGHT IS OLD **DON CORCHESE**, AN EX BIG WIG
IN THE WORLD OF ORGANIZED CRIME. WITH HIM ARE
HIS VISITORS; A COUPLE OF CONCERNED RELATIVES.

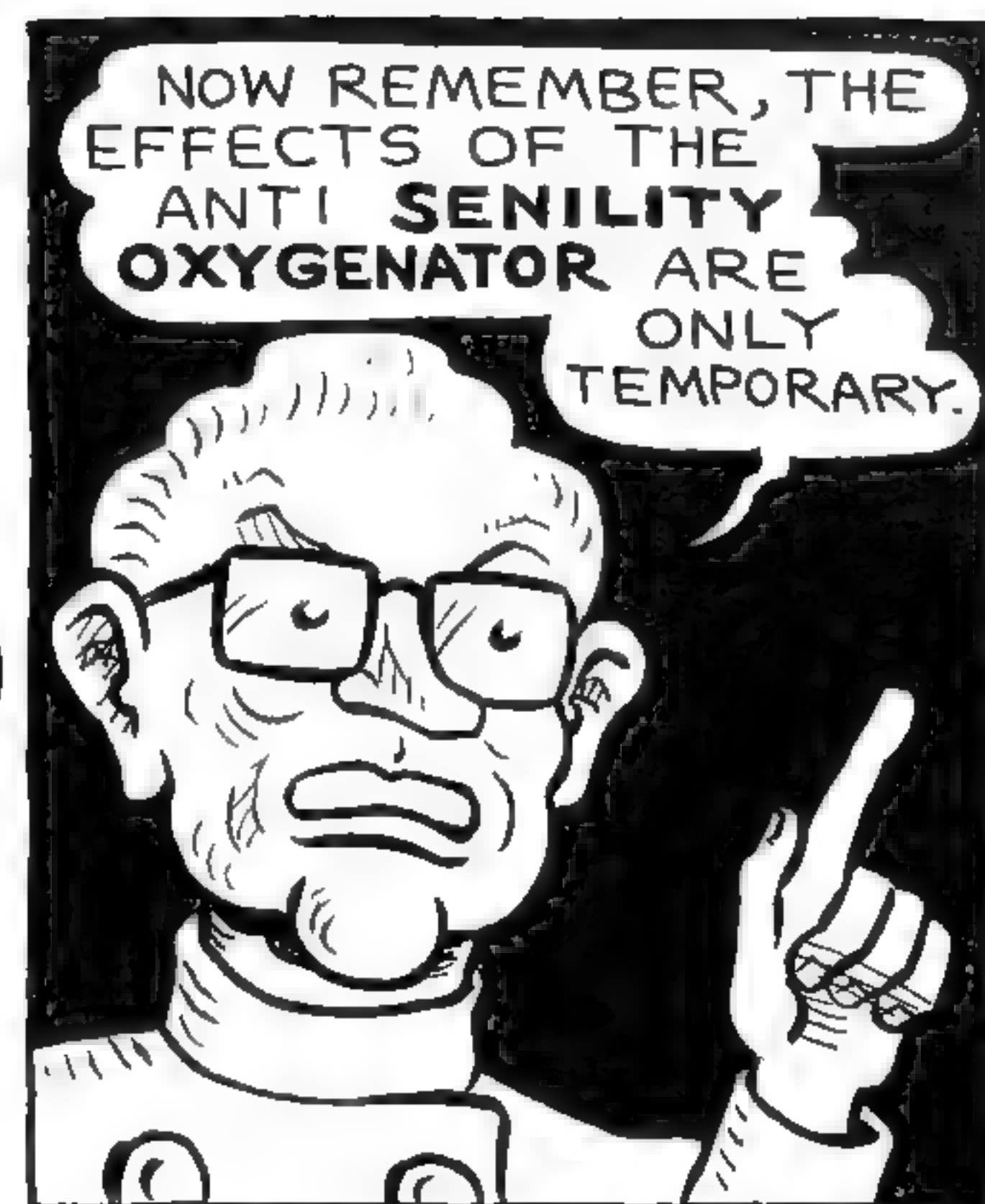
BY
FOWLTON MEANS

MISTAH
FORREST! PULL
UP YOUR PANTS
'FO I BOP
'YO HAID!

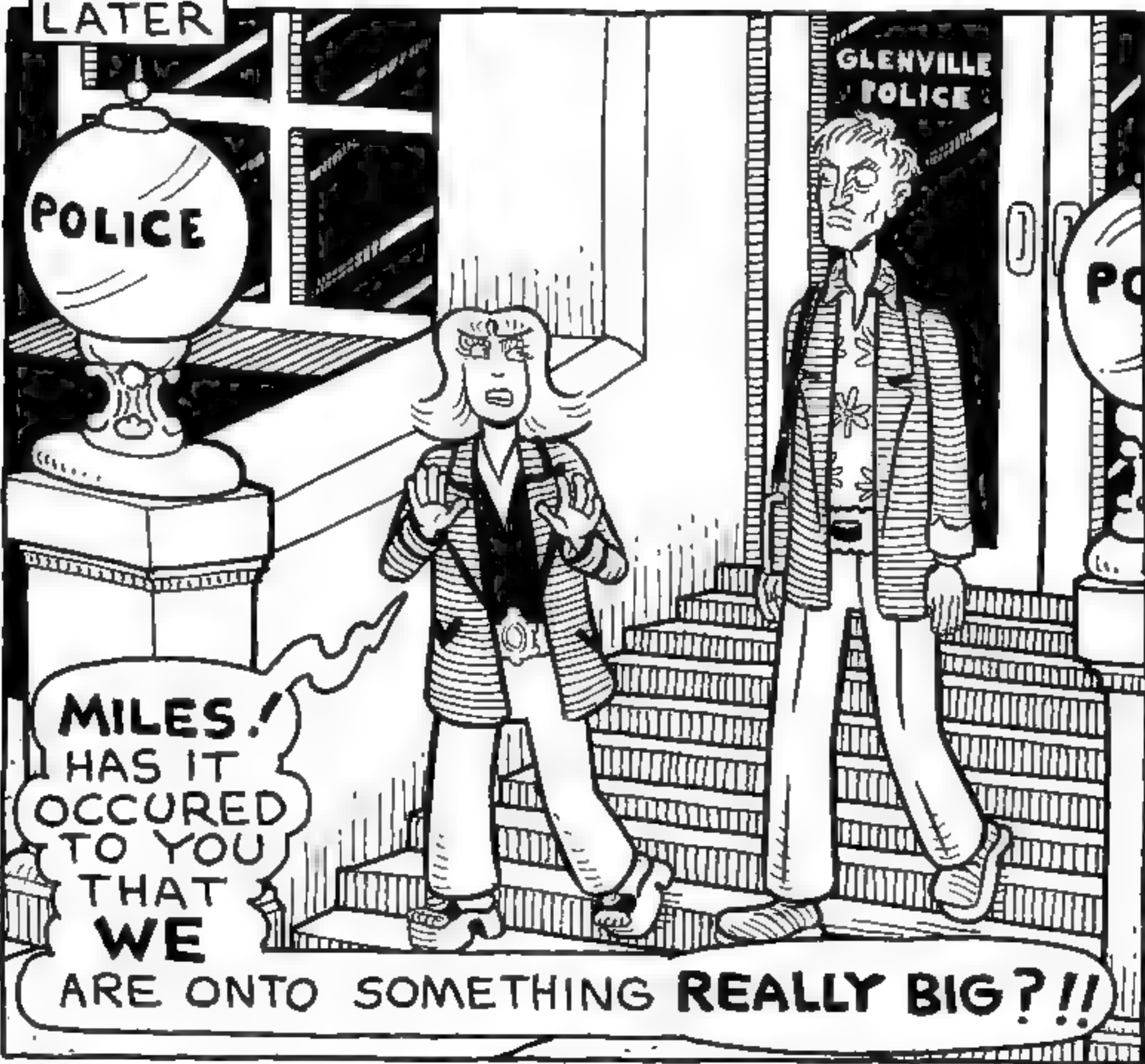
DADDY!
DADDY!

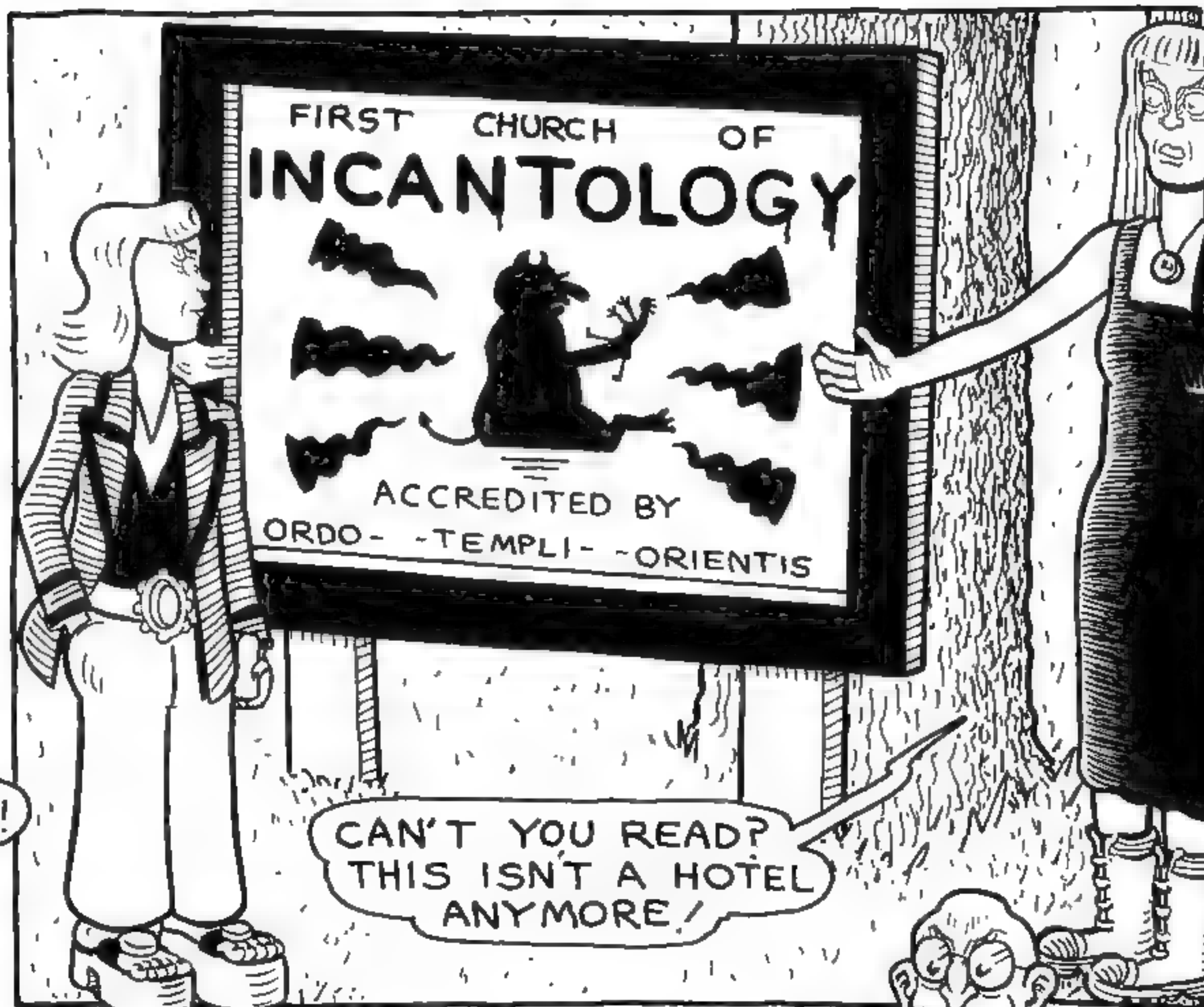
THER-RE WE GO!











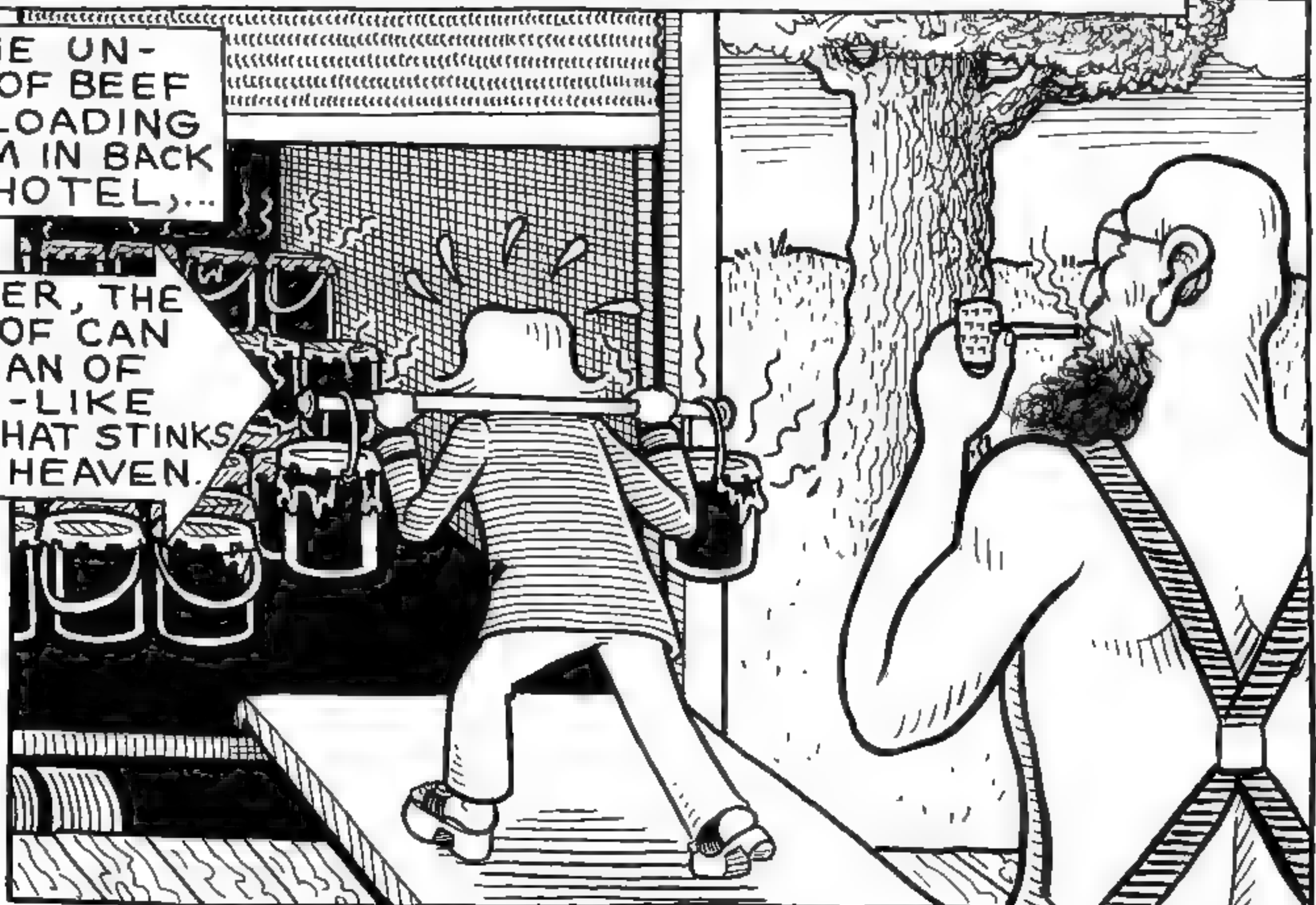
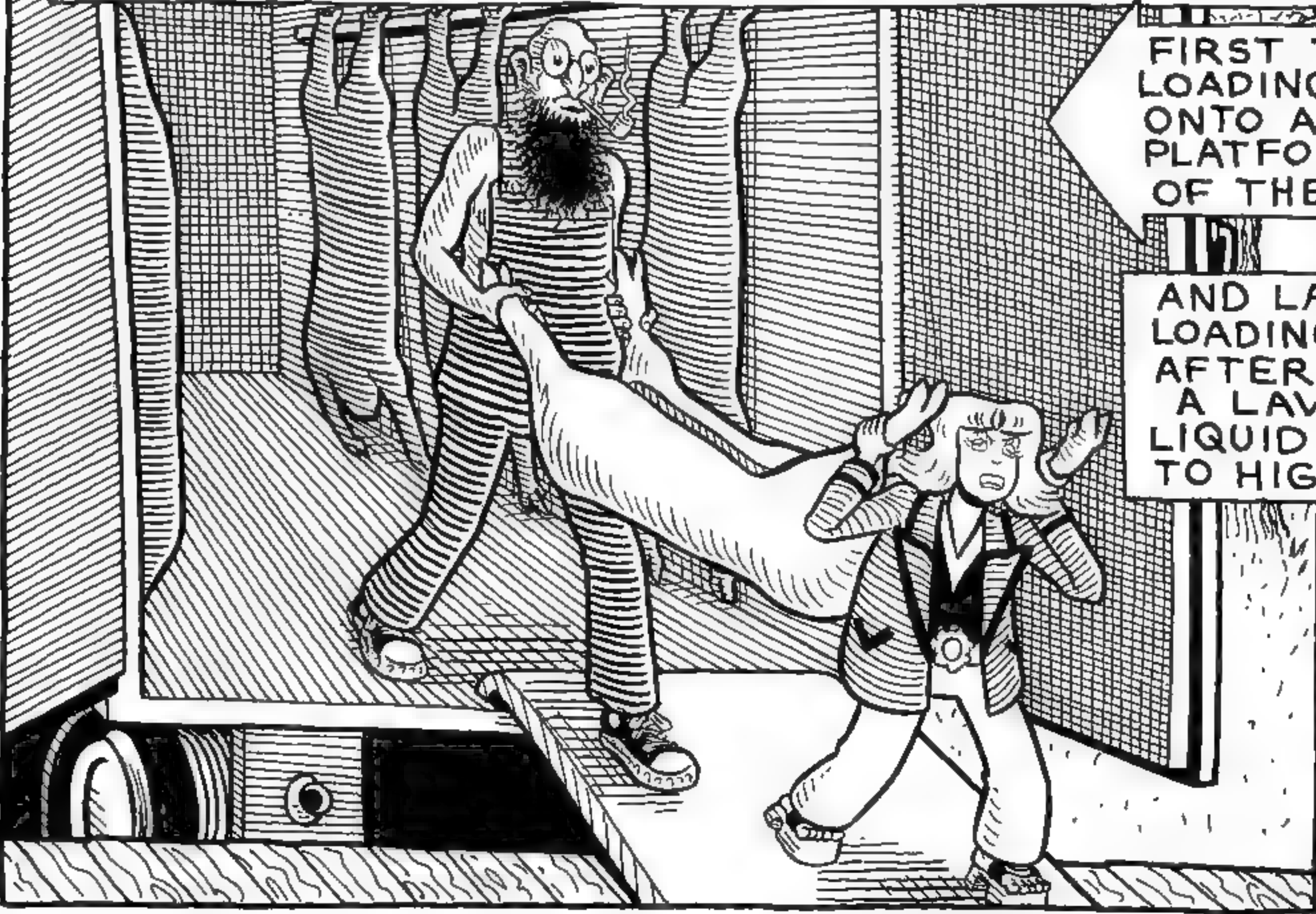
MEANWHILE, BACK IN GLENVILLE, MILES HAS BEEN SHOPPING.



BACK AT THE CHURCH OF INCANTOLOGY, BLANCHE IS ENSCONCED INTO HER NEW WORK ROUTINE.

FIRST THE UN-
LOADING OF BEEF
ONTO A LOADING
PLATFORM IN BACK
OF THE HOTEL,...

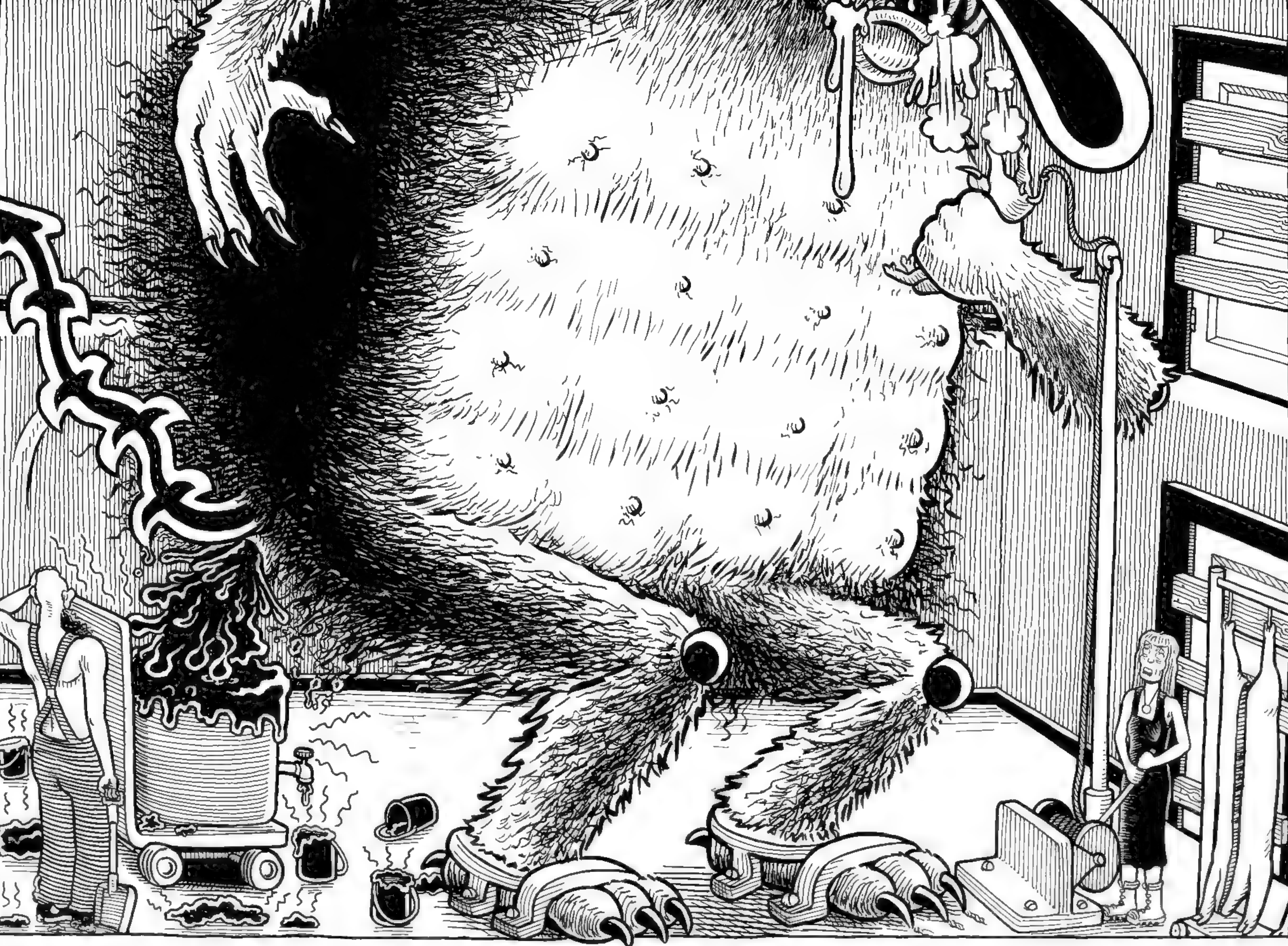
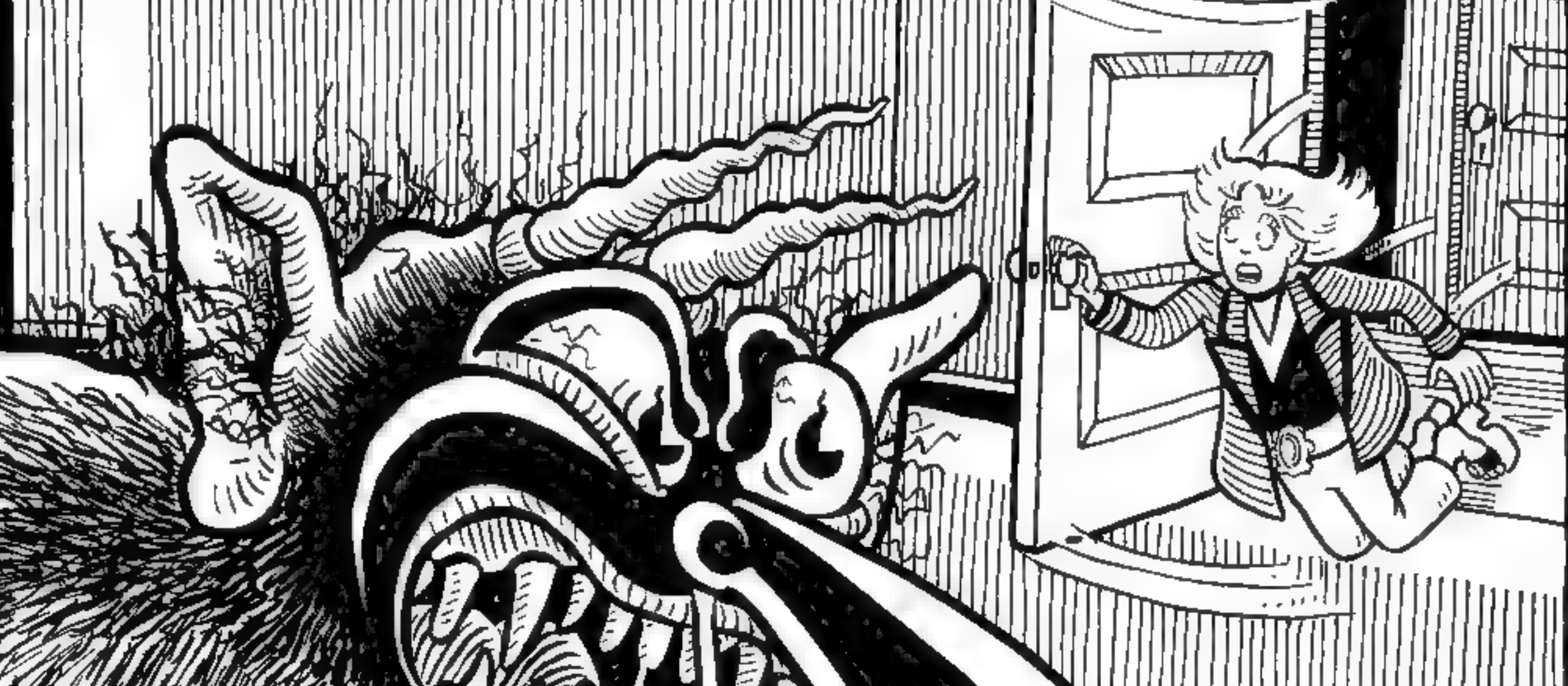
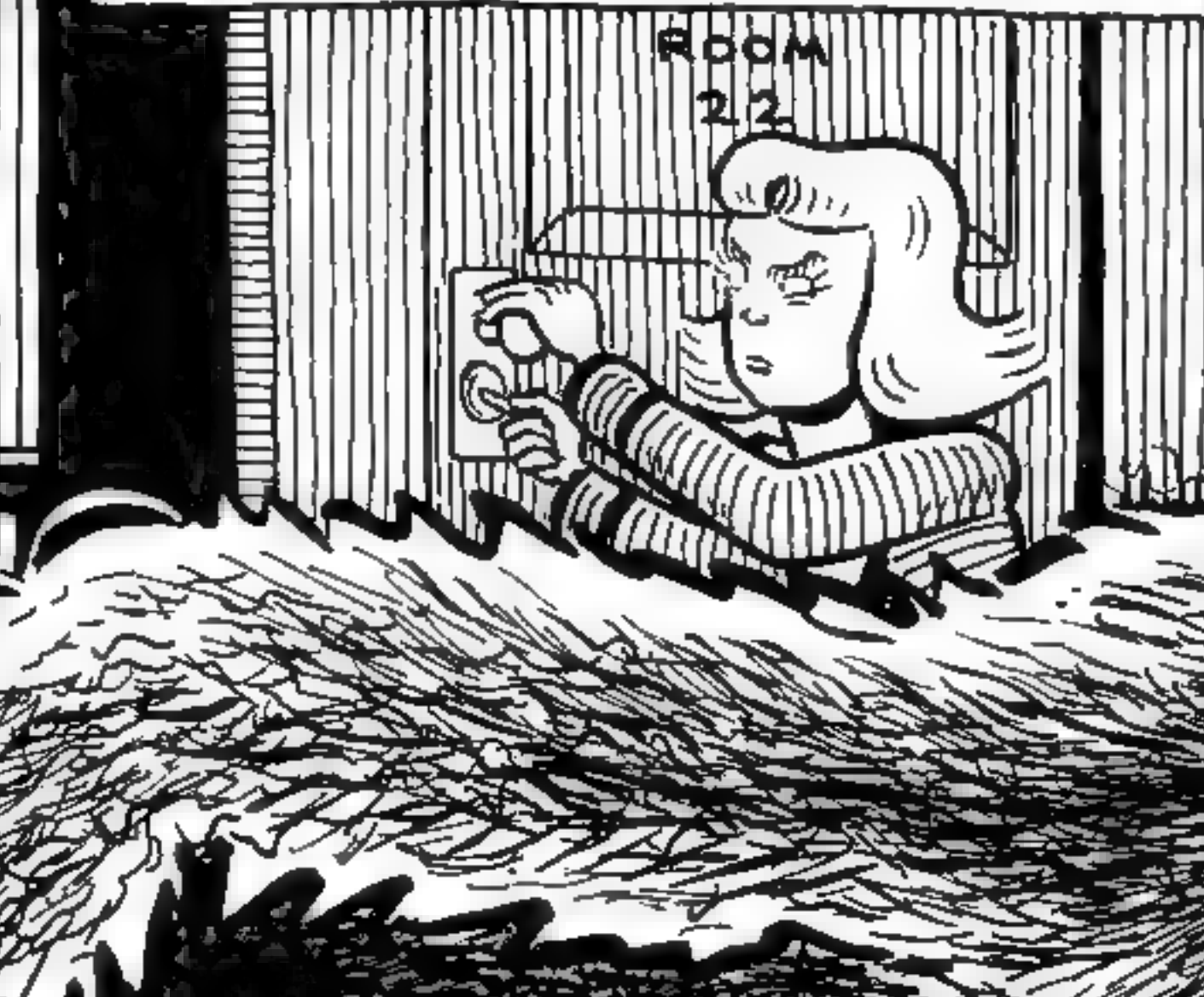
AND LATER, THE
LOADING OF CAN
AFTER CAN OF
A LAVA-LIKE
LIQUID THAT STINKS
TO HIGH HEAVEN.

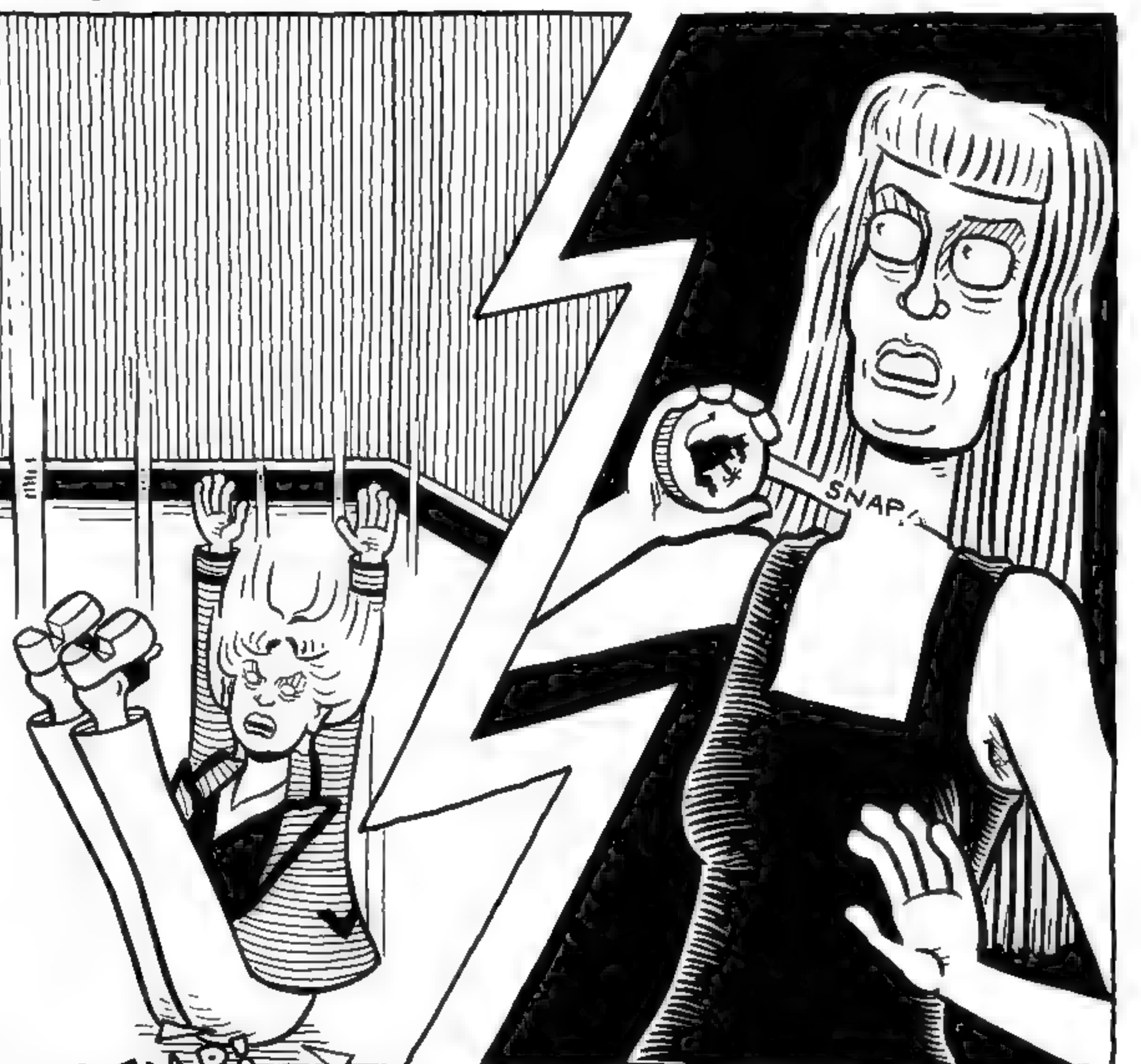
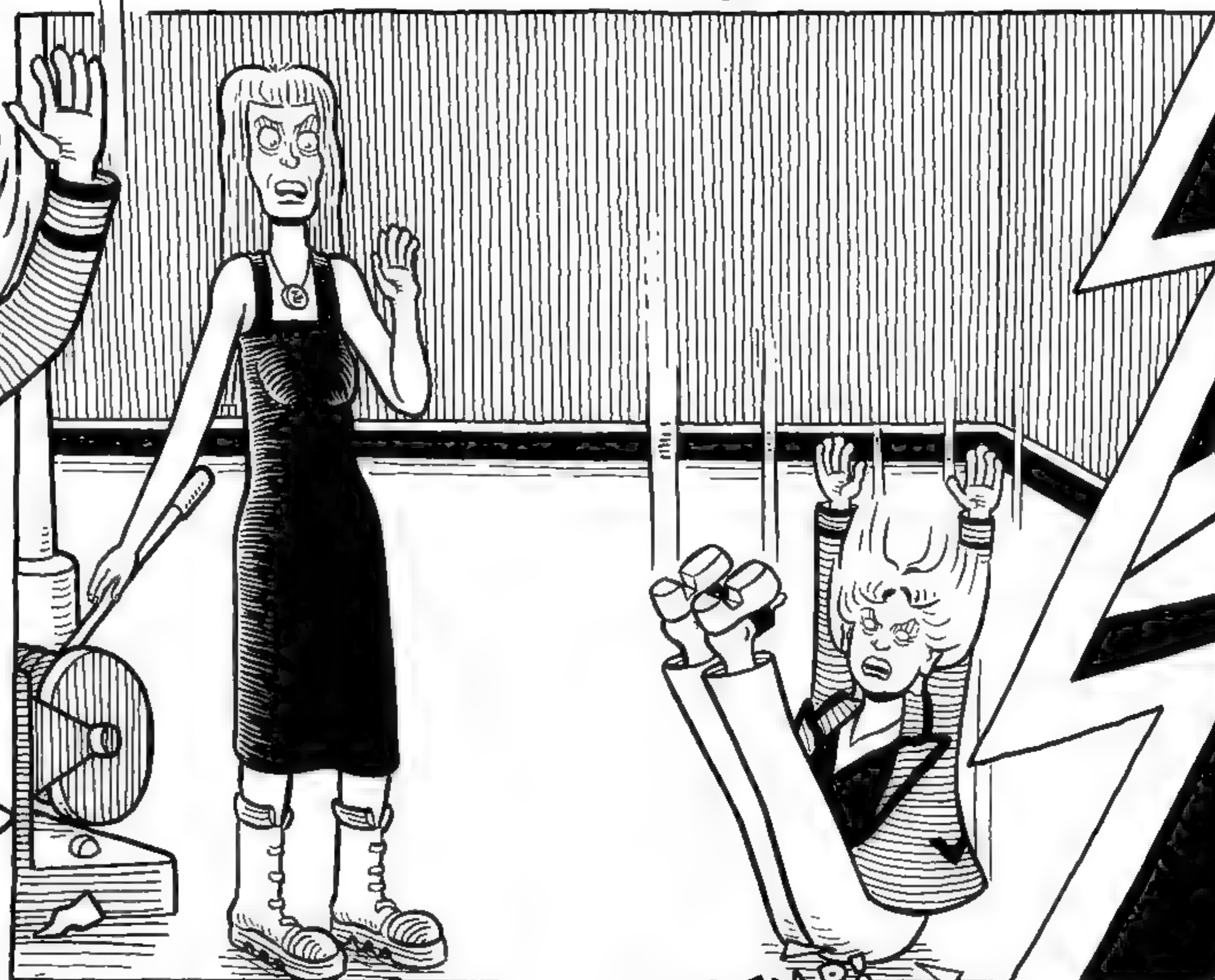
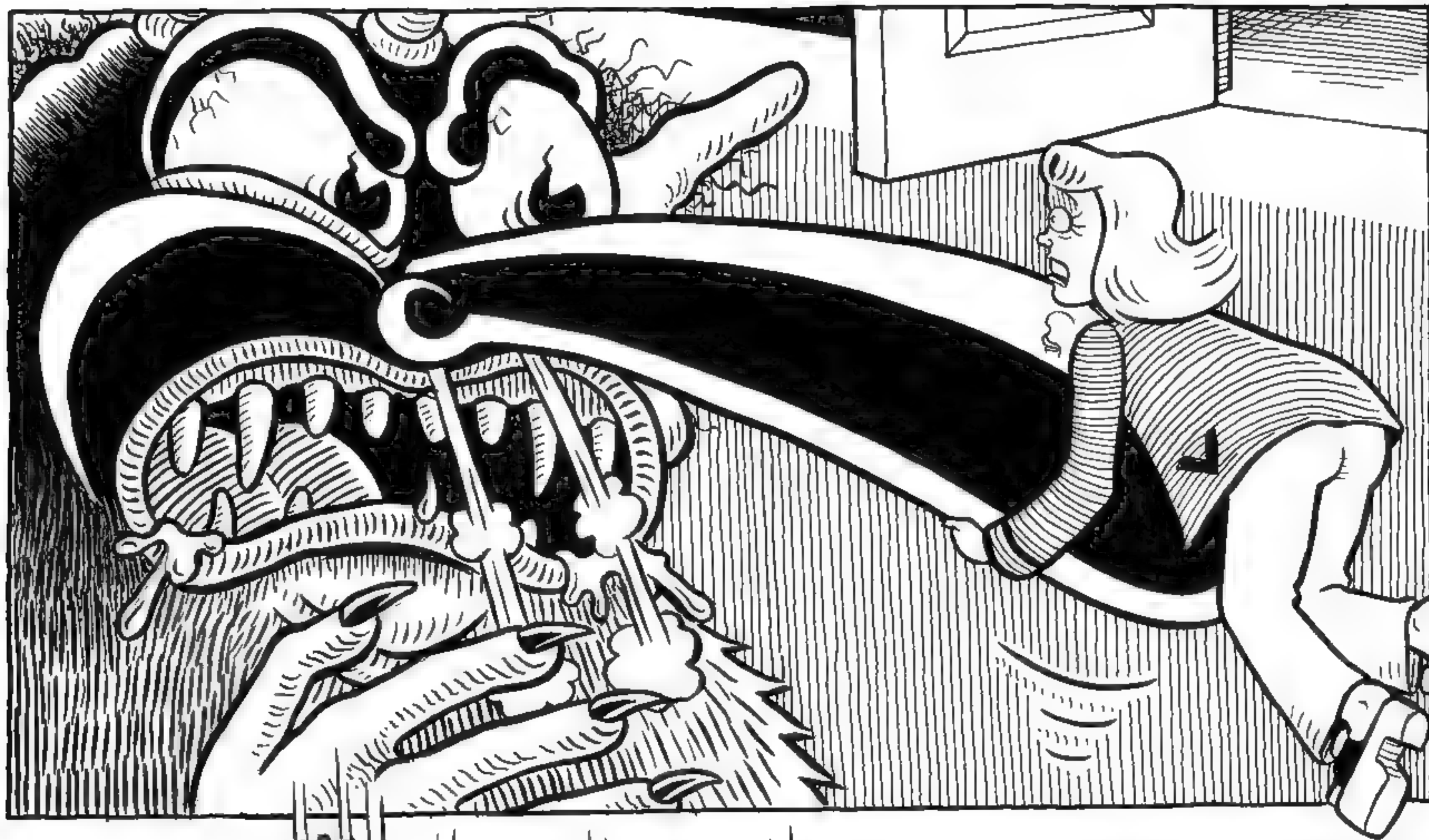


AT DAY'S END, BLANCHE IS
BUSHED;... BUT.....

IN JIG TIME, SHE IS ONCE
AGAIN HARD AT WORK.

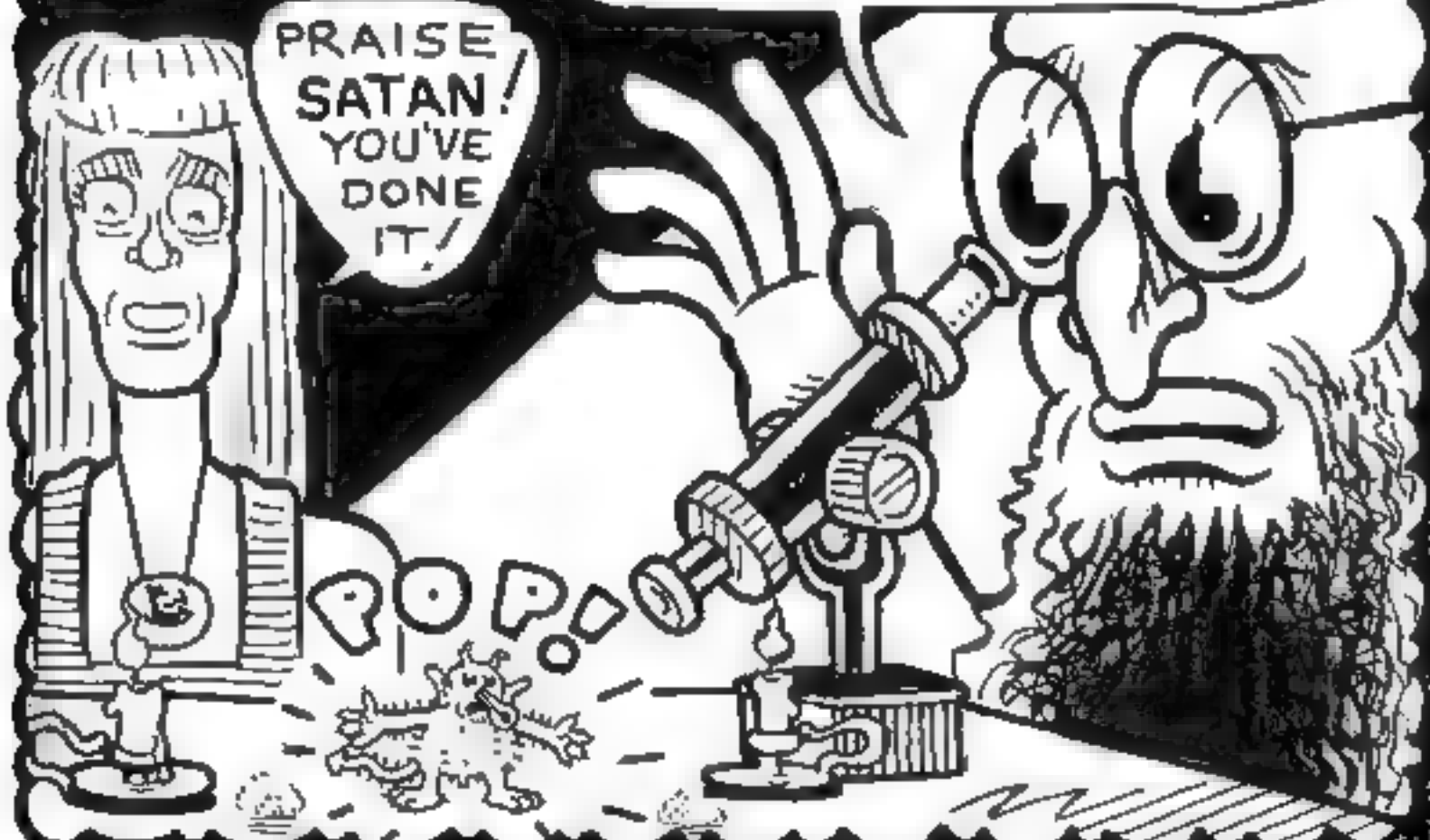
THE LOCK GIVES WAY!





YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW, FOR YOU'LL BE AN HORD'OEUVRE SOON ENOUGH.

THINGS STARTED SMALL ENOUGH SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN BY AN ANCIENT INCANTATION, LITTLE **OXO** WAS CONCEIVED!



AT FIRST HE WAS JUST A FEW INCHES HIGH, AND CUTE AS A BUTTON.



IN NO TIME AT ALL, **OXO'S** IMPACT WAS FELT UPON THE OCCULT GRAPEVINE. THE **CHURCH OF INCANTOLOGY** WAS FOUNDED, AND BEGAN TO THRIVE.



OXO ALSO CONTINUED TO THRIVE,



...AND THRIVE.



THEN ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO, **OXO** WENT BERSERK AND ATE FOUR OF OUR MEMBERS.



THIS CREATED A FEELING OF UNREST AND INSUBORDINATION AMONG THE SURVIVING CHURCH MEMBERS.



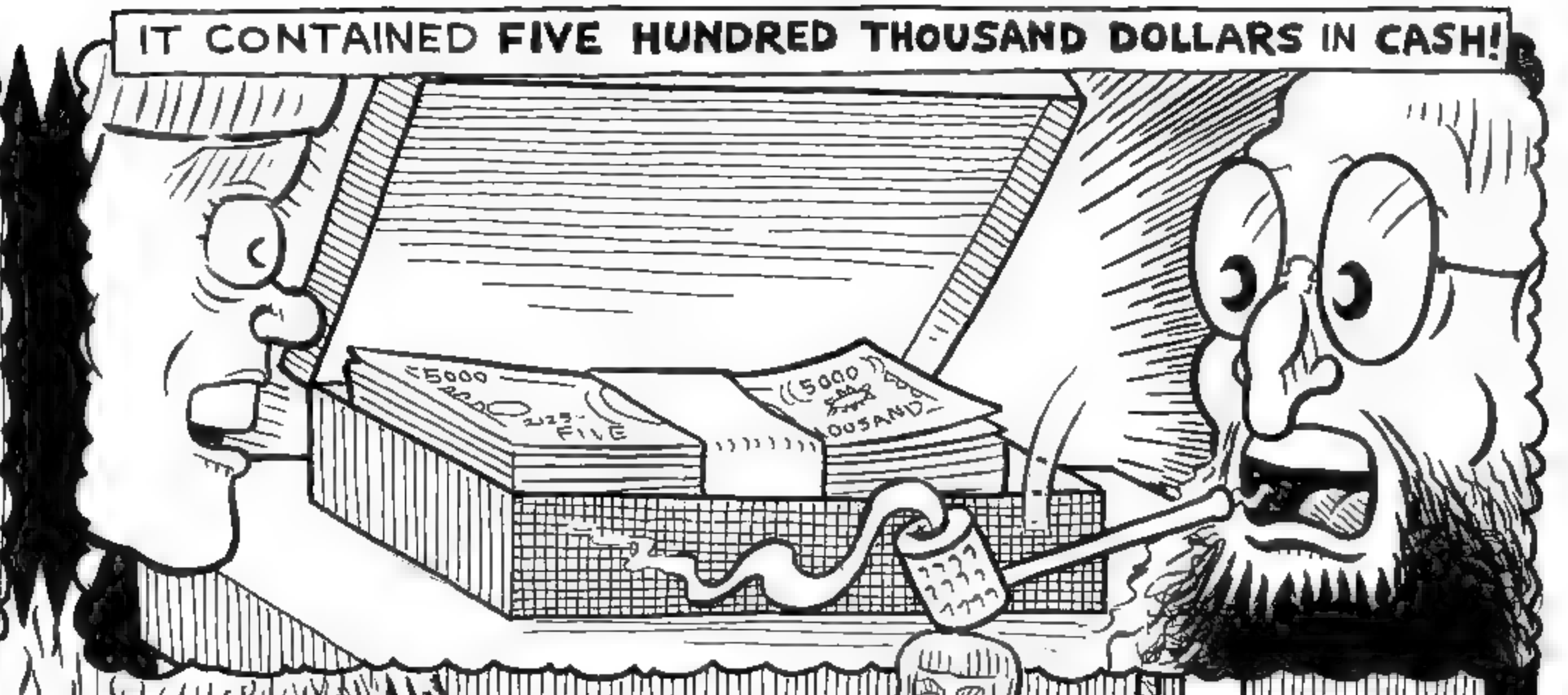
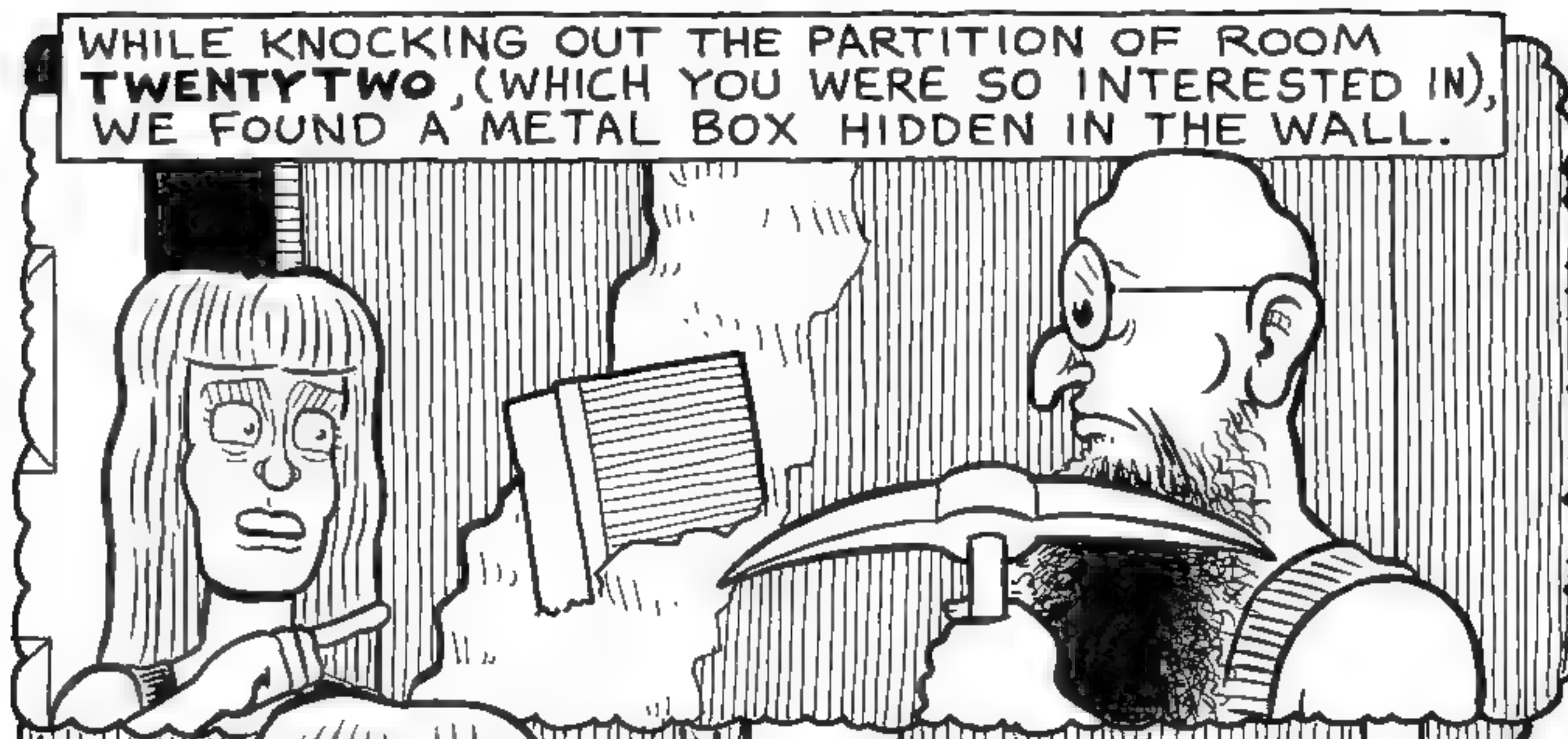
IT WAS A BAD SCENE, BUT IT SEEMED UNWISE FOR **OXO'S** EXISTENCE TO BECOME PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE JUST YET,...

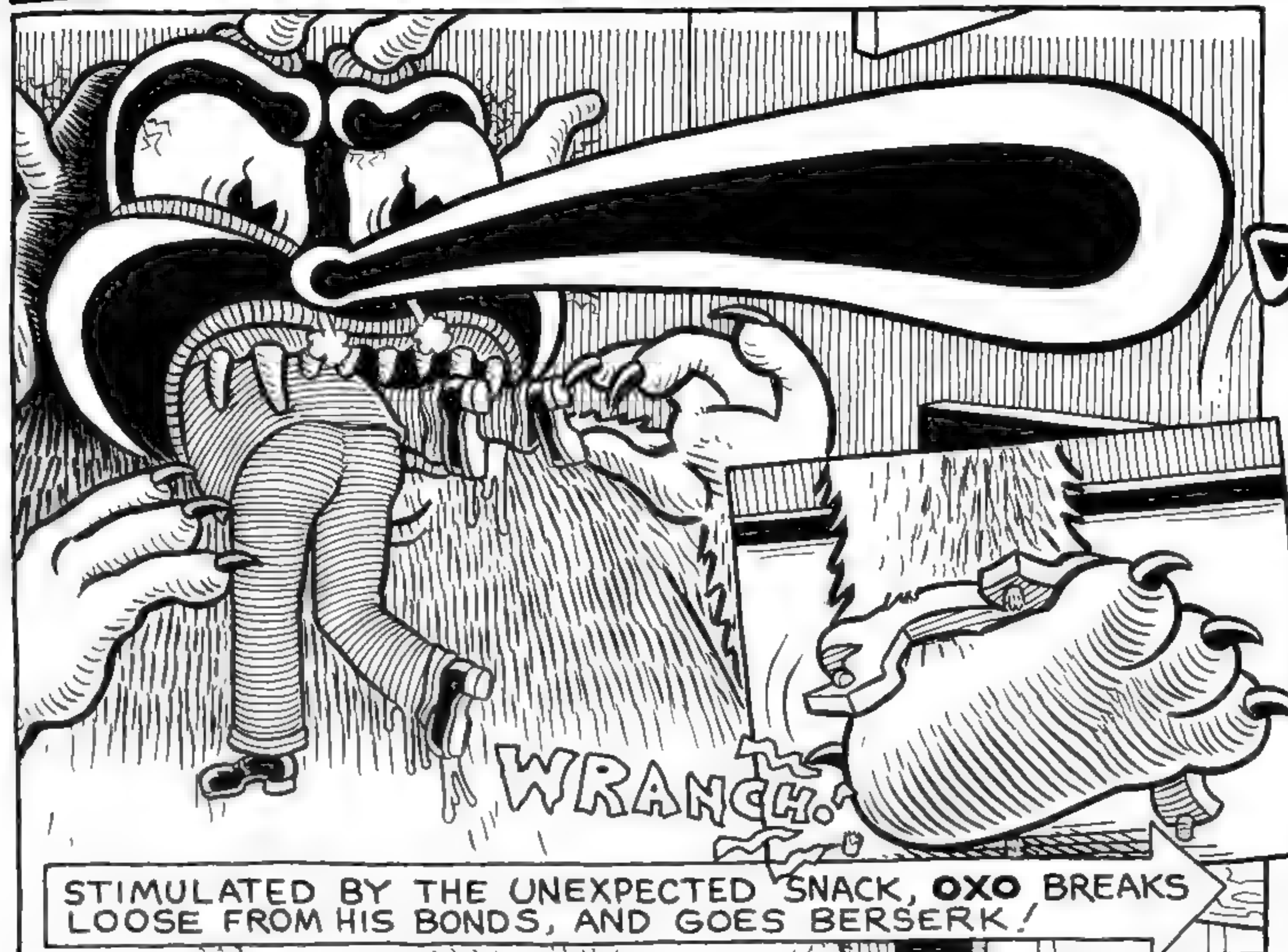
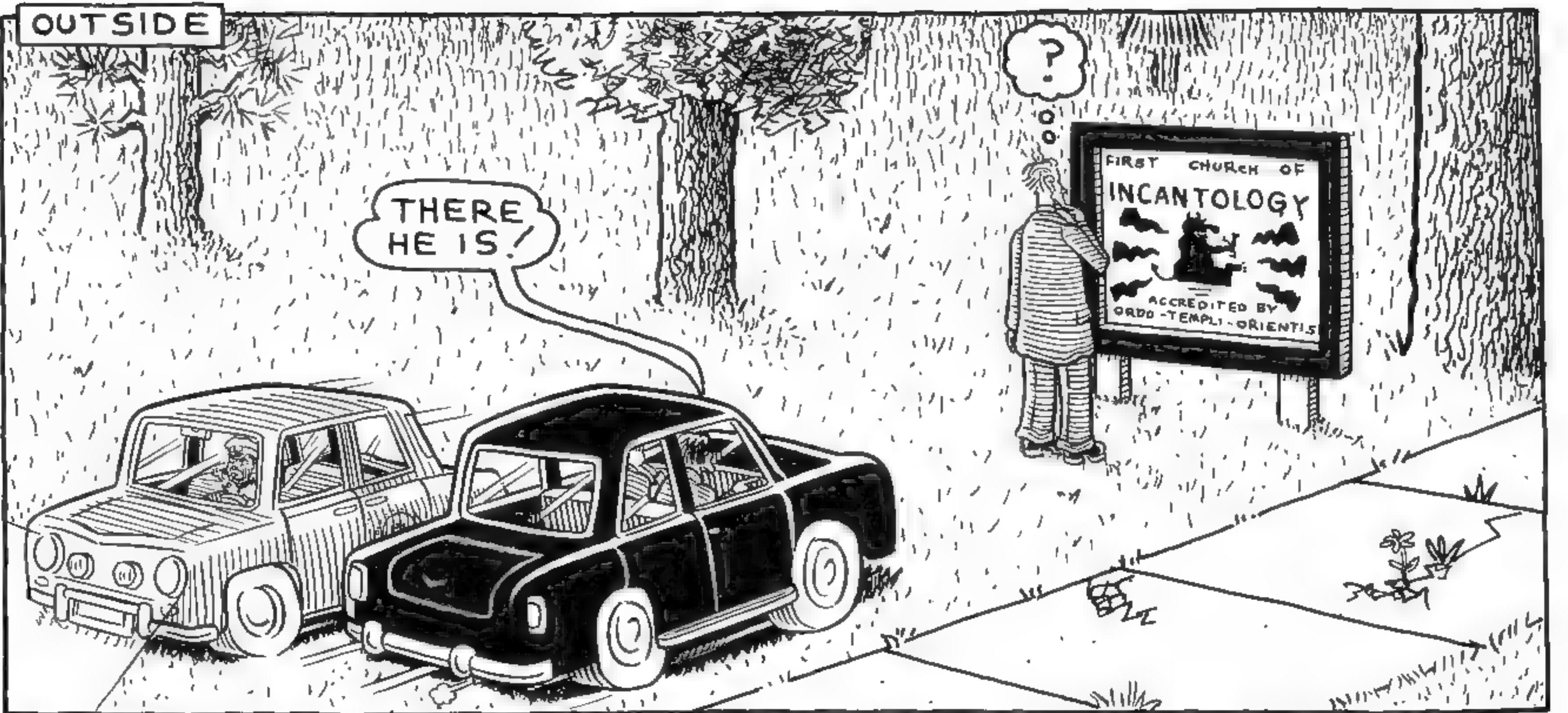
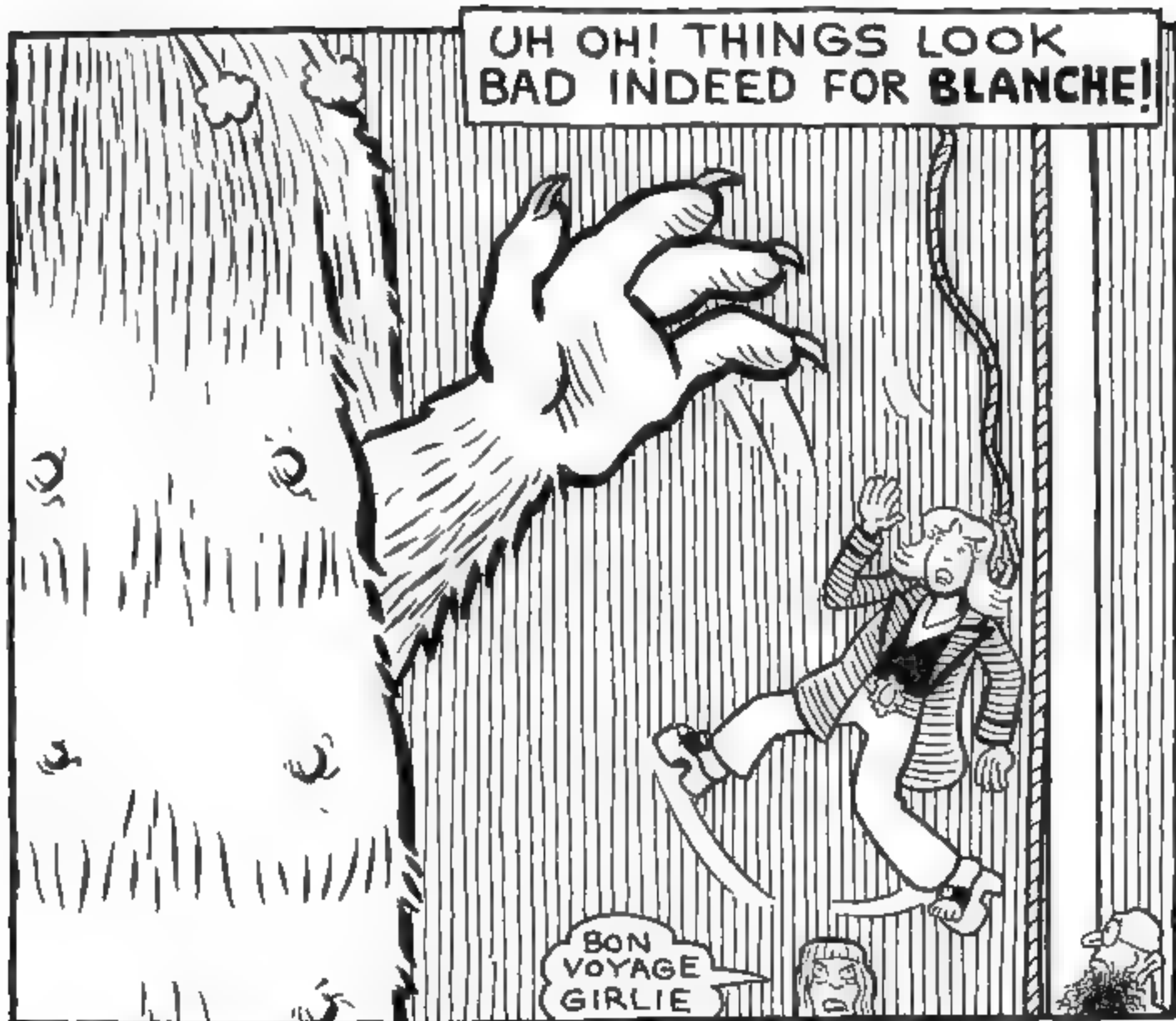


..... SO WITH A HEAVY HEART, WE FED OUR REMAINING MEMBERSHIP TO **OXO**.

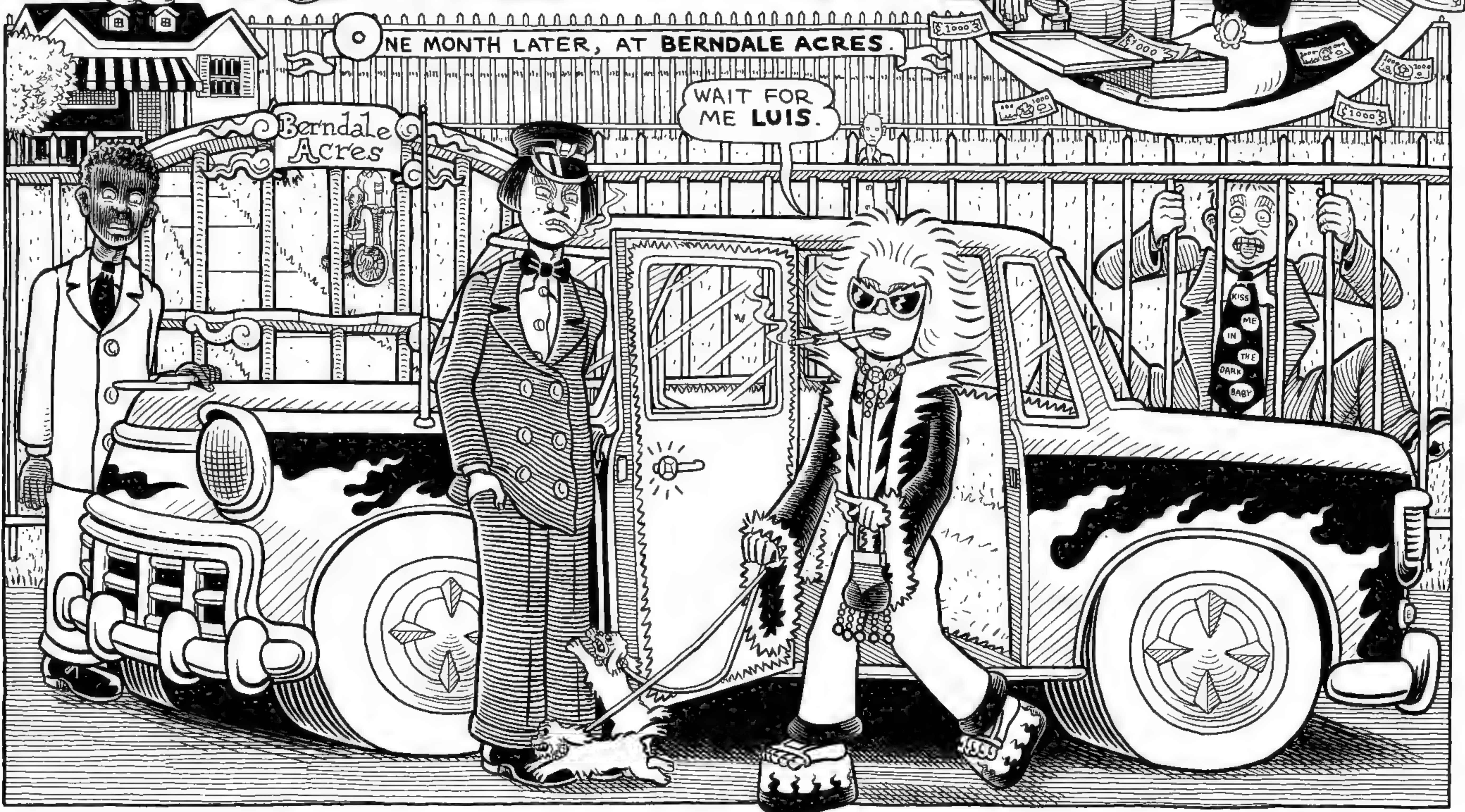


AT ABOUT THIS TIME, WE BEGAN KNOCKING OUT ROOM PARTITIONS, TO CONTAIN OUR "LITTLE" DEMON!





STIMULATED BY THE UNEXPECTED SNACK, OXO BREAKS LOOSE FROM HIS BONDS, AND GOES BERSERK!



The Killer Bees #1

EX CARNIVAL BARKER, AL MERRYWEATHER, IS VISITED BY THE MANAGER OF THE GOLDEN AGE TRAILER CAMP.

...SO UNLESS YOU CEASE YOUR LOUD, LATE NIGHT CAROUSING AT ONCE, I'LL BE FORCED TO....

ARRITE ARREADY! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, I'LL LEAVE TONIGHT!

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HE RETURNS TO HIS UNFINISHED T.V. DINNER...

SLAM!

TH' DIRTY BASTID...

HUH? THOSE BEES ARE EATING MY APPLE COBBLER!

I'LL FIX EM!

HEY! THESE AINT NO ORDINARY BEES! LOOK AT THOSE FACES!

THE KILLER BEES

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

KILLER BEES

EX CARNY BARKER, AL MERRYWEATHER'S TRAILER HAS BEEN INVADED BY THREE KILLER BEES!

YOU WERE WISE INDEED NOT TO ATTACK US.

I MUST BE GOIN NUTS!

NOT AT ALL...

YOU SEE WE "KILLER BEES" BEING SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY TO ORDINARY BEES, CAN COMMUNICATE OUR THOUGHTS BY MENTAL TELEPATHY!

BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOIN HERE IN THE STATES? I THOUGHT KILLER BEES WERE STRICTLY FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

TRUE ENOUGH, BUT BEING MALES AND HAVING SERVED OUR TRADITIONAL FUNCTION, WE WERE EXPELLED FROM OUR HIVE BY THE QUEEN.

WE WERE LUCKY TO GET OUT ALIVE!

AND WE'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD EVER SINCE

HEY! I JUST GOT A GREAT IDEA!

DON'T MISS IT... NEXT WEEK!

THE KILLER BEES

Kim Deitch



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THE KILLER BEES

Kim Deitch



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THE KILLER BEES

"A DUBIOUS PROPOSITION"

EX CARNIVAL BARKER, AL MERRYWEATHER HAS DECIDED TO BREED THREE MALE KILLER BEES WITH THREE FEMALE QUEEN HONEY BEES IN AN INSANE QUEST TO RULE THE WORLD!

HE PULLS UP TO A ROAD-SIDE HONEY STAND...



SAY PAL, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU!

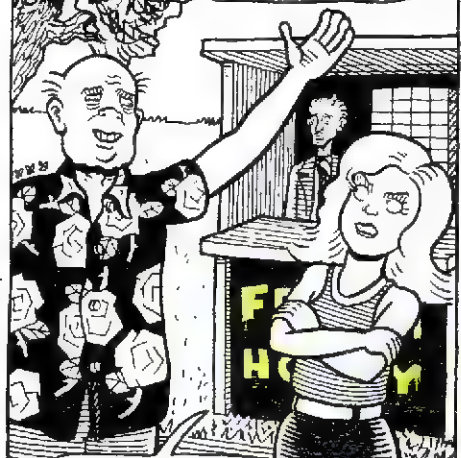
INTRODUCING MILES AND BLANCHE MICROFT



SO IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IN MIND, YOU BETTER TAKE IT UP WITH ME.

Kim Deitch

LATER... SO IF YOU WOULD RENT ME THREE QUEEN HONEY BEES FOR (UH) BREEDING PURPOSES...



I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS! AND HOW! MORE NEXT WEEK!

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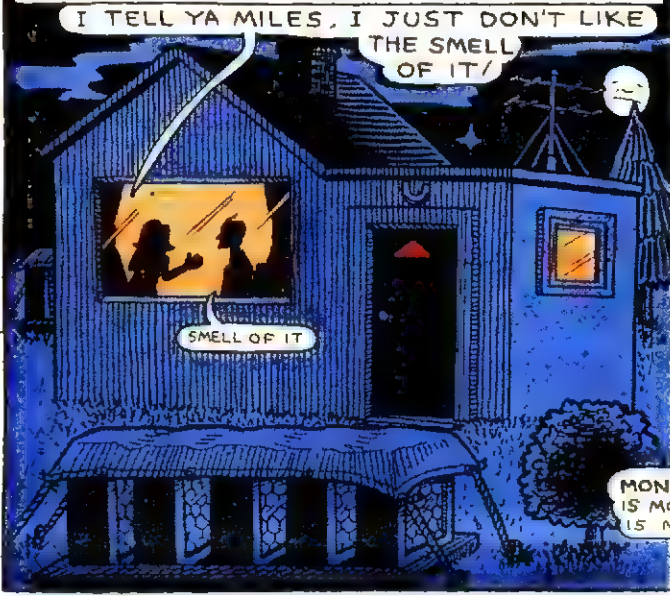
THE KILLER BEES

"THE LOWDOWN?"

EX CARNIVAL BARKER, AL MERRYWEATHER TRIES TO PERSUADE BEE KEEPER BLANCHE MICROFT TO RENT HIM THREE QUEEN HONEY BEES FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.



THAT NIGHT AT THE HONEY FARM BLANCHE AND MILES MICROFT ARE OPERATING WHILE MILES RECOVERS FROM A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.



BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, MONEY IS MONEY.



BIG DOINS NEXT WEEK!

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THE KILLER BEES

"ARE THEY MORTIFIED!"

Kim Deitch

AGAINST HER BETTER JUDGEMENT, **BLANCHE MICROFT** HAS DECIDED TO ALLOW FORMER CARNIVAL BARKER **AL MERRYWEATHER** TO BREED HIS THREE MALE "KILLER BEES" WITH THREE ORDINARY QUEEN HONEY BEES, OWNED BY **BLANCHE**.

I DON'T LIKE IT BUT MONEY IS MONEY



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THE KILLER BEES

Kim Deitch

"THE DIRTY DEED IS DONE"



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THE KILLER BEES

"LIFE BEGINS"

THREE QUEEN HONEY BEES, VICTIMS OF AN INSIDIOUS PLOT CONCEIVED BY AL MERRYWEATHER, FOLLOW A PRIMEVIL INSTINCT AND LAY SIX HUNDRED HYBRID BEE EGGS CONCEIVED IN LAST WEEK'S EPISODE.

HERE ARE THE
PERPETRATORS
THREE MALE
"KILLER BEES"

C'MON! C'MON!
I DON'T WANT
TO BE CHARGED
AN EXTRA DAY'S
RENTAL!

LATER HERE'S YOUR BEES BACK AND
GOOD RIDDANCE TO EM!

THEY **BETTER** BE ALLRIGHT YOU BIG LOAD,
OR BEE STINGS'LL BE THE **LEAST** OF
YOUR PROBLEMS!

MEANWHILE,
IN A SAMPLING
FROM THE SIX
HUNDRED NEWLY
LAID EGGS, WE
SEE THE PULSE
OF NEW
LIFE!

THAT NIGHT

MILES! CUT IT OUT!
HONESTLY, ALL THIS
TOSSED AND MOANING
IS RUINING MY
BEAUTY SLEEP!

NO.5
NO.5
GET AWAY

AWAY!

©1976 BY Kim Deitch. COLOR BY TOM GLASS.

EARLY MORN AT THE RESIDENCE
OF BLANCHE AND MILES MICROFT

MILES! YOU KEPT ME UP ALL NIGHT WITH YOUR TOSSING AND TURNING! WHAT GOES?

DREAM!!

"A PREMONITION?"

A DREAM HUH?

BAD DREAM!
BAD!
BAD!
DREAM!

TALKATIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS, MILES ELABORATES ON HIS DREAM! A CROWD WATCHED

A CROWD WATCHED
WHILE A MAN FOUGHT
AN INVISIBLE
TORMENTOR

THEN IT BECAME
CLEARER. I COULD
SEE THAT HE WAS
SURROUNDED BY
BUZZING DOTS,
OR SOMETHING!

ALL AT ONCE I SAW THEY WERE BEES!
HORRIBLE LOOKING BEES STABBING THE POOR
MAN INTO A FROTH OF FRENZIED PAIN.

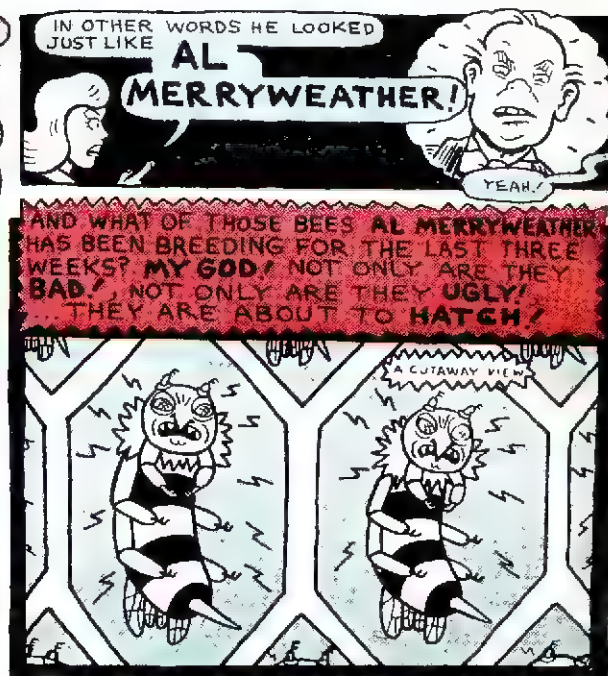
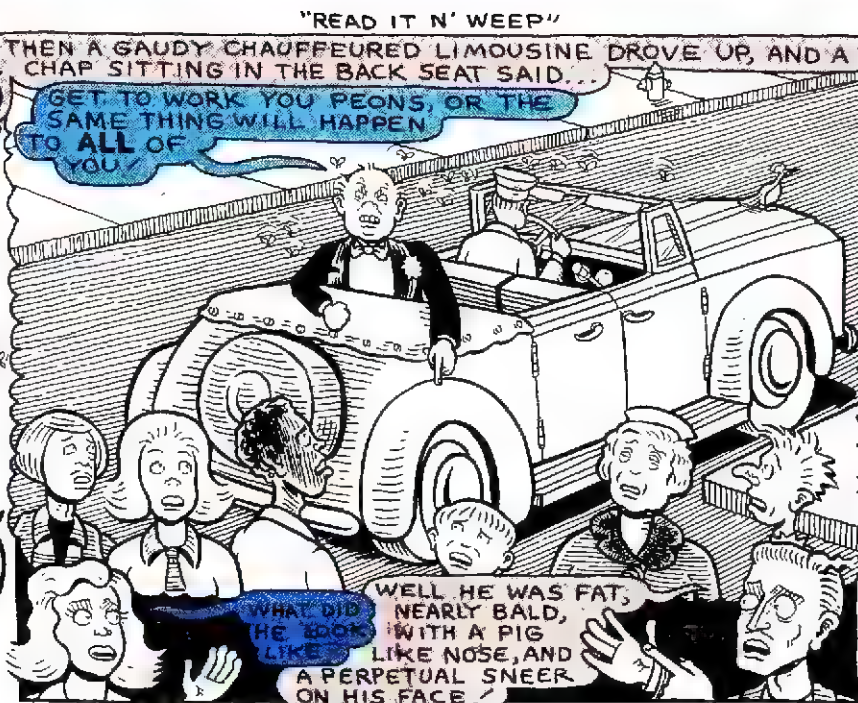
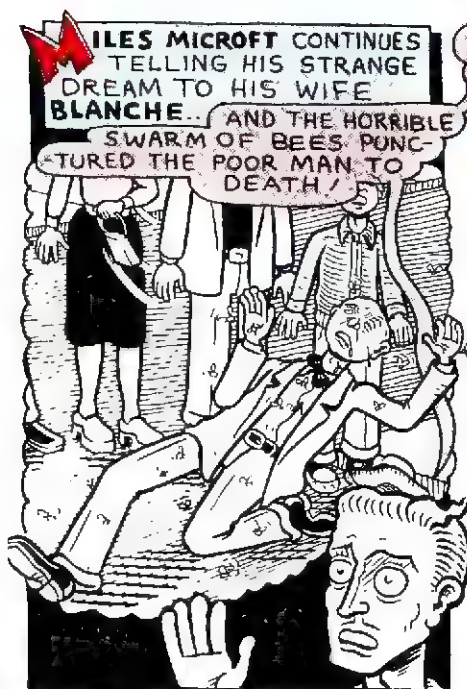
AND WHILE
WE'RE ON
THE SUBJECT
OF BEES, LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT
AL MERRYWEATHER'S
EMBRYONIC BROOD
OF HYBRID
KILLERS!
ONE WEEK TO GO

MILE'S DREAM CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK!

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THE KILLER BEES

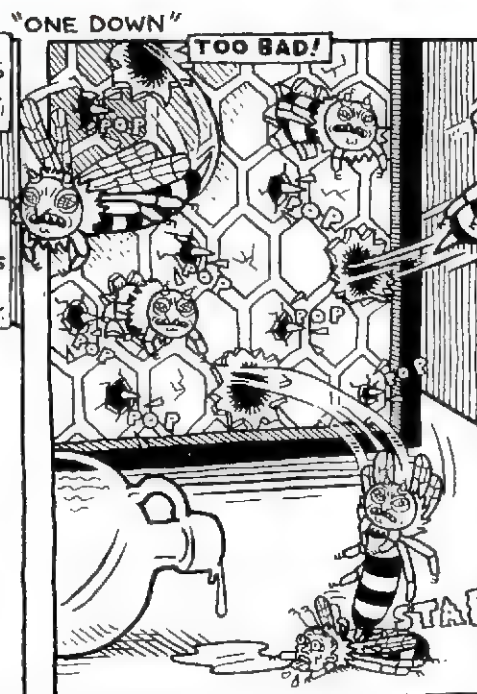
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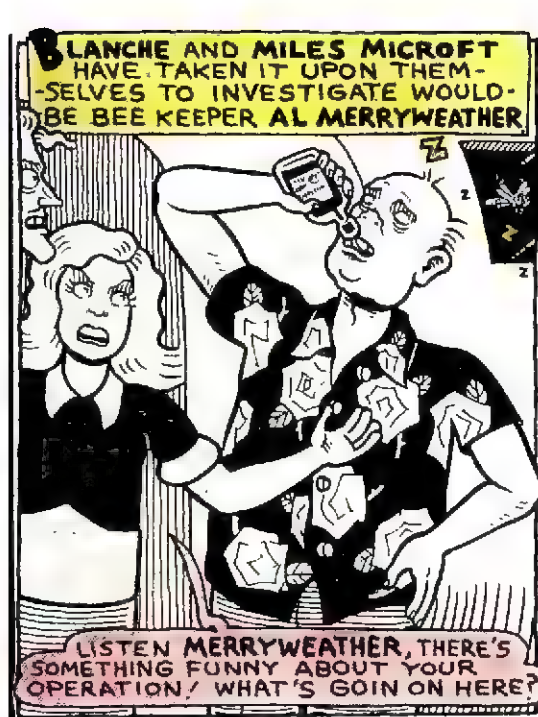
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THE KILLER BEES

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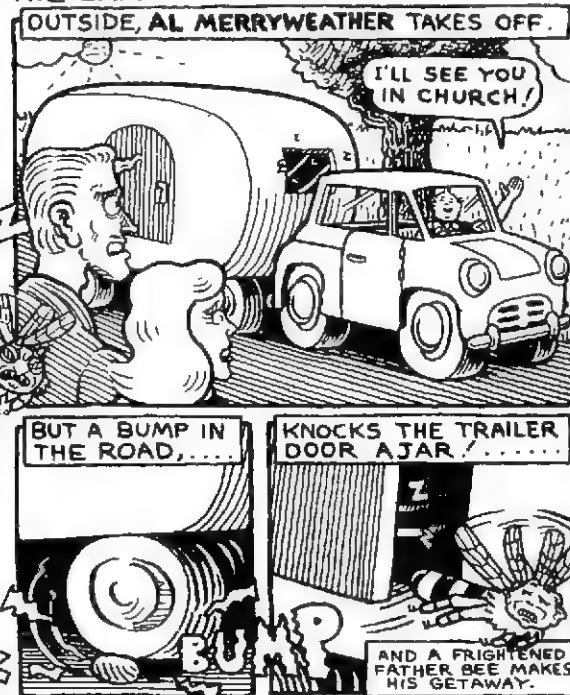
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THE KILLER BEES



"ON THE LAM"

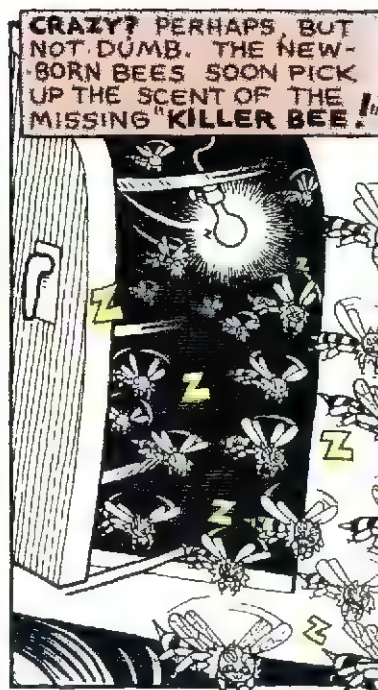


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THE KILLER BEES

"OUCH!"

Kim Deitch



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THE KILLER BEES

Kim Deitch



"WORMS OR BEES?"

...WHILE HIS "KILLER BEE" CONFEDERATE FLEES FOR HIS LIFE.

MEANWHILE BLANCHE AND MILES, UNAWARE OF THE PECULIAR TURN OF EVENTS, HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR HONEY FARM.

OH GOD! WITH AL MERRYWEATHER IN CONTROL OF THOSE EVIL BEES, THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT MAY HAPPEN! WHAT A CAN OF WORMS!

UH DONT YOU MEAN BEES? BLANCHE?

MILES IS GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME



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THE KILLER BEES

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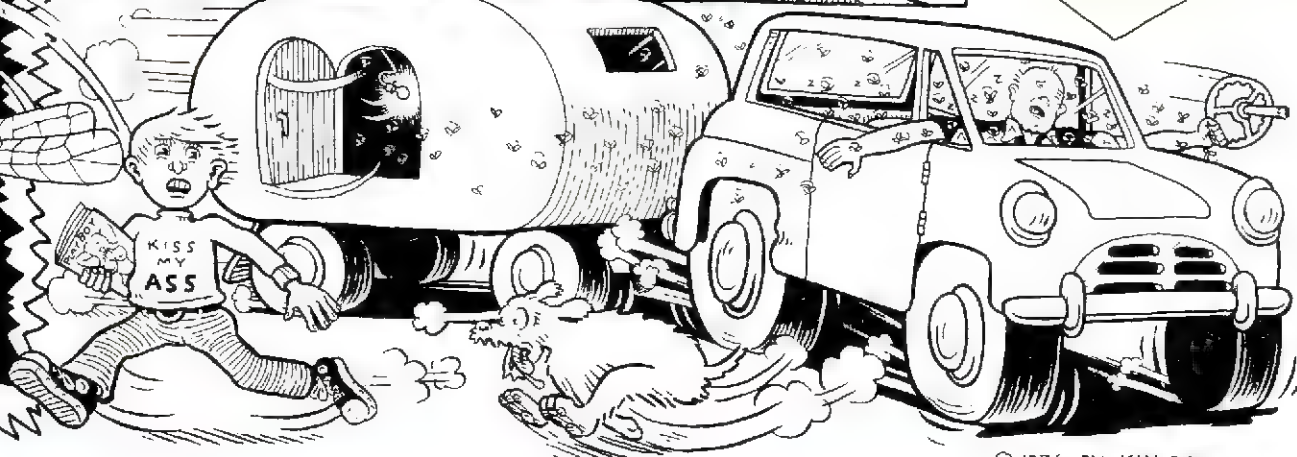
"IF THIS BE MY DESTINY"

THE LAST OF THE THREE ORIGINAL "KILLER BEES" TELLS BLANCHE AND MILES HOW AL MERRYWEATHER'S LOFTY PLANS FOR WORLD DOMINATION HAVE BACKFIRED.

MERRYWEATHER'S SCHEME TO BREED A NEW STRAIN OF HYBRID KILLER BEES WAS A PIECE OF UNHOLY ALCHEMY FROM WHICH NO GOOD CAN COME.

DON'T BE SO FORLORN MY FRIEND. THINGS MAY YET WORK THEMSELVES OUT!

BUT EVEN AS MILES SPEAKS, AL MERRYWEATHER'S CARAVAN OF PAIN ROLLS CRAZILY THROUGH THE STREETS OF BERKELEY!



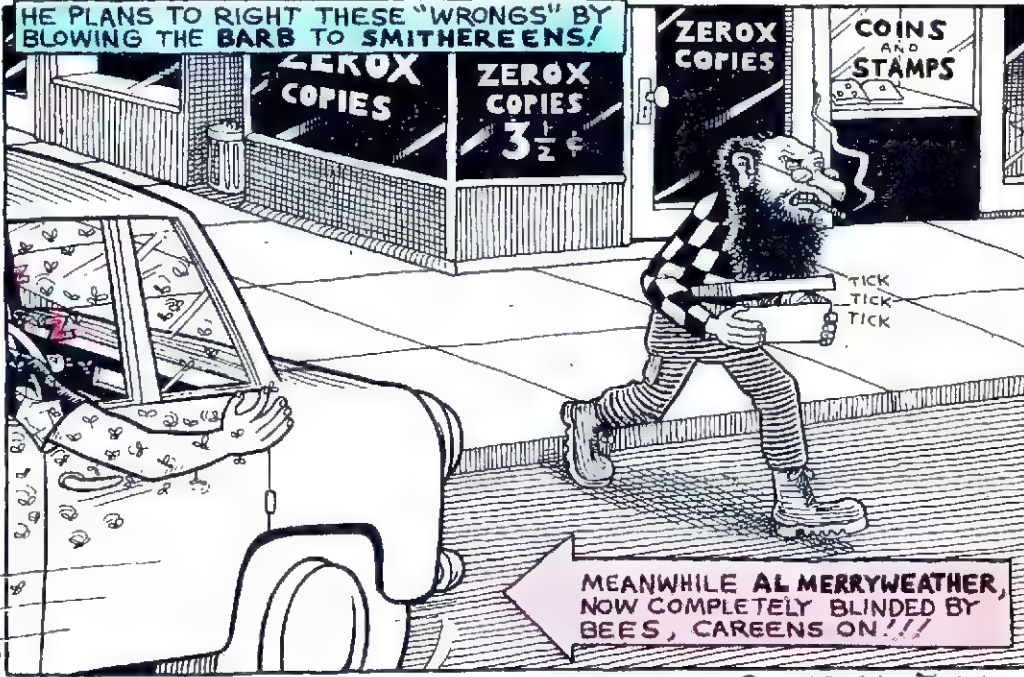
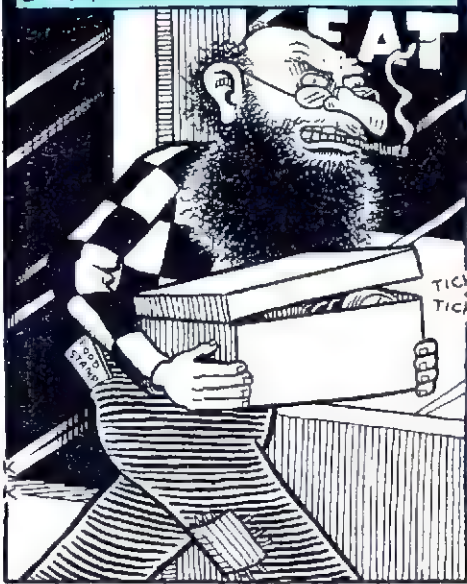
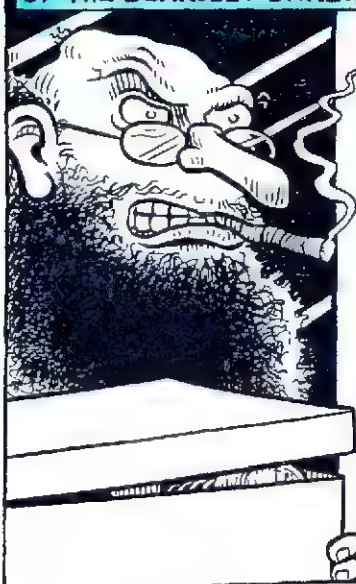
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"OY VEY!"

INTRODUCING BERNARD EINSTEIN, WHO'S ON HIS WAY TO THE OFFICES OF THE BERKELEY BARB.

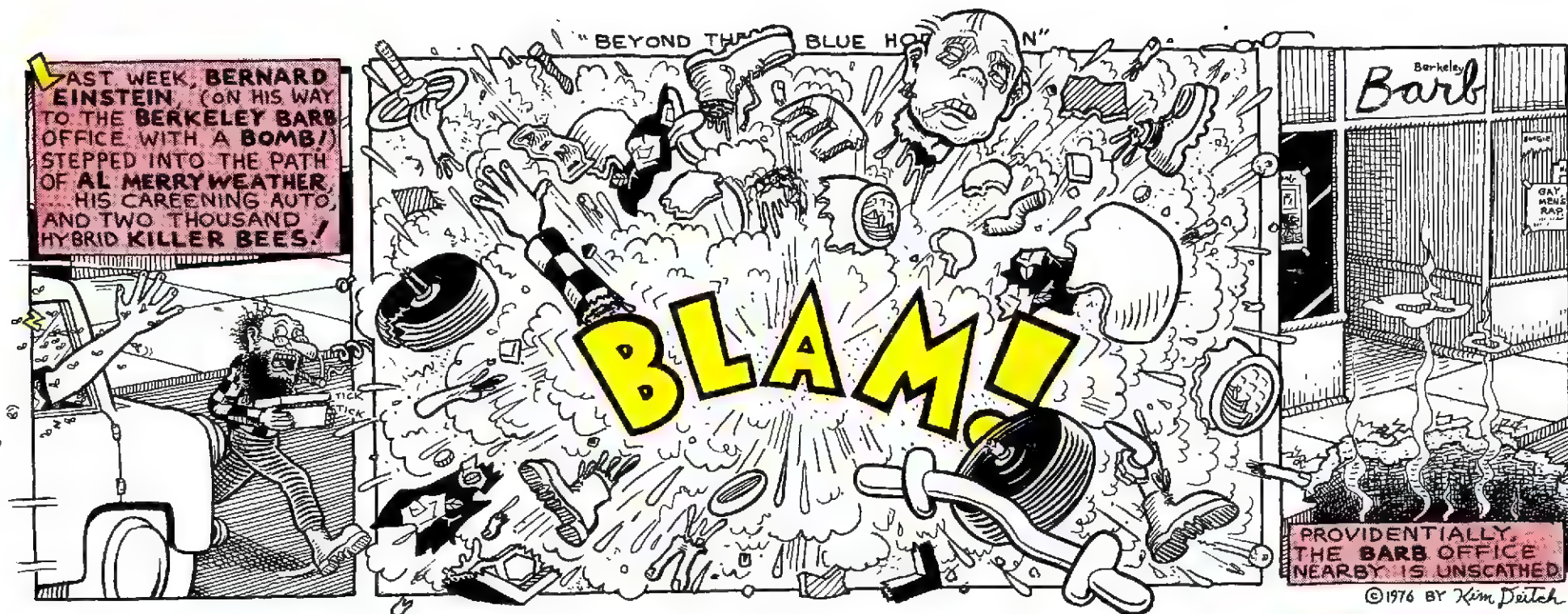
IN HIS SICK MIND, HE'S BUILT A VOLUMINOUS CASE OF IMAGINED WRONGS COMMITTED BY THE MUCKRAKING JOURNAL.

HE PLANS TO RIGHT THESE "WRONGS" BY BLOWING THE BARB TO SMITHEREENS!



MEANWHILE AL MERRYWEATHER, NOW COMPLETELY BLINDED BY BEES, CAREENS ON!!!

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PROLOGUE, 1975. IN A SAN DIEGO COURTROOM SIX FIVE SOULS, JUST SENTENCED TO ASSORTED PRISON TERMS

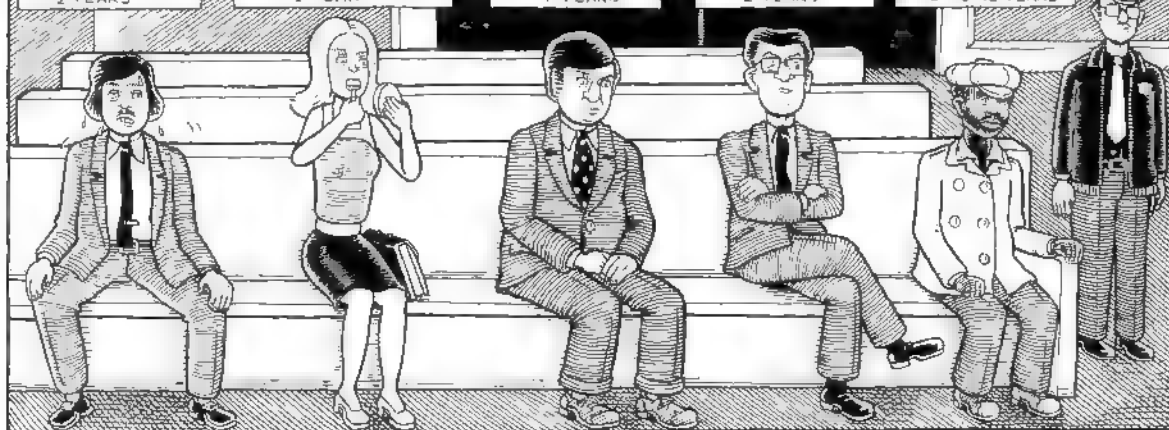
JOHNNY JIMENEZ
POSSESSION OF DRUGS
2 YEARS

CANDY RYAN
PROSTITUTION 3rd BUST
1 YEAR

AL PLOTI
EXTORTION
4 YEARS

DAVID KLEINBERG
BAD CHECK ART ST
2 YEARS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
BANK ROBBERY
6 TO 10 YEARS



THE BAILIFF CALLS
THE DAY'S LAST CASE

MR.
C ARNHOLT SMITH



C ARNHOLT SMITH STANDS TO RECEIVE HIS SENTENCE A MAN ONCE HAILED AS

**MR. SAN
DIEGO**



HAW! IT DOES ME
GOOD TO SEE A FAT CAT
LIKE THAT GOIN AWAY!

BAH



HEY! WHAT'D HE DO
ANYWAY?

ARE YOU KIDDING?
WHY HE'S THE BIGGEST
CROOK HERE!



NO SHIT! UH HOW'D HE DO
THAT?

WELL, I'LL TRY
TO MAKE IT
AS SIMPLE
AS I CAN.



Y'SEE SMITH WAS A BIGGIE FOR OPENERS
HE WAS HEAD OF THE U.S. NATIONAL BANK,
A MONSTER WITH OVER SIXTYFIVE BRANCHES

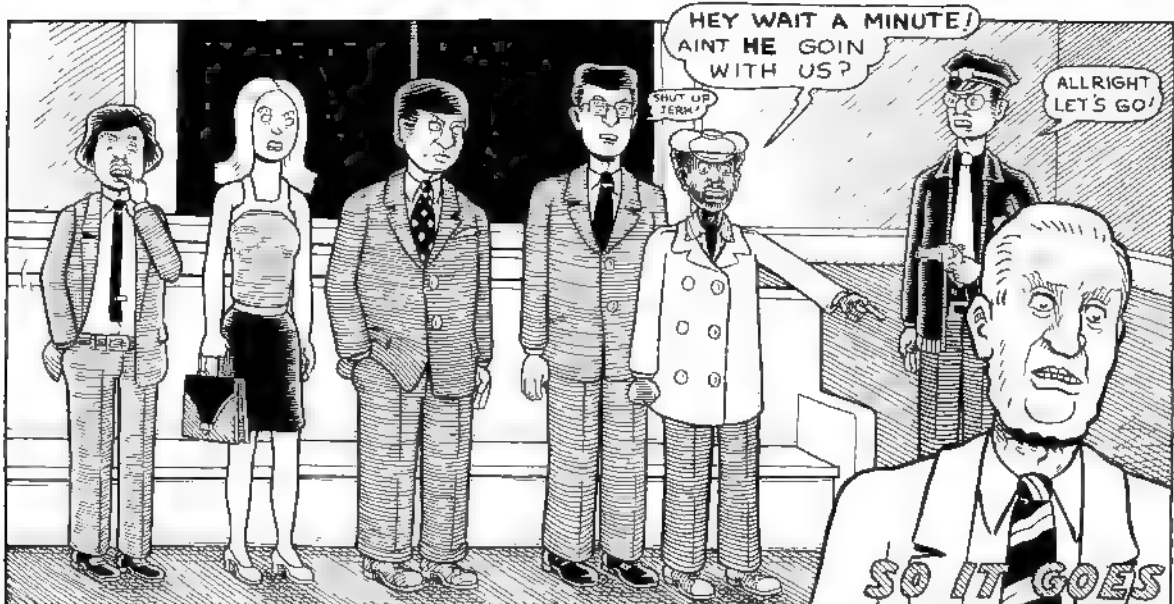
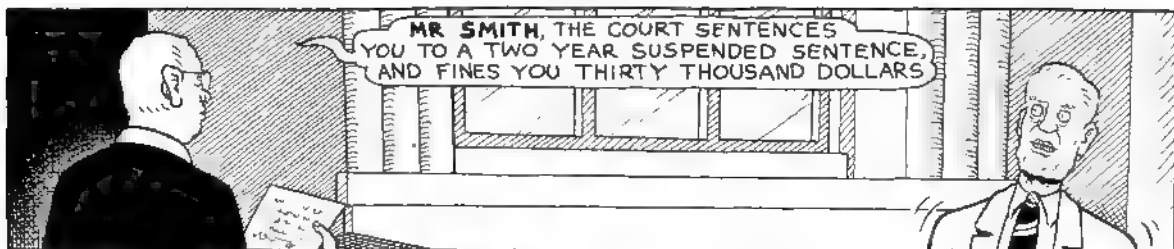
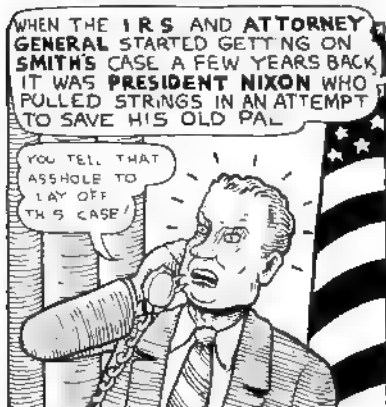
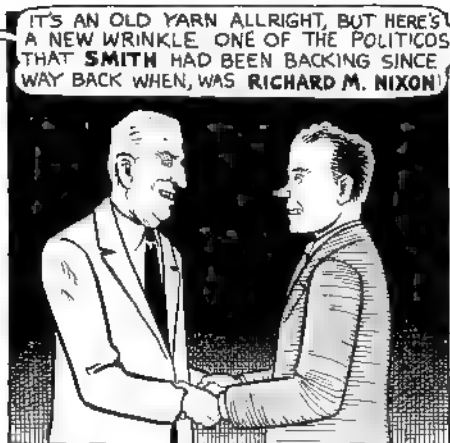
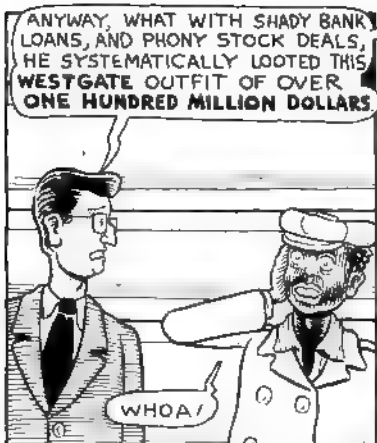
I KNOW THEM!
I ROBBED ONE OF EM!



SO DID SMITH, BUT IM GETTING AHEAD OF
MYSELF HE WAS ALSO HEAD OF WESTGATE
CALIFORNIA, A TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR
CONGLOMERATE WHICH INCLUDES A BIG HOTEL
CAB COMPANIES, TUNA FLEETS, CANNERIES, EVEN
A BASEBALL TEAM, THE SAN DIEGO PADRES

YAH! I HEARD O' THEM
TOO!





ARSON!

AS IT IS
PRACTICED
IN AMERICA'S
DECAYING INNER
CITY SLUMS.

THIS FLAMING RAT TRAP APARTMENT BUILDING WAS PURCHASED A FEW YEARS AGO AT A LOW PRICE. THEN IT CHANGED HANDS SEVERAL TIMES BETWEEN SCHEMING REAL ESTATE INVESTORS IN ORDER TO MORE THAN DOUBLE ITS INSURABLE VALUE.

INSURANCE WAS THEN OBTAINED AT A VERY INFLATED FIGURE, ...AND IN NO TIME AT ALL, GOODBYE APARTMENT BUILDING, AND HELLO INSURANCE MONEY!

IT'S A SWEET RACKET ALLRIGHT, AND A HARD RAP TO PROVE. ONLY A TINY PERCENT OF ARSON CASES EVER RESULT IN AN ARREST. OF THOSE THAT DO, ONLY 2% EVER LEAD TO A CONVICTION. EVEN LESS THAN THAT EVER GO TO JAIL.

HERE WE HAVE P.J. CONIVELY, THE BUILDING'S OWNER, WITH A NICE JUICY INSURANCE POLICY CLUTCHED IN HIS GREEDY PALM!

I'M SORRY WE COULDN'T SAVE YOUR BUILDING MR. CONIVELY

HERE ARE SOME OF CONIVELY'S EX TENANTS THEY'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE AT ALL. HUNDREDS JUST LIKE THEM ARE KILLED EVERY YEAR IN THESE INCENDIARY GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I KNOW YOU BOYS DID THE BEST YOU COULD.

Kentucky Fried Ham

STORY BY
Fowlton Mears

W.W. CROCKWELL, 91 YEAR OLD
FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT EMERITUS
OF THE CROCKWELL CHEMICAL BANK.

COL. GIBLET IS
HERE TO SEE YOU SIR!

HUH! OH (UH) SEND
THEM IN.

MISTAH CROCKWELL, YOU
HAVE NOT ANSWERED MAH CALLS
OR ACKNOLEDGED MAH LETTERS
SO AH AM COMING TO YOU SUH!

GET ON WITH IT!

SUH, AH KNOW AH AM
DELINQUENT ON THE
PAYMENTS ON THE LOAN
FO MAH FRIED CHICKEN
CHAINS,...

BUT AH THOUGHT SUH THAT BETWEEN
GENTLEMEN YOU MIGHT EXTEND THE
LOAN ON THE SYMBOLIC COLLATERAL
OF MAH DEAR DEAD MOTHER'S
PAISLEY SHAWL.

THE OLD MAN DISPLAYS THE
LEGENDARY RUTHLESSNESS WHICH
MADE CROCKWELL CHEMICAL.

WELL YOUNG MAN, IF THIS
TATTERED SHAWL IS YOUR BEST
OFFER, I'M AFRAID WE MUST CALL
THE LOAN IMMEDIATLY.

SUH, AH AM GLAD MAH DEAR MOTHER
DID NOT LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY,
FOR IT WOULD HAVE BROKEN
HER HEART AS IT
HAS MINE.

IN THE OUTER OFFICE, AGING THESPIAN LARRY FARREL, DOFFS HIS DISGUISE

WELL GENTLEMEN,
THE DEED IS DONE.

YES, WE HEARD
ON THE INTERCOM!

I'LL SAY WE DID!
YOU NEARLY BLEW IT
TOO! YOU BIG HAM!

DONT MIND MY BROTHERS FARREL; THESE
MASQUERADES KEEP DAD HAPPY, AND MORE
IMPORTANTLY, OUT OF OUR HAIR.

NOW NEXT WEEK WE'LL GET YOU
UP AS A LITTLE OLD LADY PLEADING
AGAINST THE FORECLOSURE OF HER
HOME. DAD'S ALWAYS LOVED THOSE.

AND DON'T FORGET
TO SHAVE OFF YOUR
MUSTACHE!

YEAH, AND LEAVE THE
PAISLEY SHAWL AT HOME.

MY M'MUSTACHE!!

The End

ART BY *Kim Deitch* 77

PURS IN PARADISE

FORMER FILM STAR, **ELSIE PEACHTREE** BROODS IN THE BOUDOIR OF HER POSH HOLLYWOOD ESTATE

HER HUSBAND, **LARRY FARREL**, ALSO LATE OF THE SILVER SHEET, TRIES TO COMFORT HER

I'LL BE **EIGHTYSEVEN** YEARS OLD NEXT MONTH I CAN'T LAST **FOREVER** YOU KNOW!

UH OH, HERE WE GO AGAIN!

LARRY! I'M SERIOUS!

NOW **ELSIE**, HERE I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR AFTERNOON APERITIF!

NOT THAT I CARE FOR MYSELF, I KNOW I'LL BE IN HEAVEN WITH **OUR LORD**.

BUT WHAT ABOUT **WEE WEE, LING TING AND NANKY POO**?

DA-ARLING,

I'M CERTAIN **WEE WEE, TING, AND NANKY POO** WILL BE WITH YOU IN HEAVEN, NOT TO MENTION **FOOEY FACE, BABS, BILLYBOY, AND WINNY**, GOD REST THEIR SOULS

BUT THAT'S JUST IT **LARRY**! WHAT IF THEY HAVE NO SOULS!

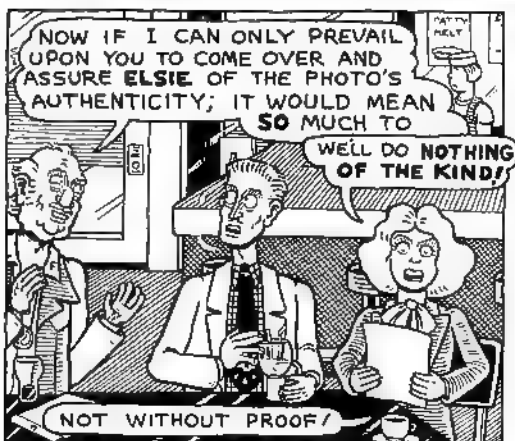
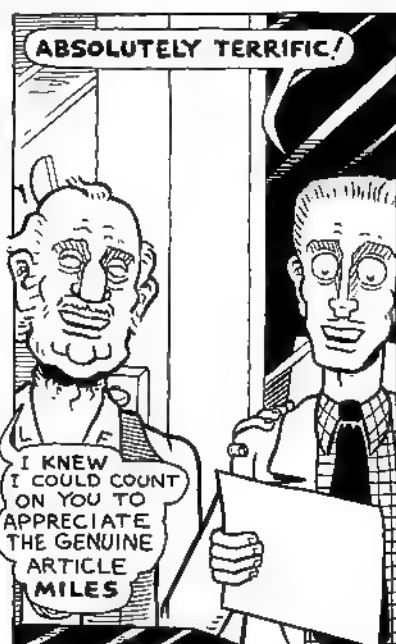
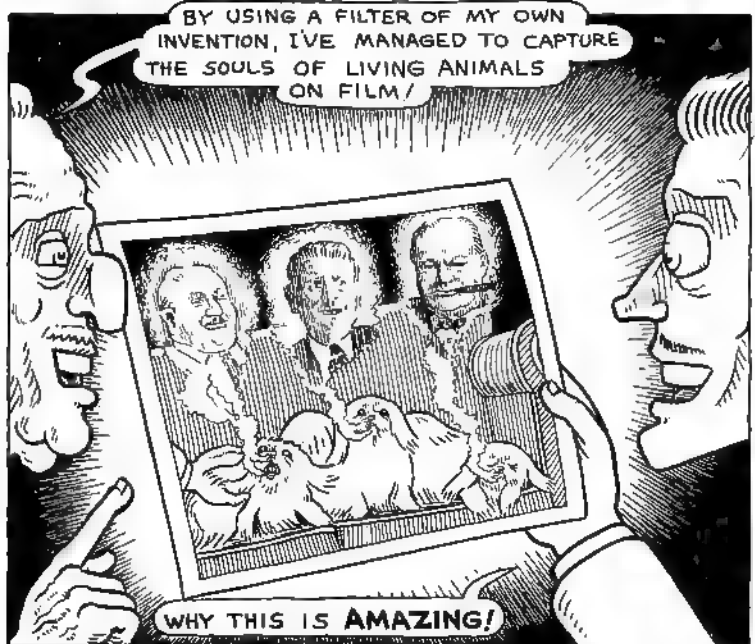
HMM

YAP!

ONE MONTH LATER, **LARRY** MEETS WITH PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR **MILES MICROFT** AND HIS FEISTY MIDGET WIFE **BLANCHE** IN **DREXEL'S DRUG STORE**

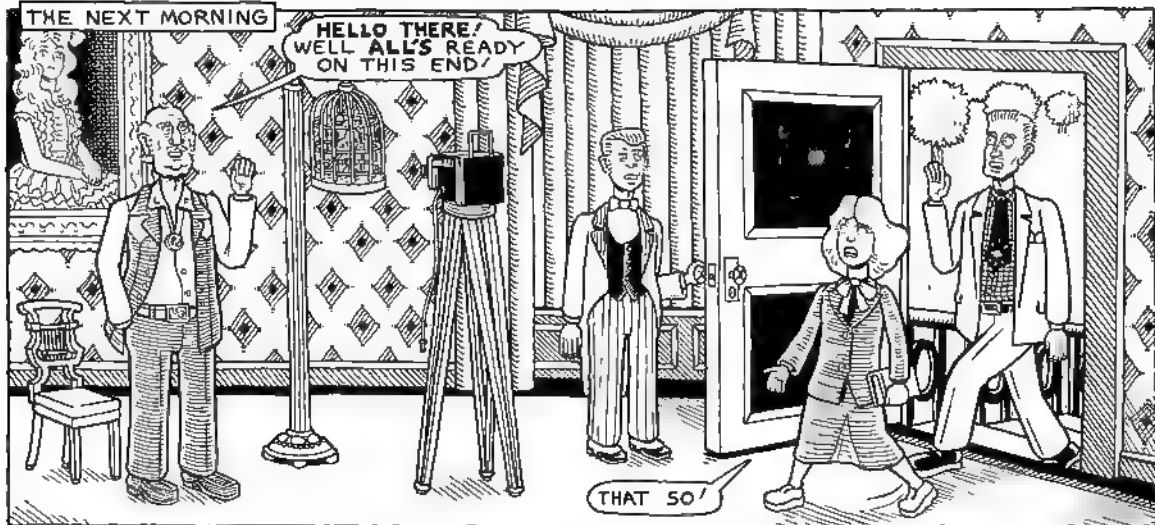
THERE'S NOTHING TO IT ACTUALLY

LISTEN! IF YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO INVOLVE OURSELVES IN SOME CROOKED SCHEME OF YOURS FOR A LOUSY TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, YOU'RE **CRAZY!**



THE NEXT MORNING

HELLO THERE!
WE'LL ALL'S READY
ON THIS END!



I'LL SOON BANISH
YOUR DOUBTS LITTLE
LADY! THAT IS MY
SPECIAL FILTER WILL!



HMM, .. SUIT
YOURSELF, ..
BUT YOU'LL DO
IT, ..

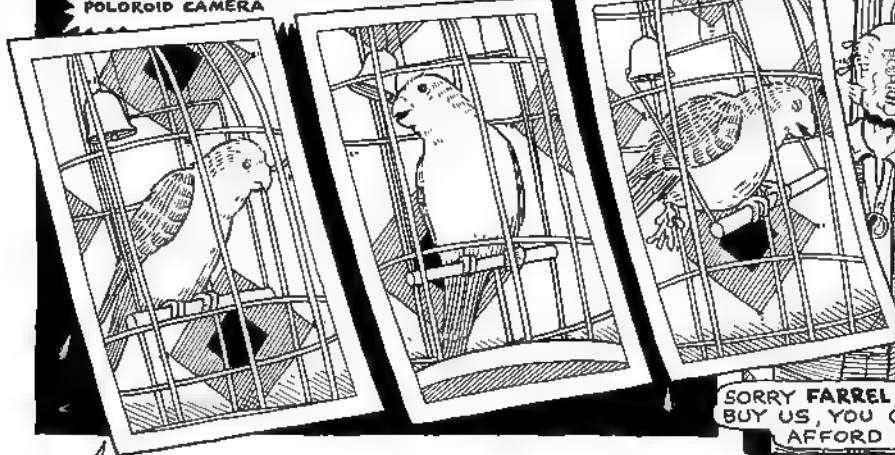


... WITH MY CAMERA!



LATER, A DISMAL SHOWING

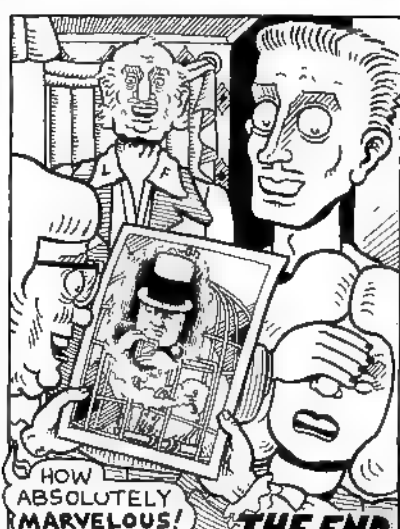
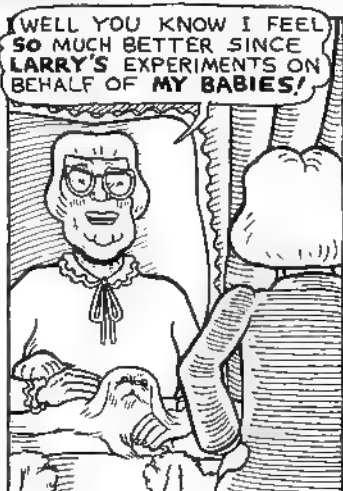
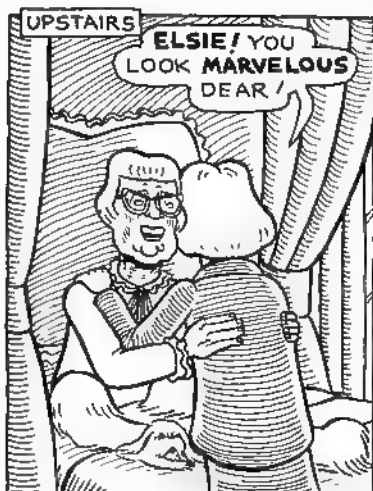
EXHIBITS A, B, AND C, TAKEN WITH BLANCHES
POLOROID CAMERA



I'LOOK! WHY NOT GIVE MY
CAMERA A TRY? I'VE HAD
SPLENDID
RESULTS!

SORRY FARREL, YOU CAN'T
BUY US, YOU COULDN'T
AFFORD IT!



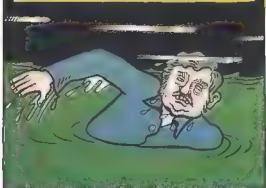


BEYOND THE PALE!

WHAT FOLLOWS IS LOOSELY BASED ON A CHAPTER FROM FOWLTON MEANS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

OUR STORY BEGINS TWENTY MEXICO AND TEXAS IN 1966.

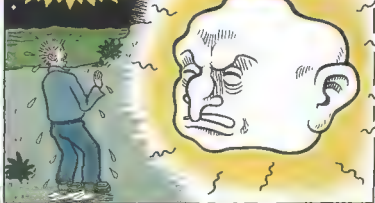
EPISODE #1 I AM REGLORE™
ROBBED BY BANDITOS FOWLTON
MEANS SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE
ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE.



INTO THE TEXAS NIGHT



SUDDENLY, A GIANT
LUMINOUS FACE
APPEARS!



IN SOME SORT OF A DAZE,
HE FOLLOWS THE VISION.



SOON HE COMES UPON WHAT APPEARS TO BE A FOSSILIZED GIANT,
A DEAD RINGER FOR THE MYSTERIOUS LUMINOUS FACE HE'D SEEN!



EXHAUSTION AND SHOCK TAKE THEIR
TOLL, AND FOWLTON COLLAPSES



TO A PLACE WHERE HE IS
BIDDEN TO
DIG!



COMES THE DAWN.



AND SOON BOTH
ARE RELOCATED AT
A POLICE STATION IN
PORRITO TEXAS,
POPULATION: 203

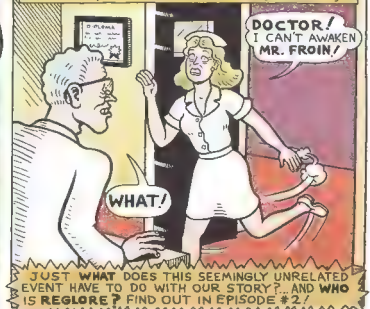
AH THINK HE'S
GONNA SAY
SOMETHIN
CHIEF!



I AM
REGLORE

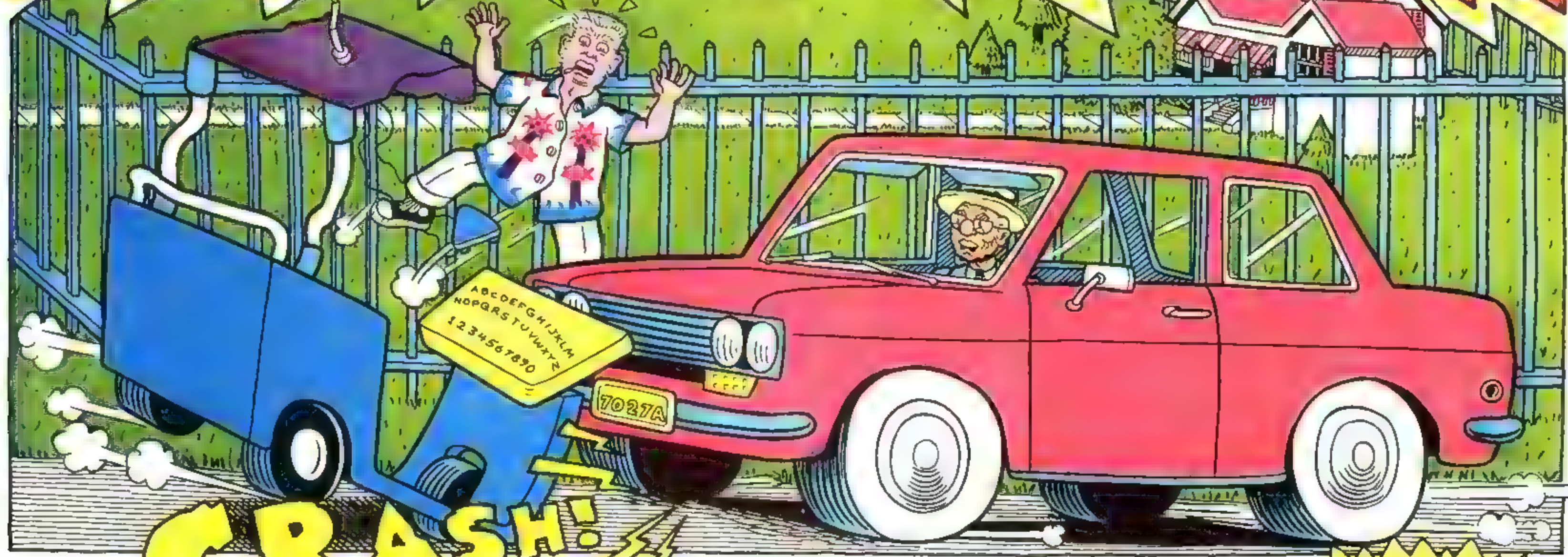


MEANWHILE, AT A GERIATRIC REST HOME NEAR BY...



Kim Deitch

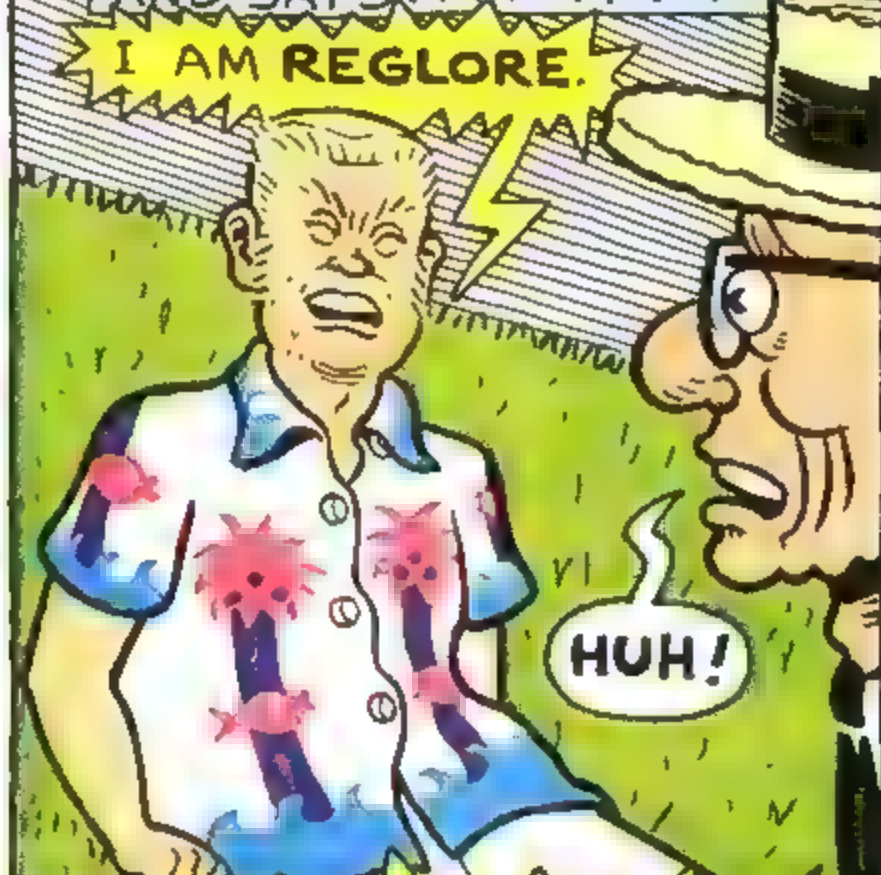
BEYOND THE FALLEN! BY FOWLTON MEANS



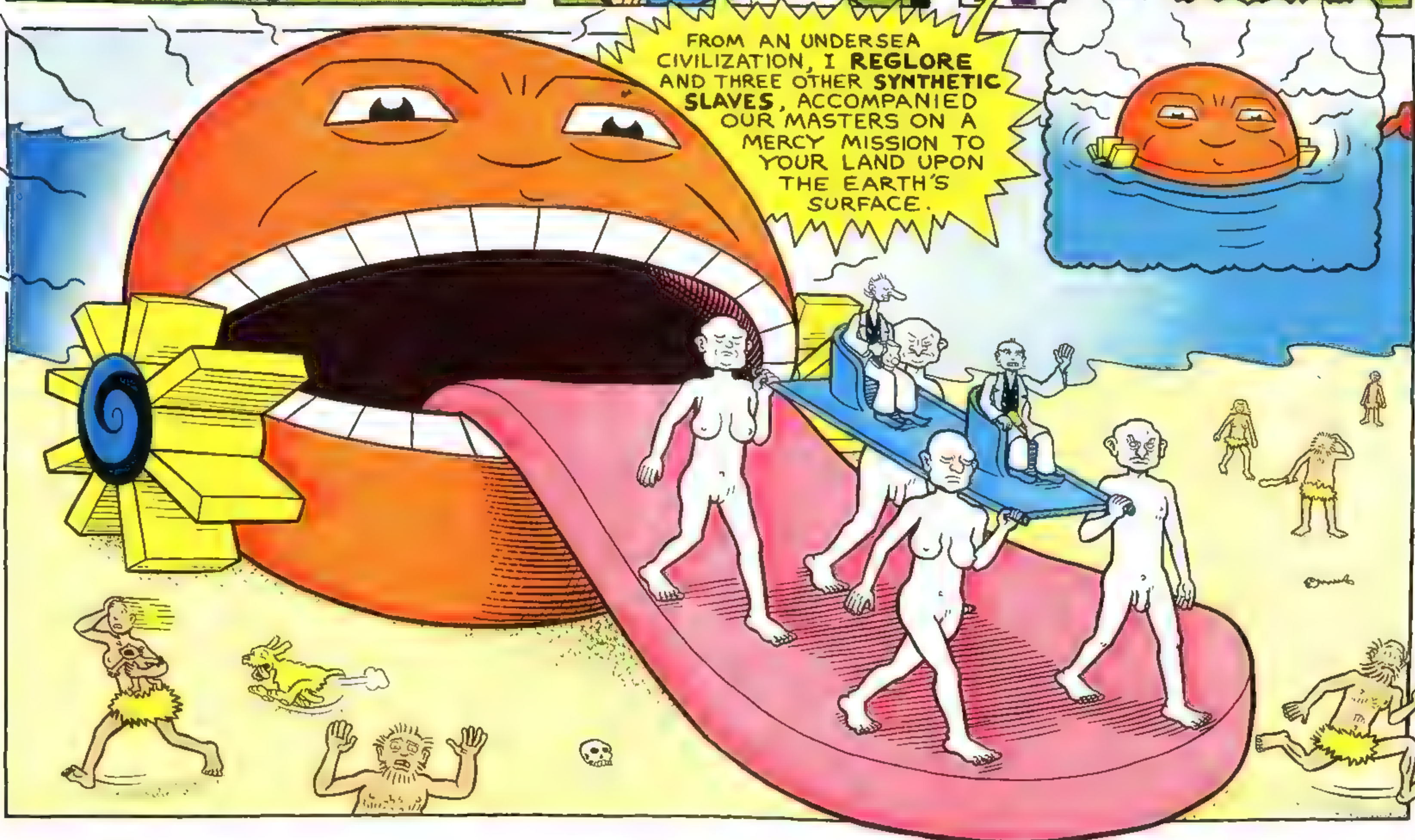
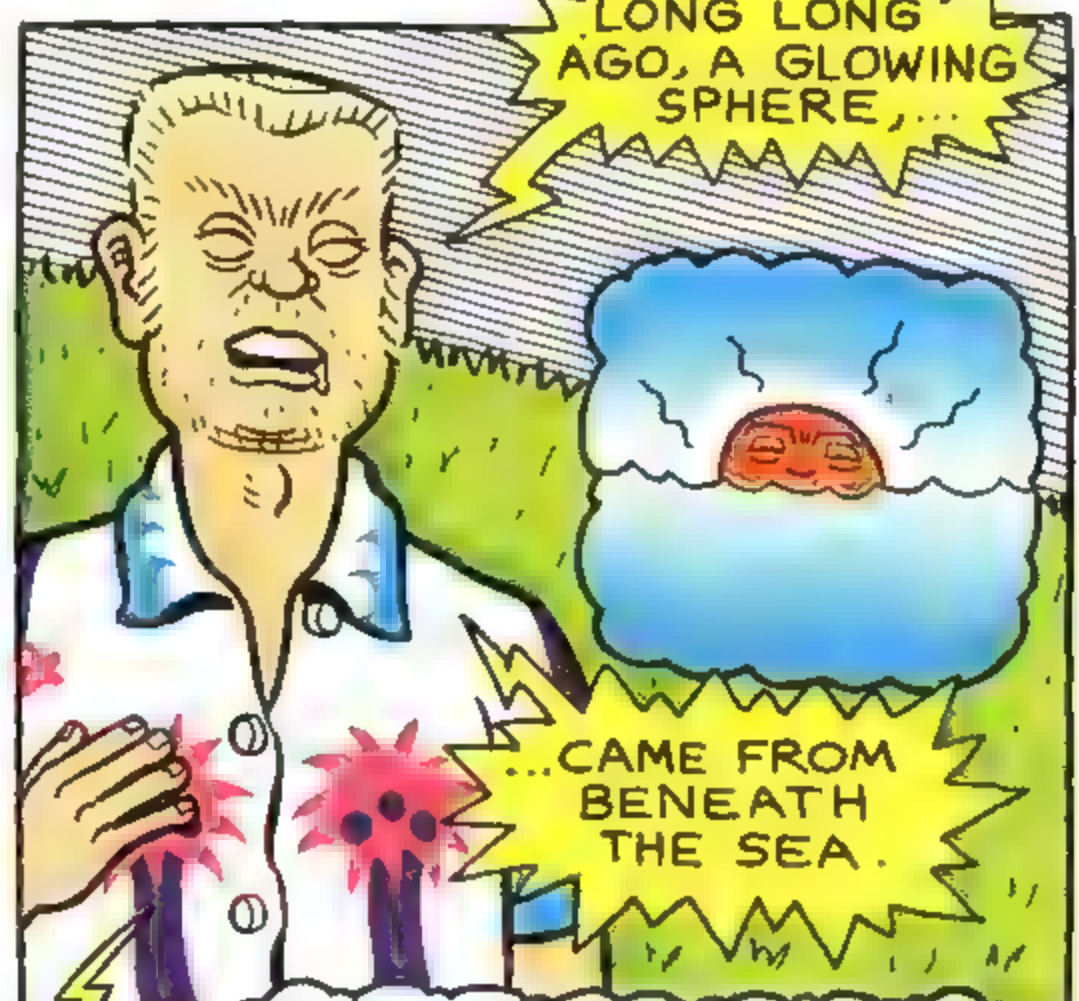
CRASH!

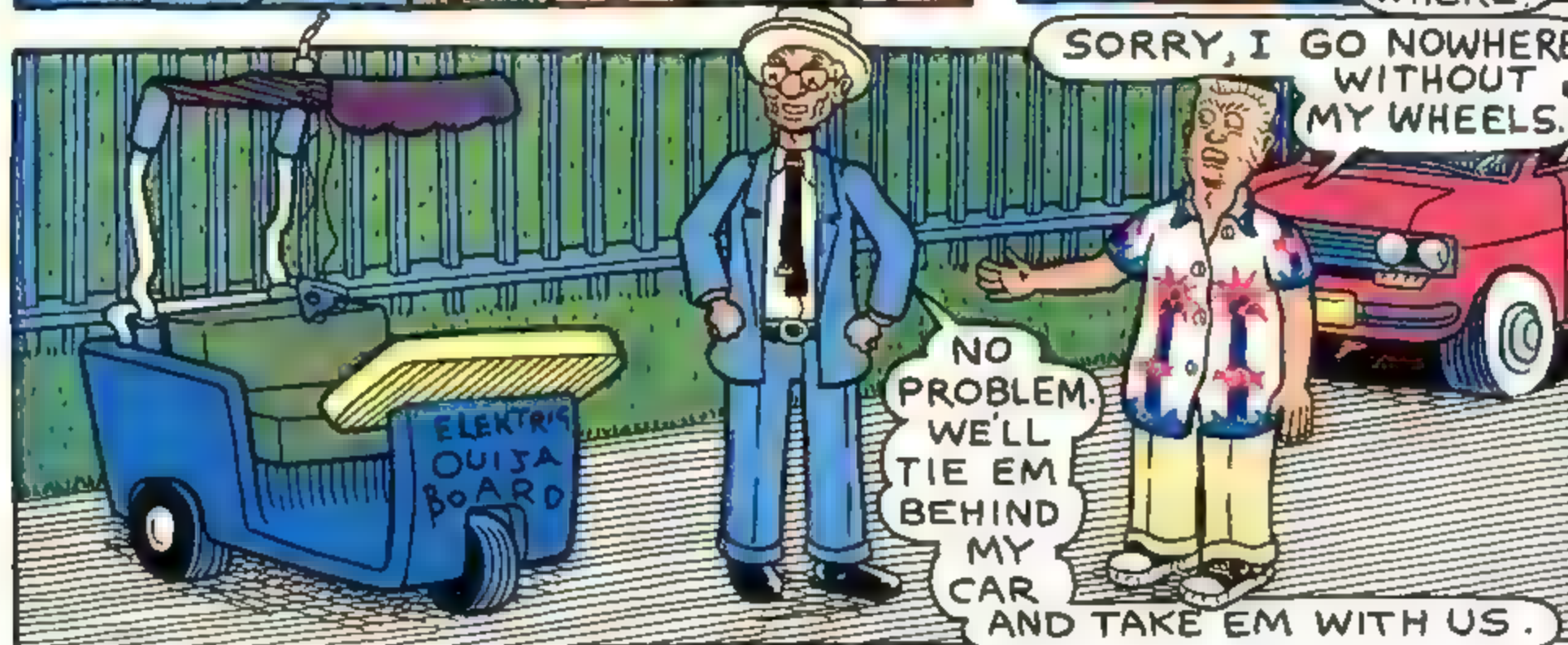
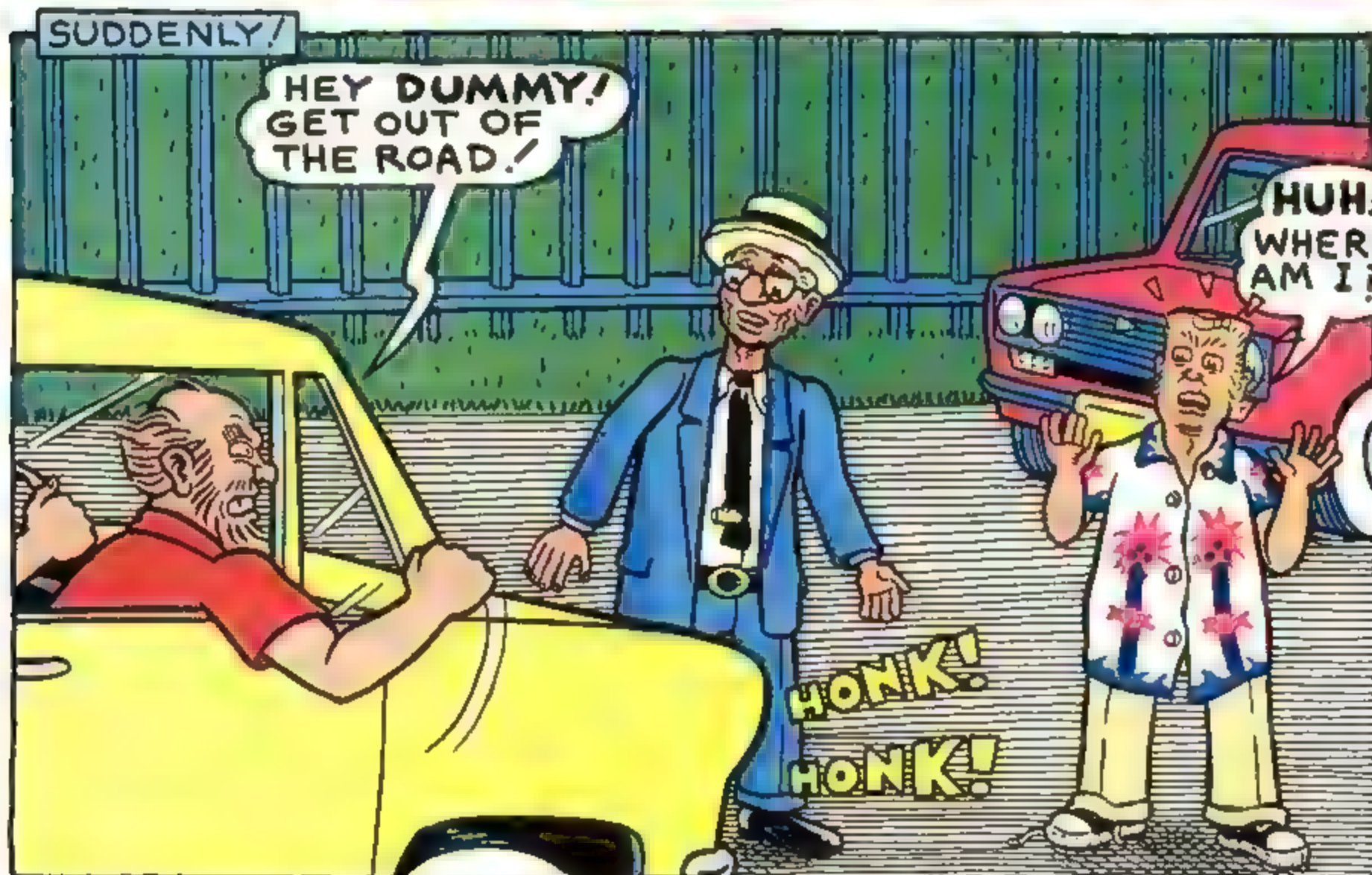
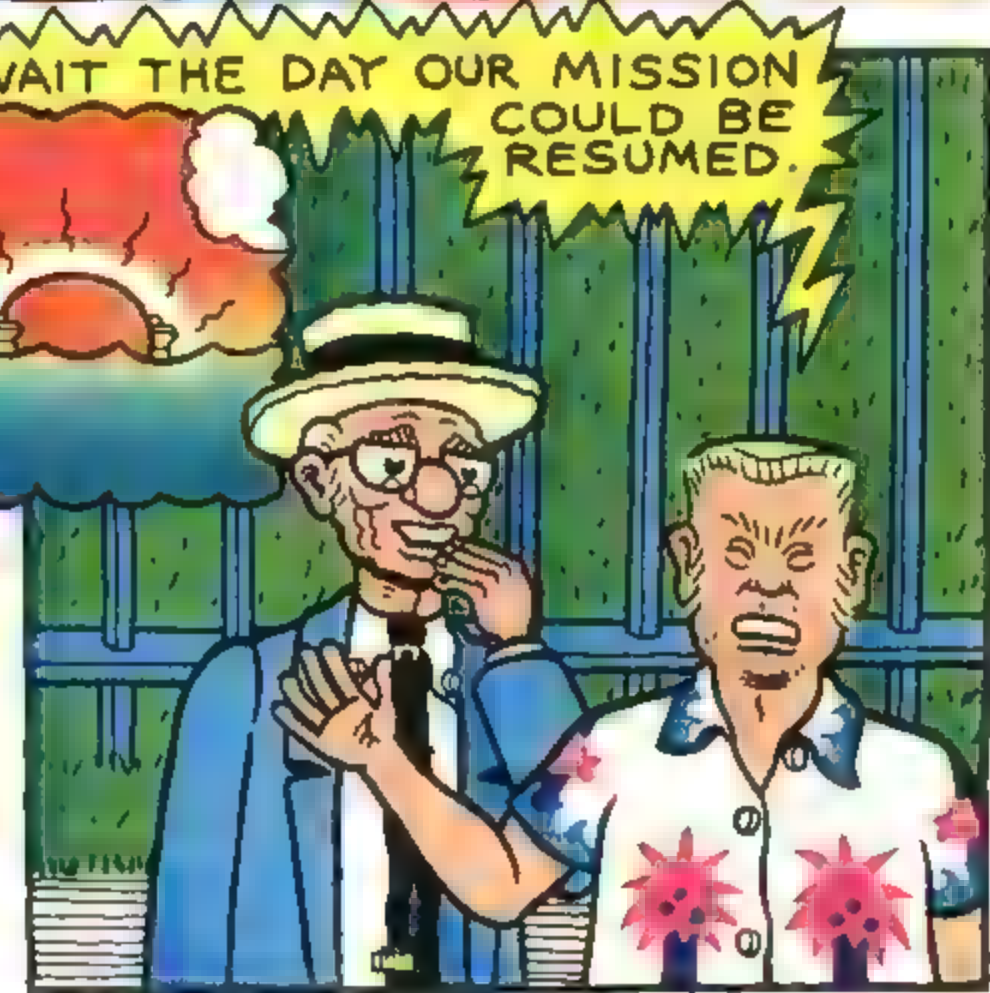
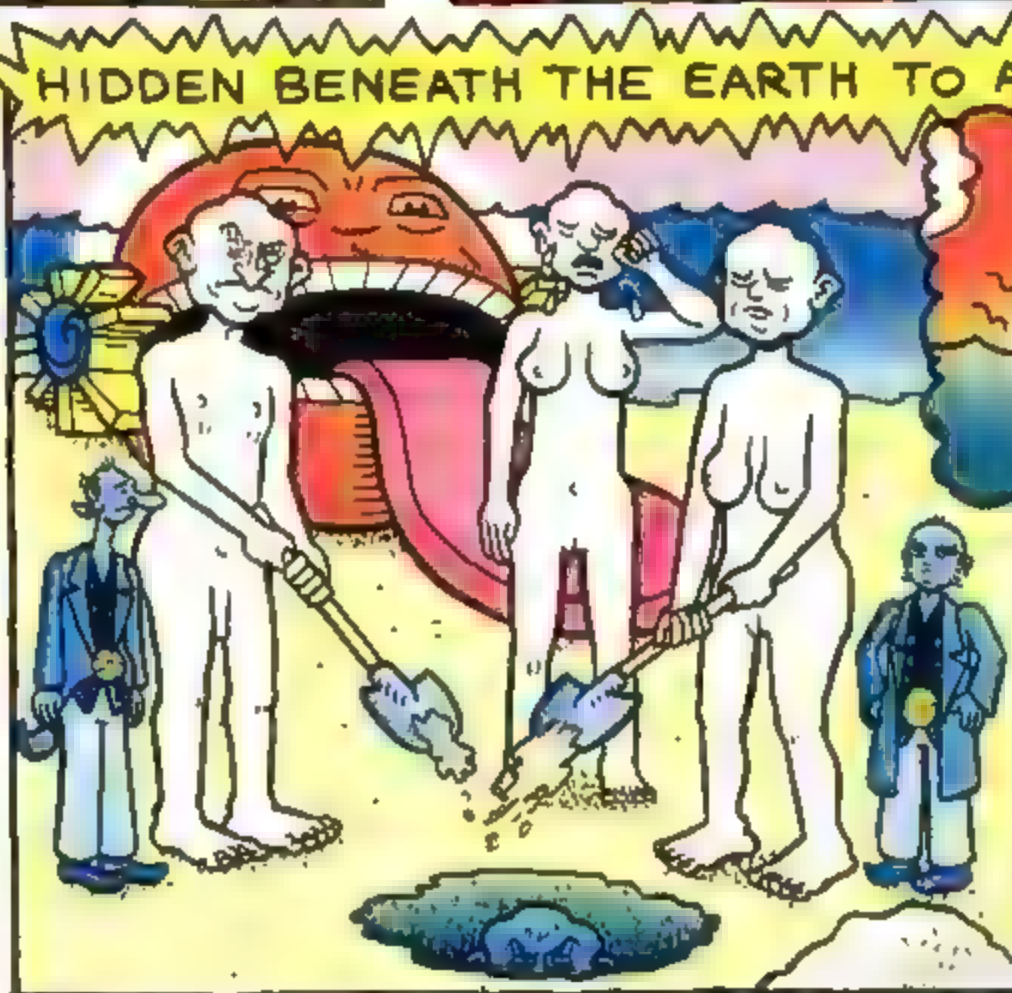


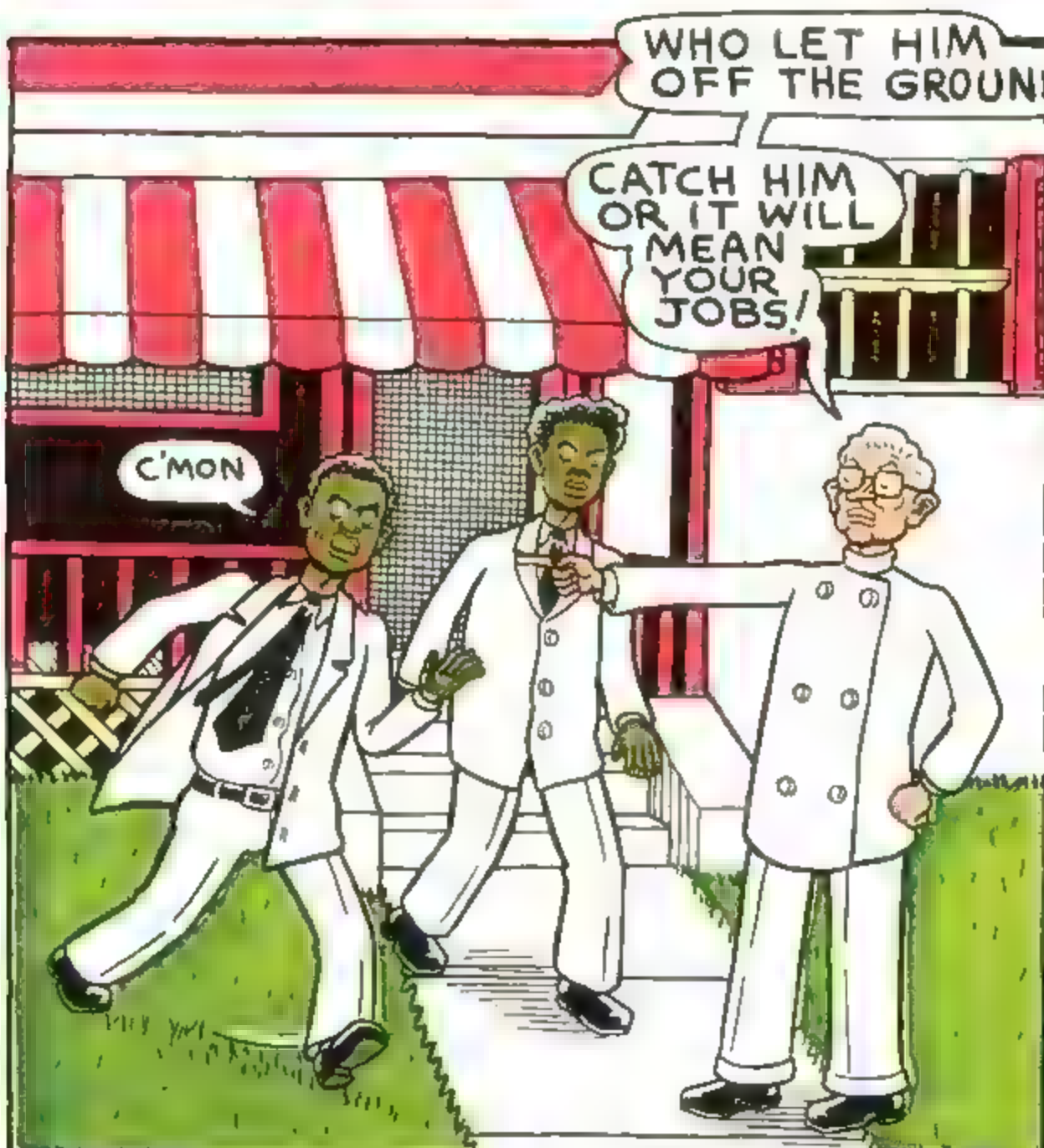
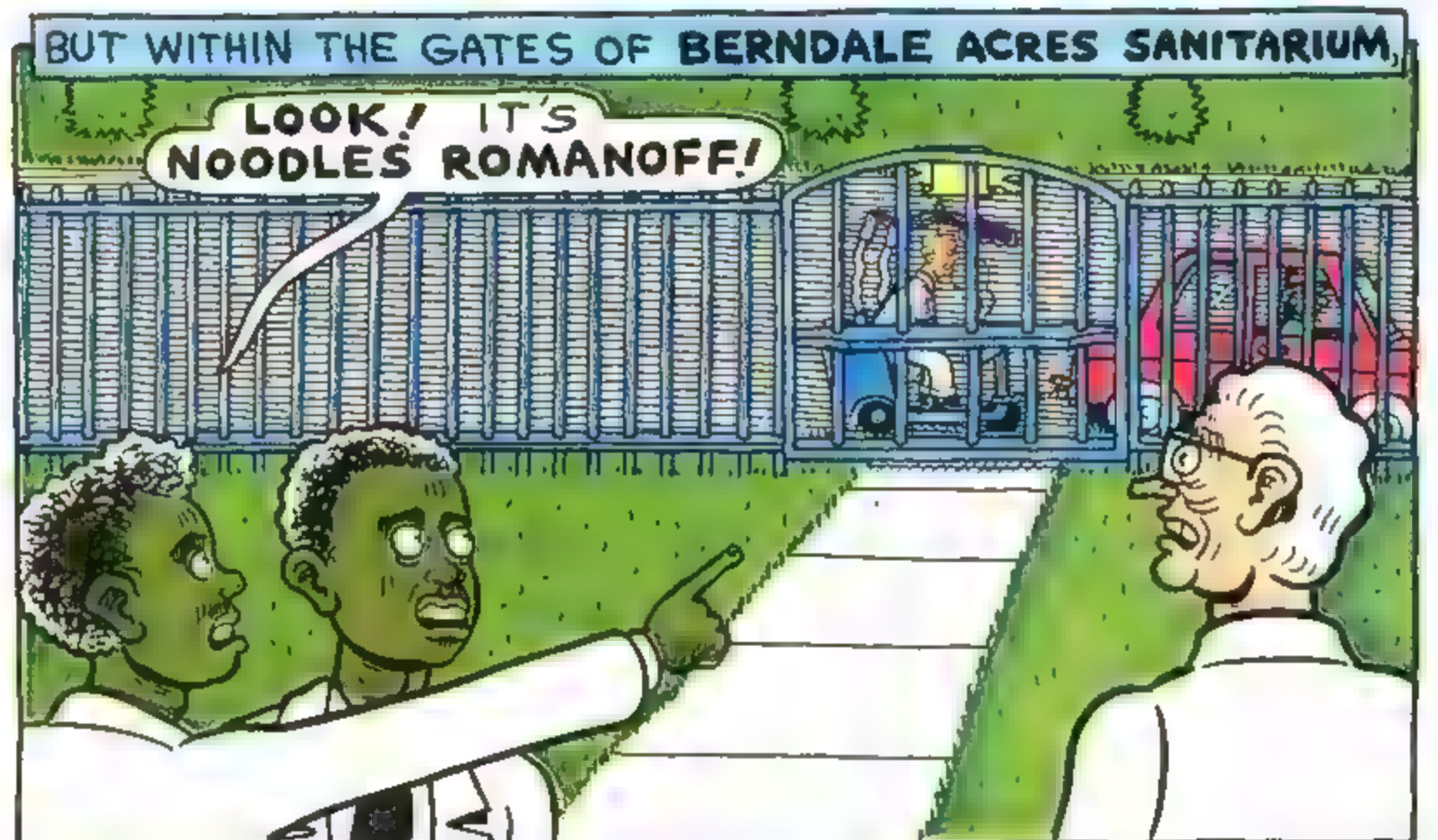
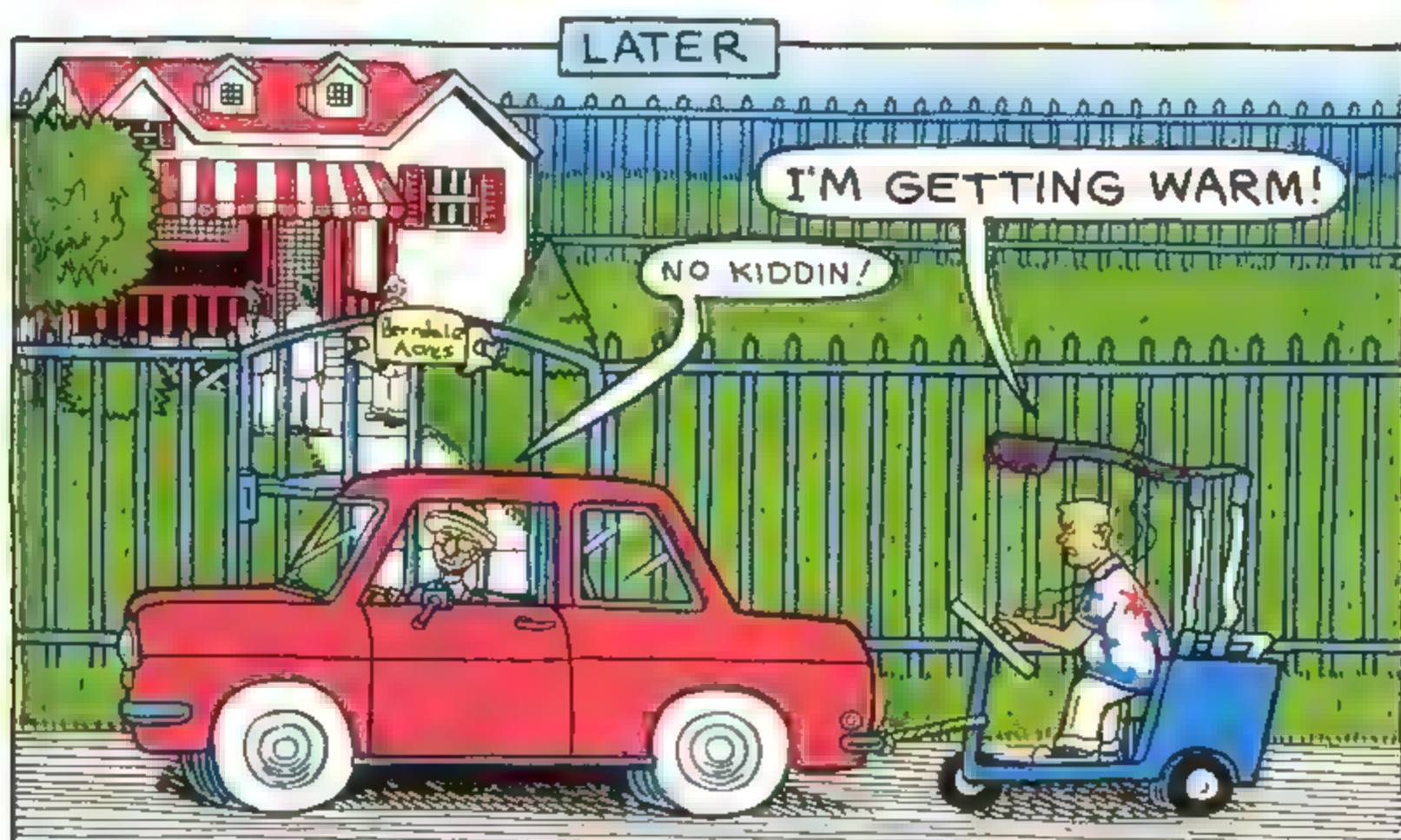
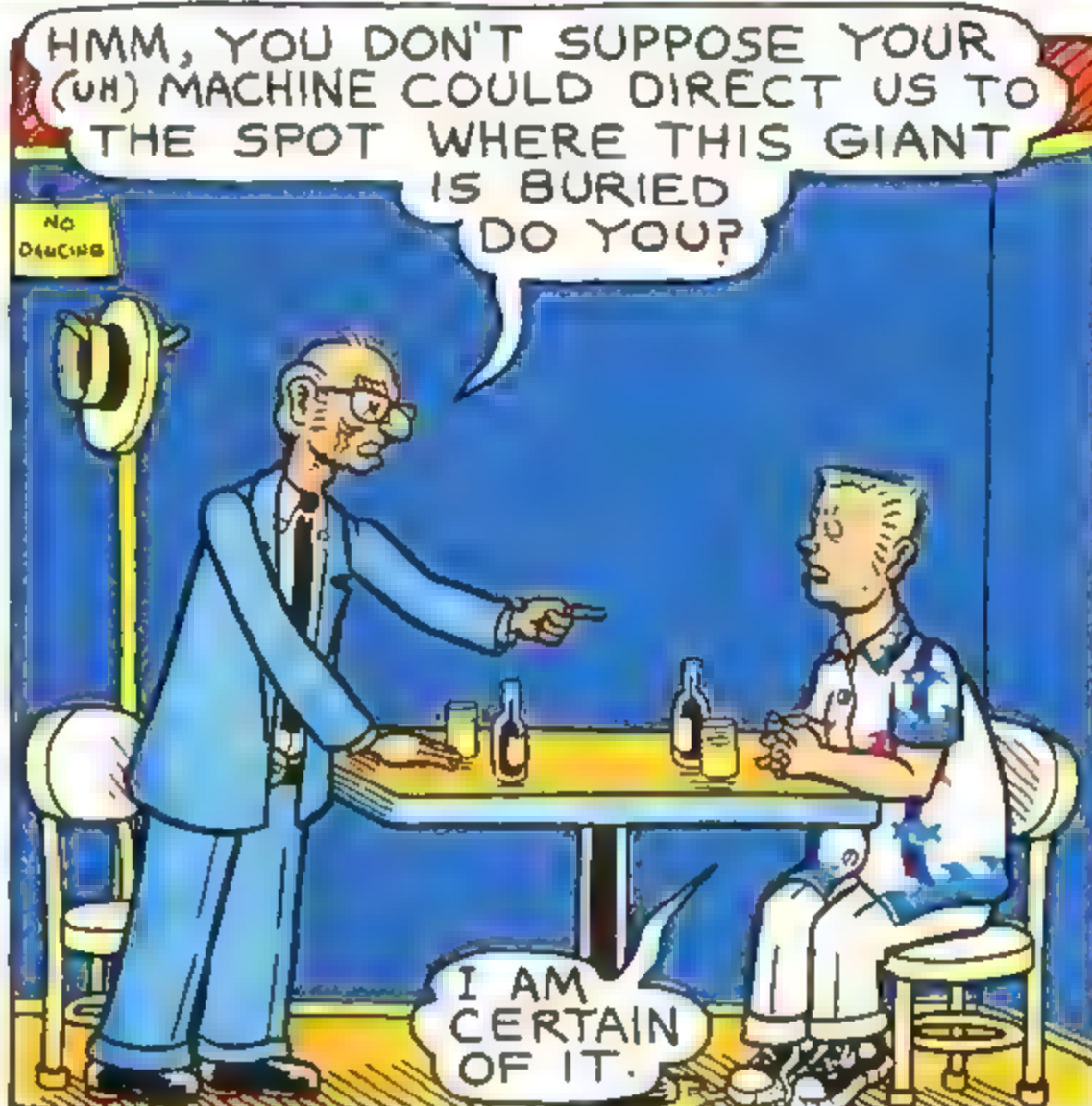
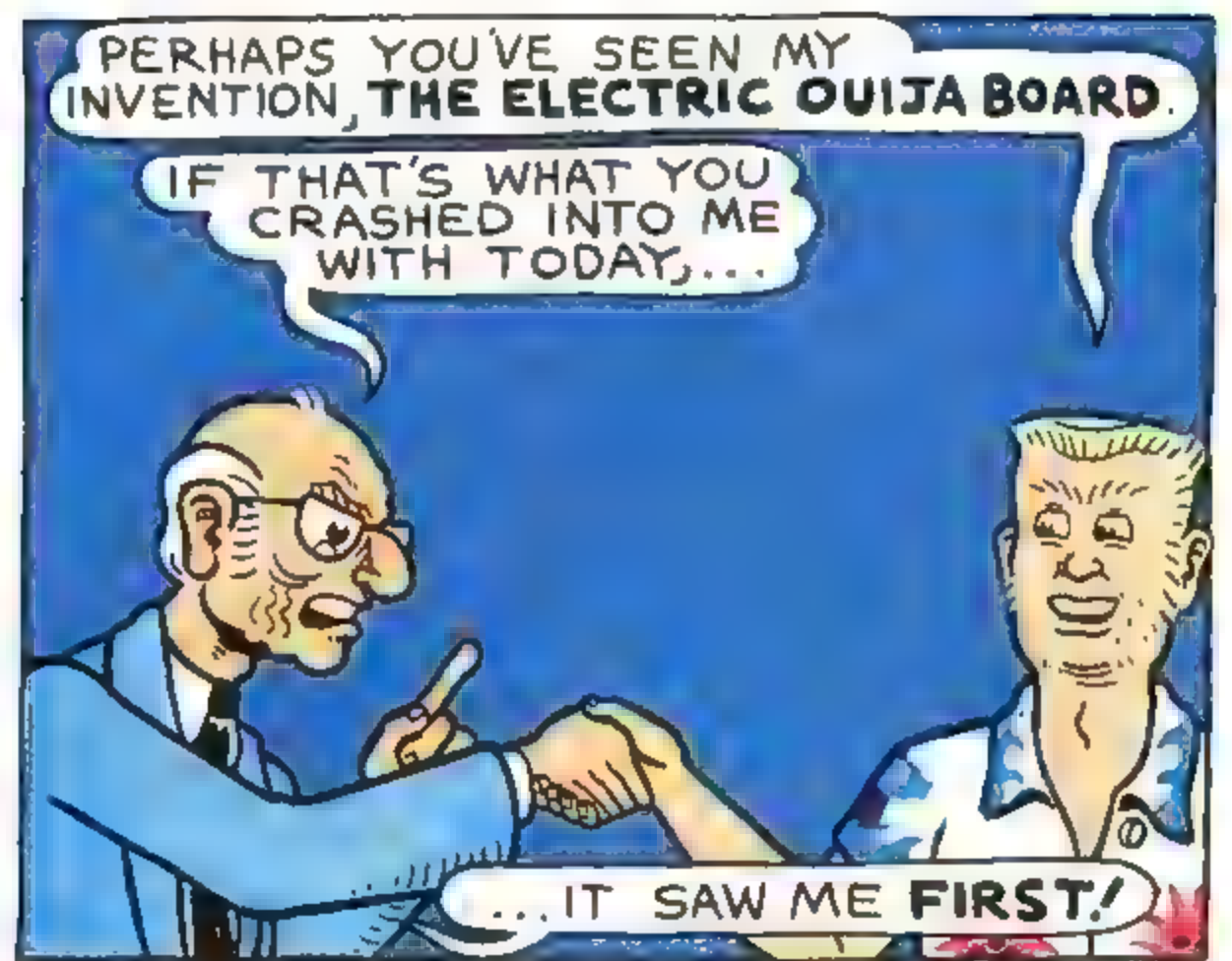
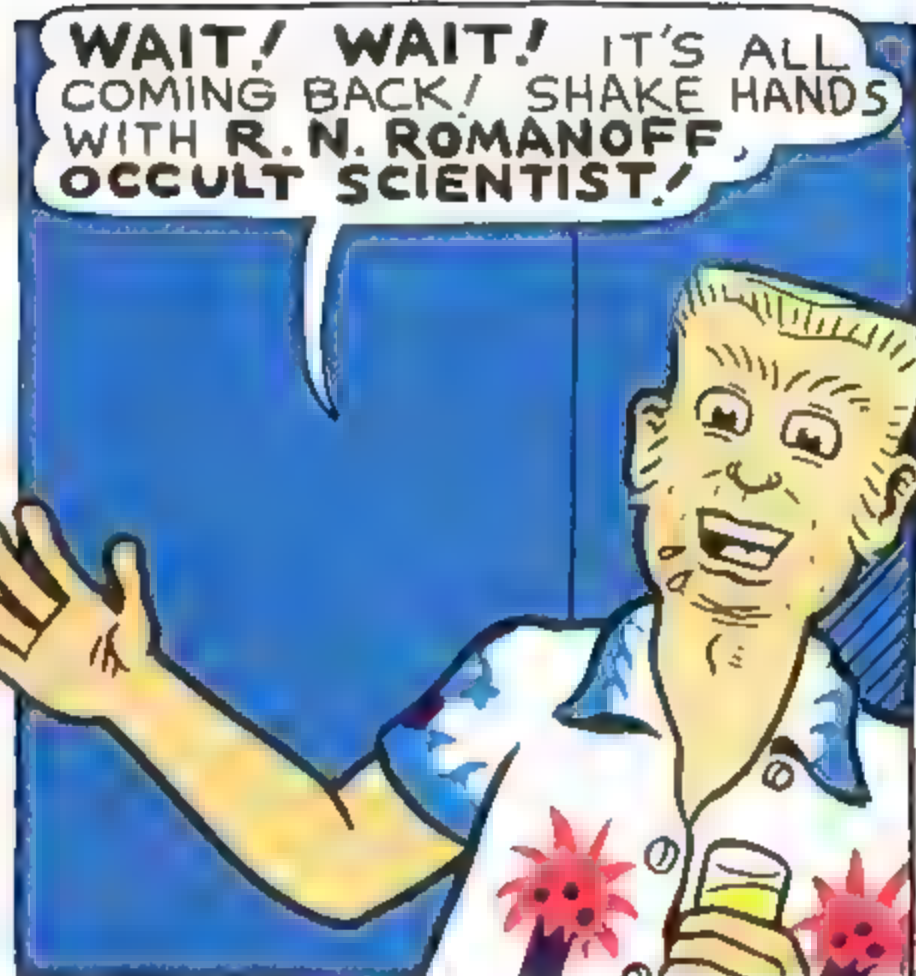
SLOWLY, AS IF IN A TRANCE, THE FALLEN LAD SITS UP AND SAYS...

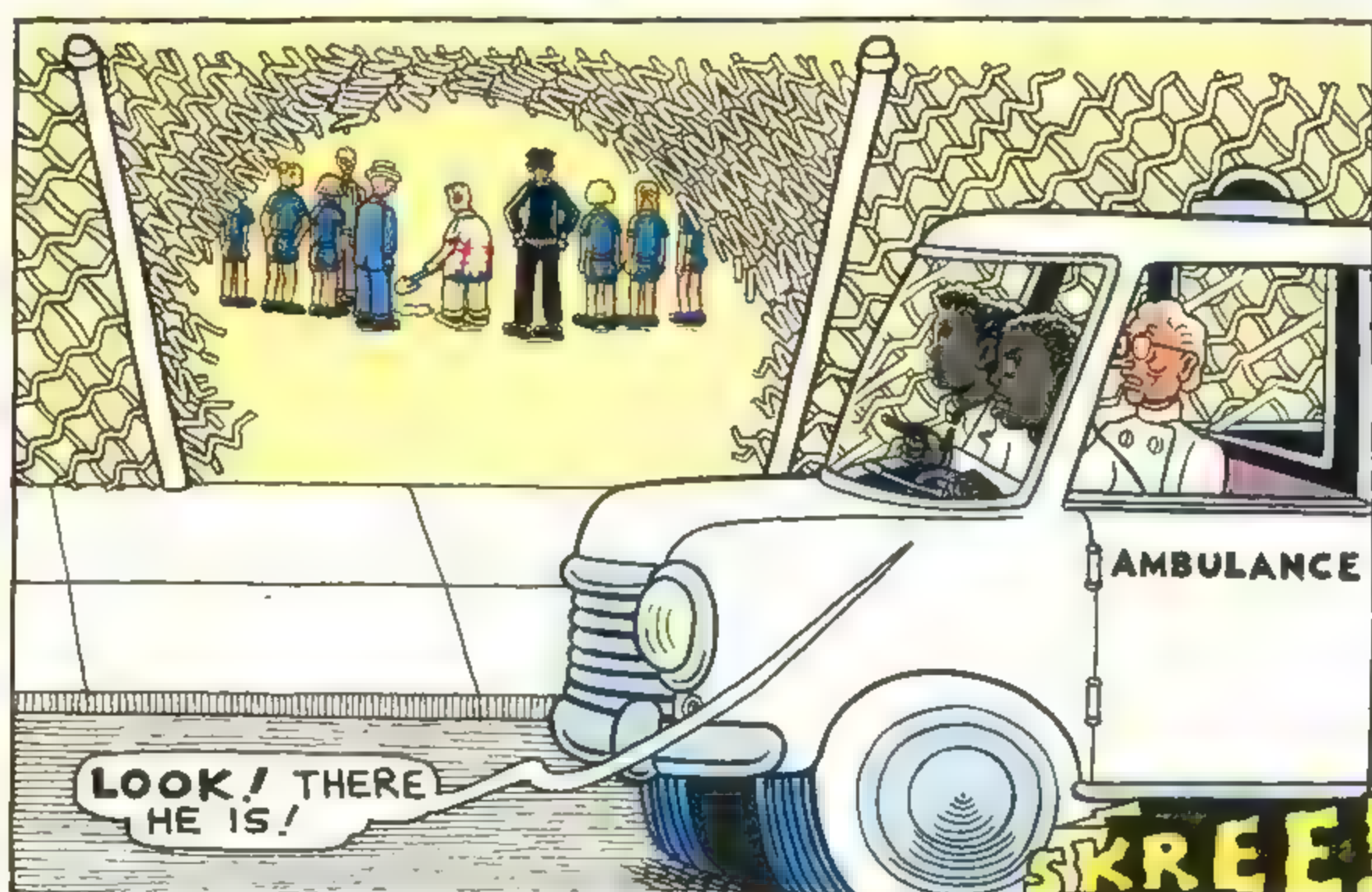
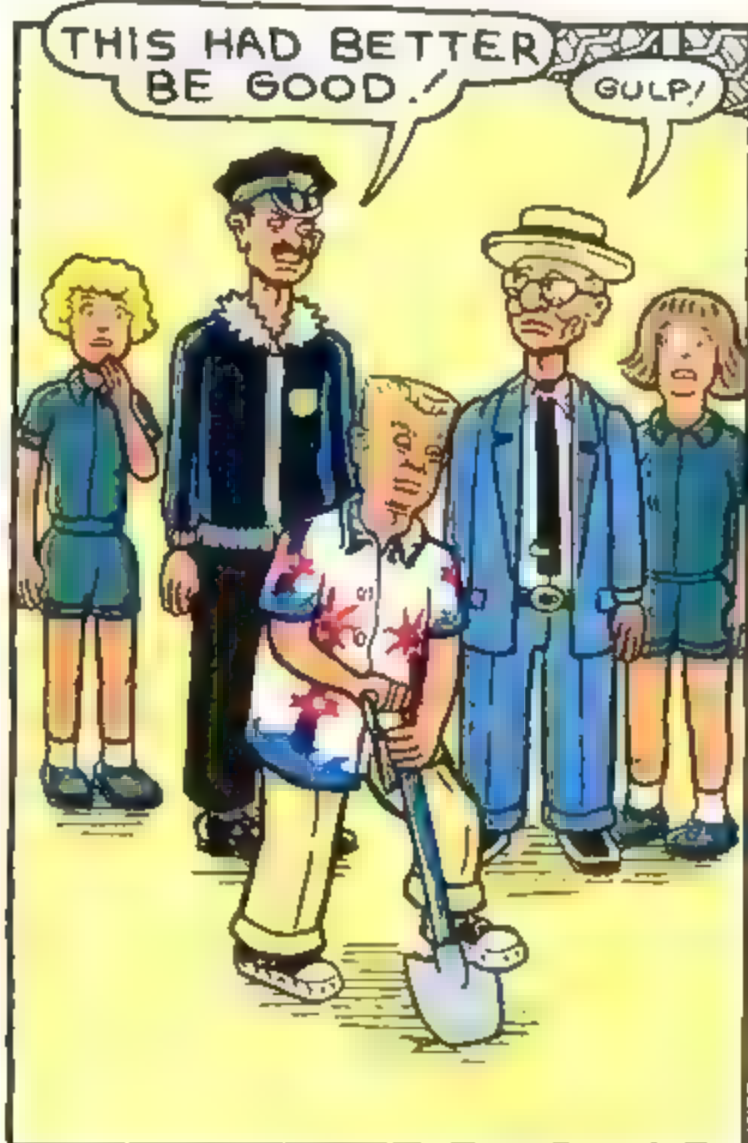
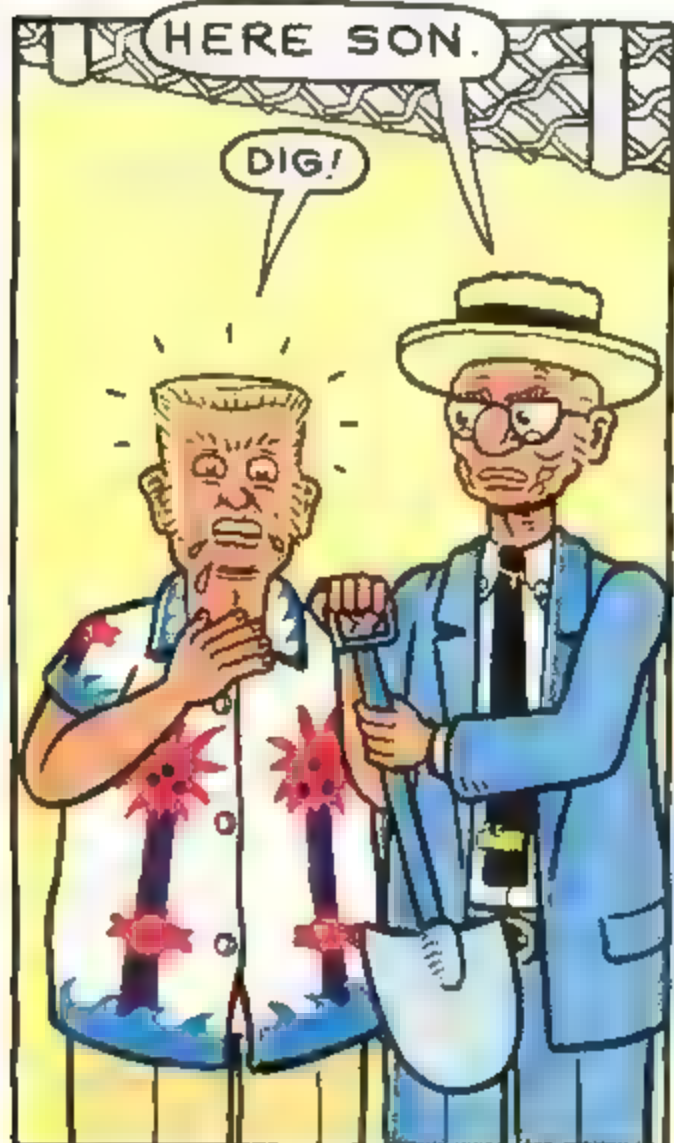
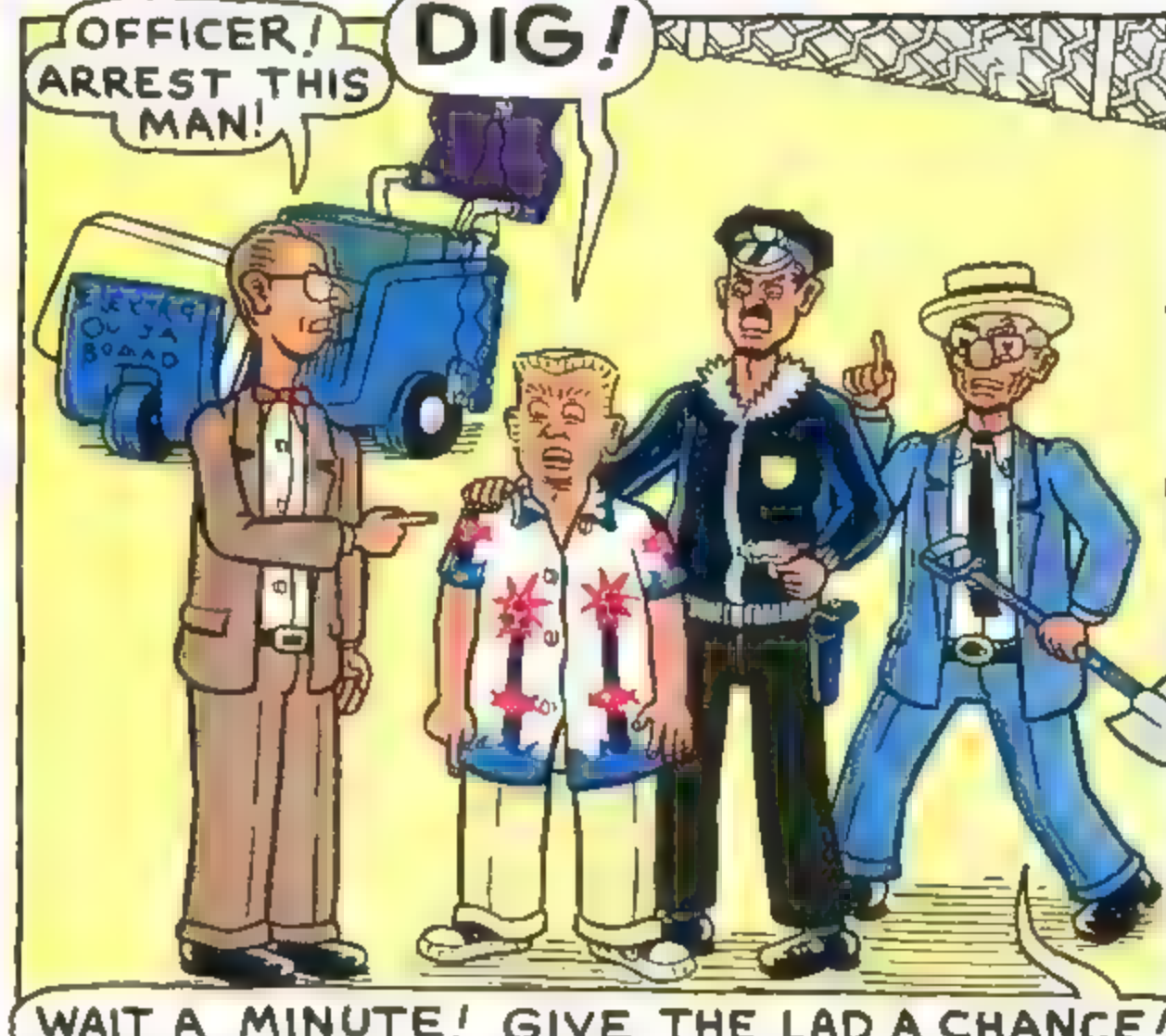
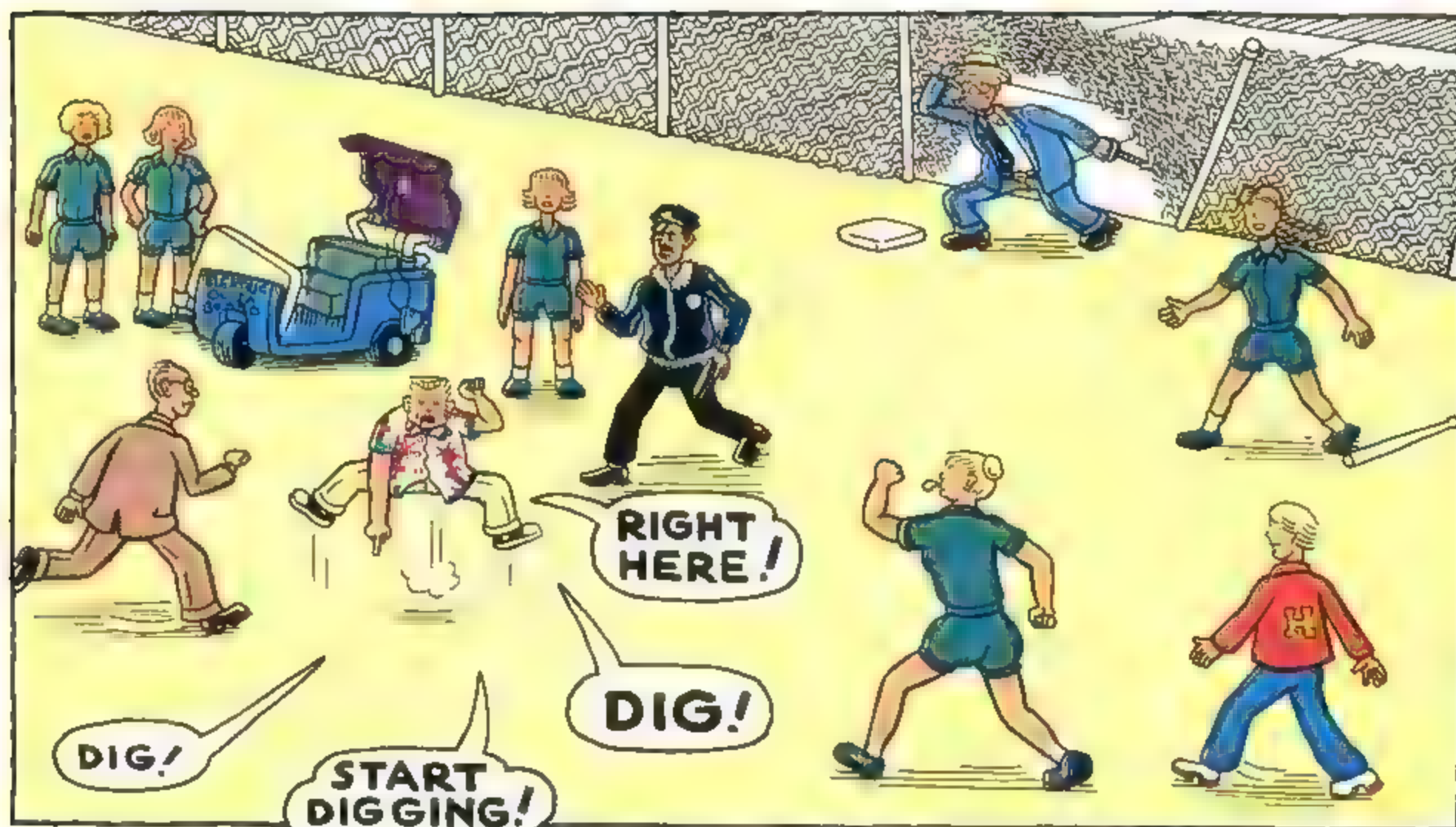
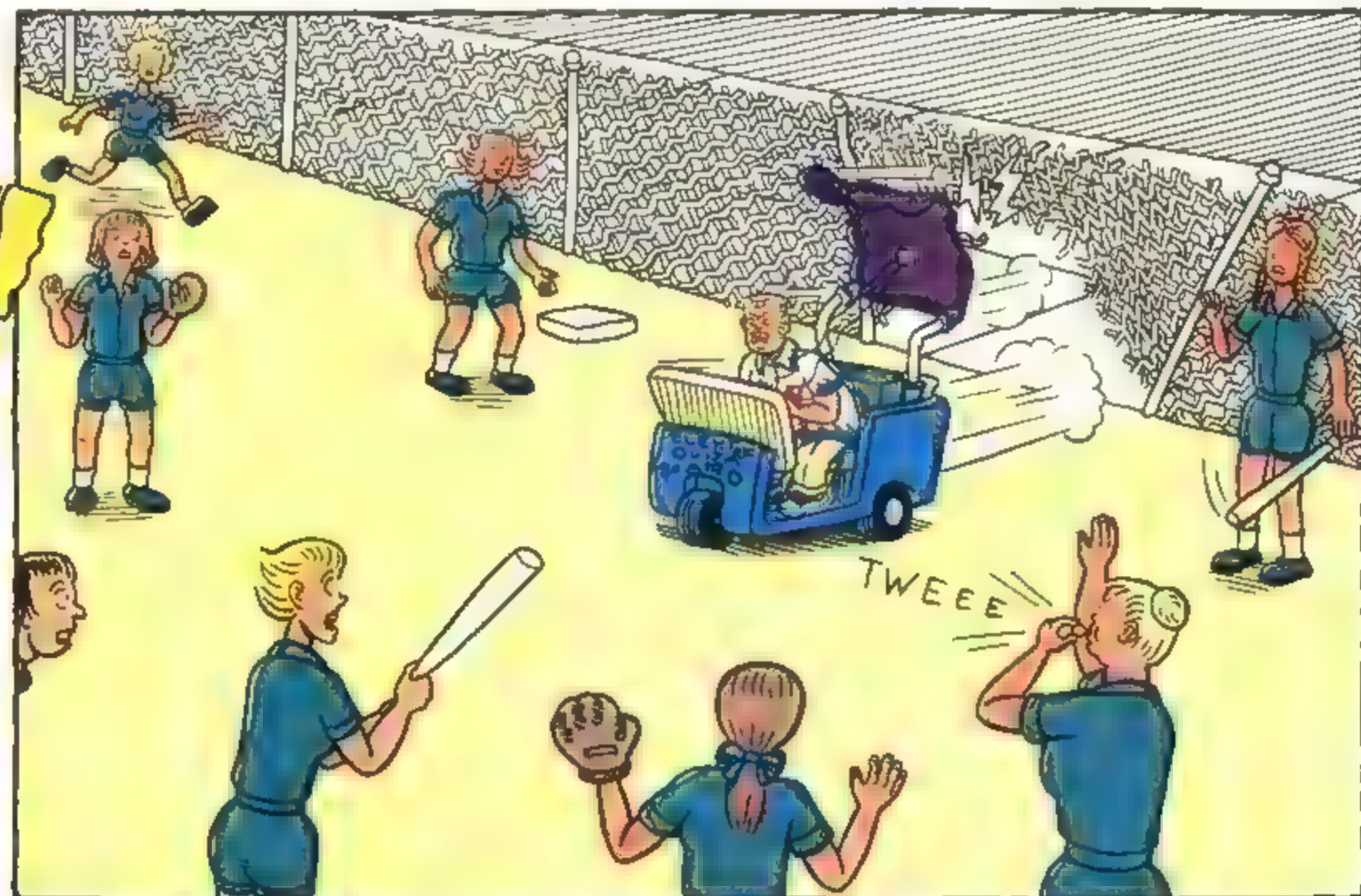
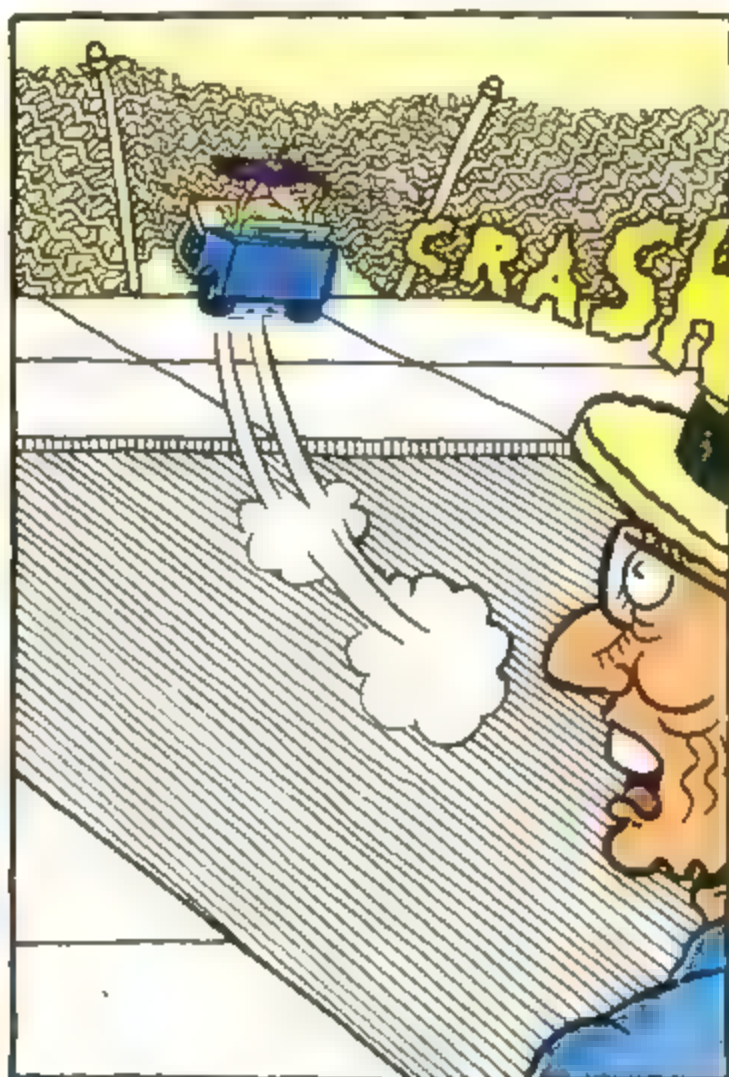
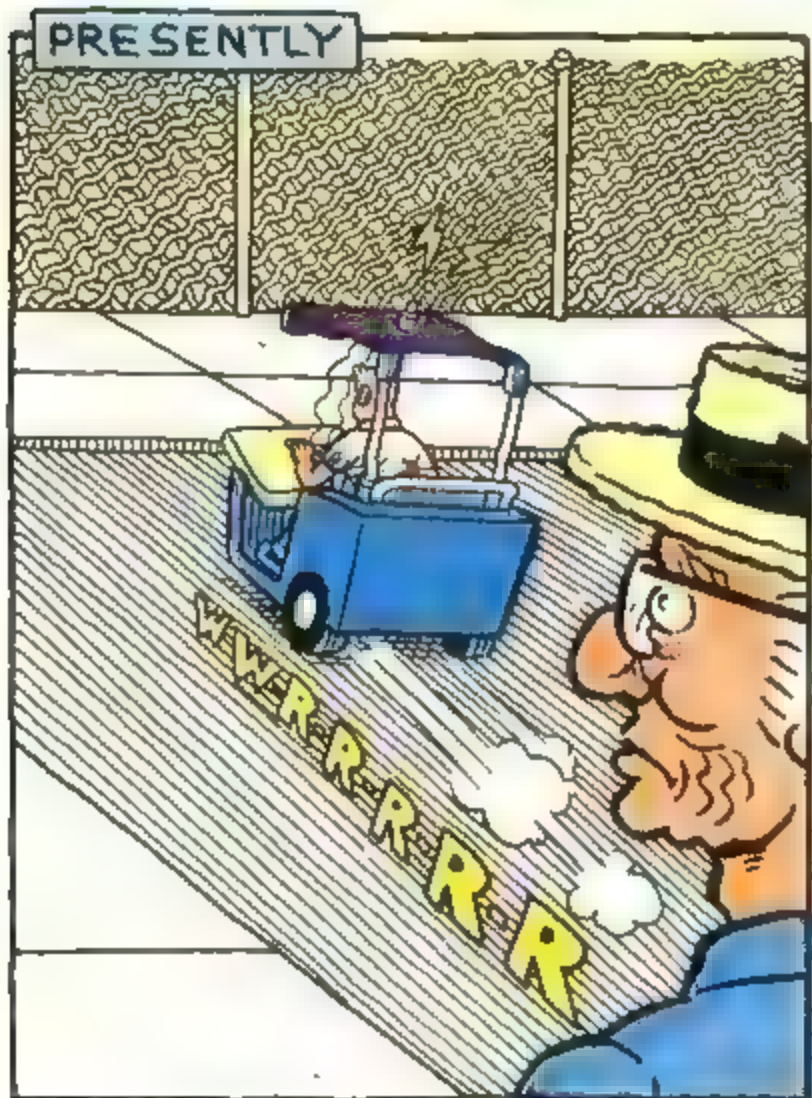
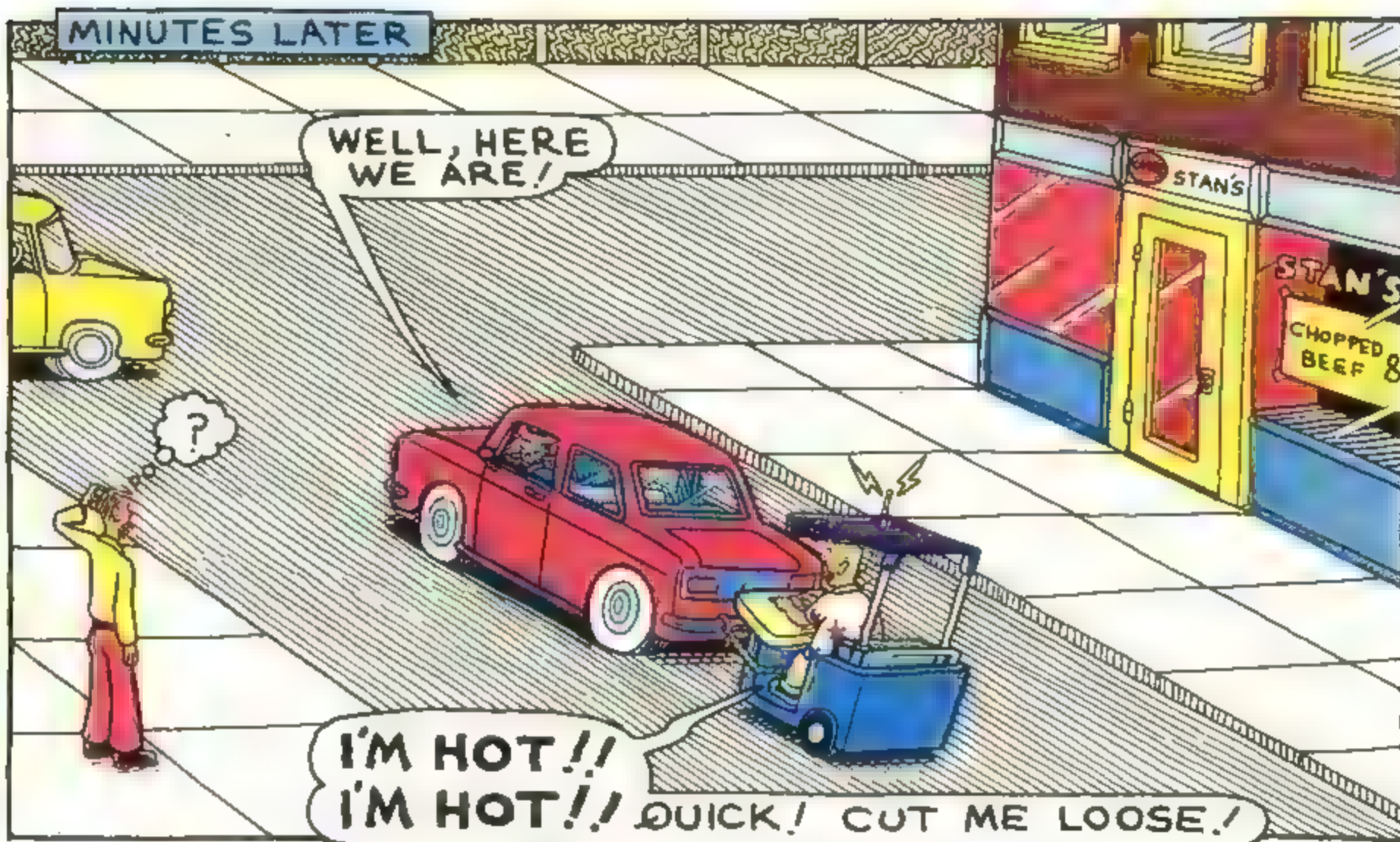
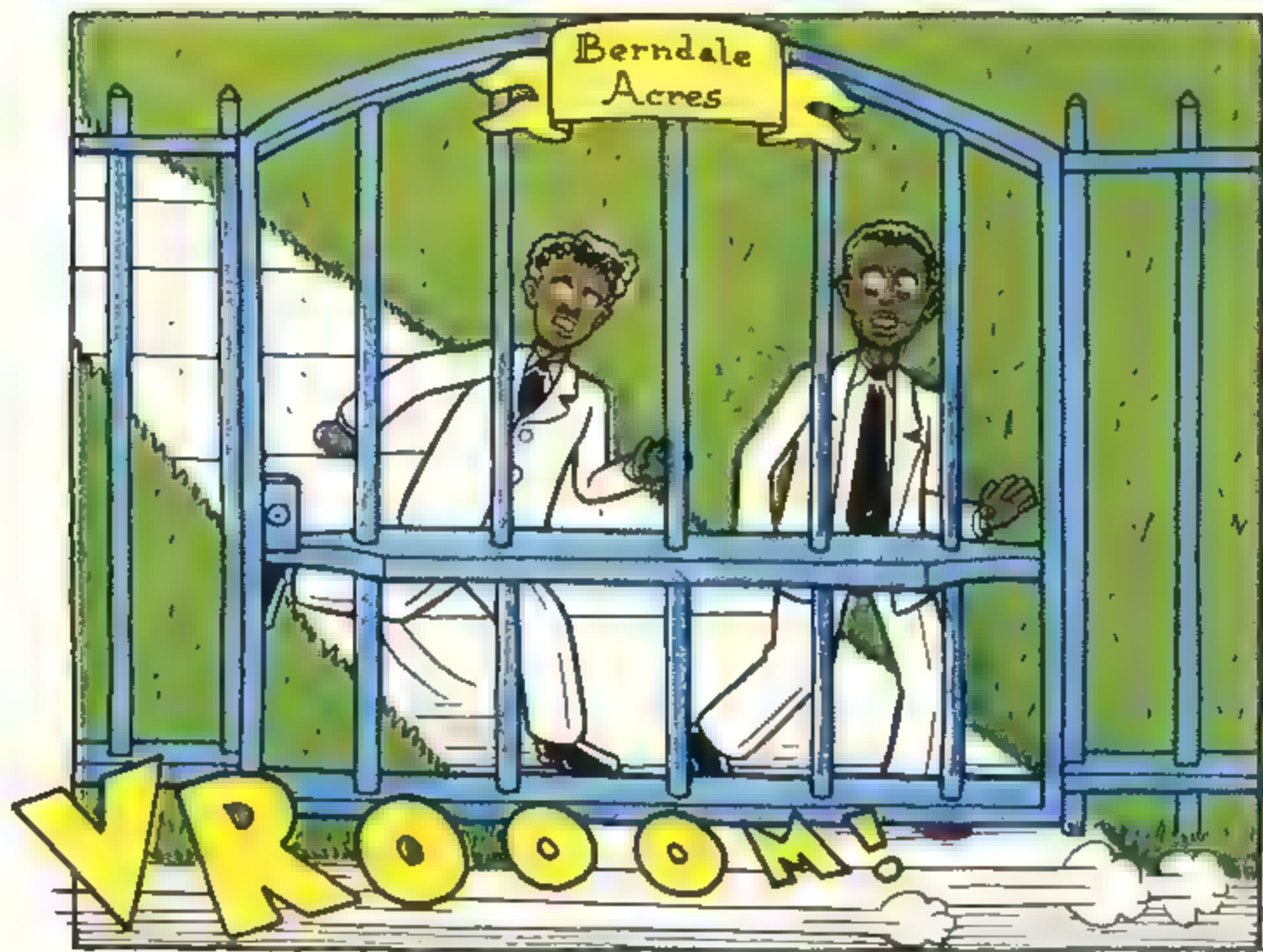


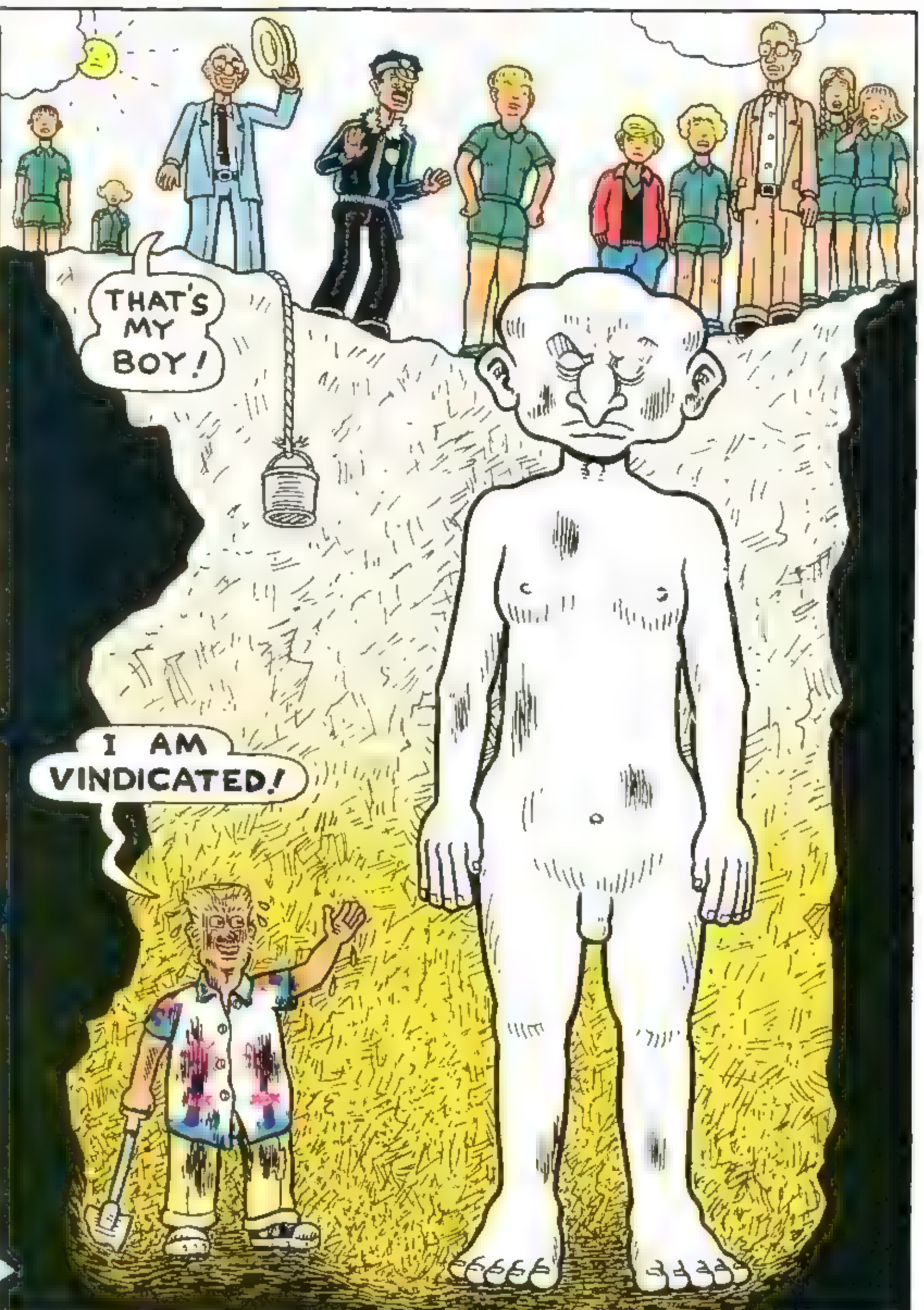
LONG LONG AGO, A GLOWING SPHERE...



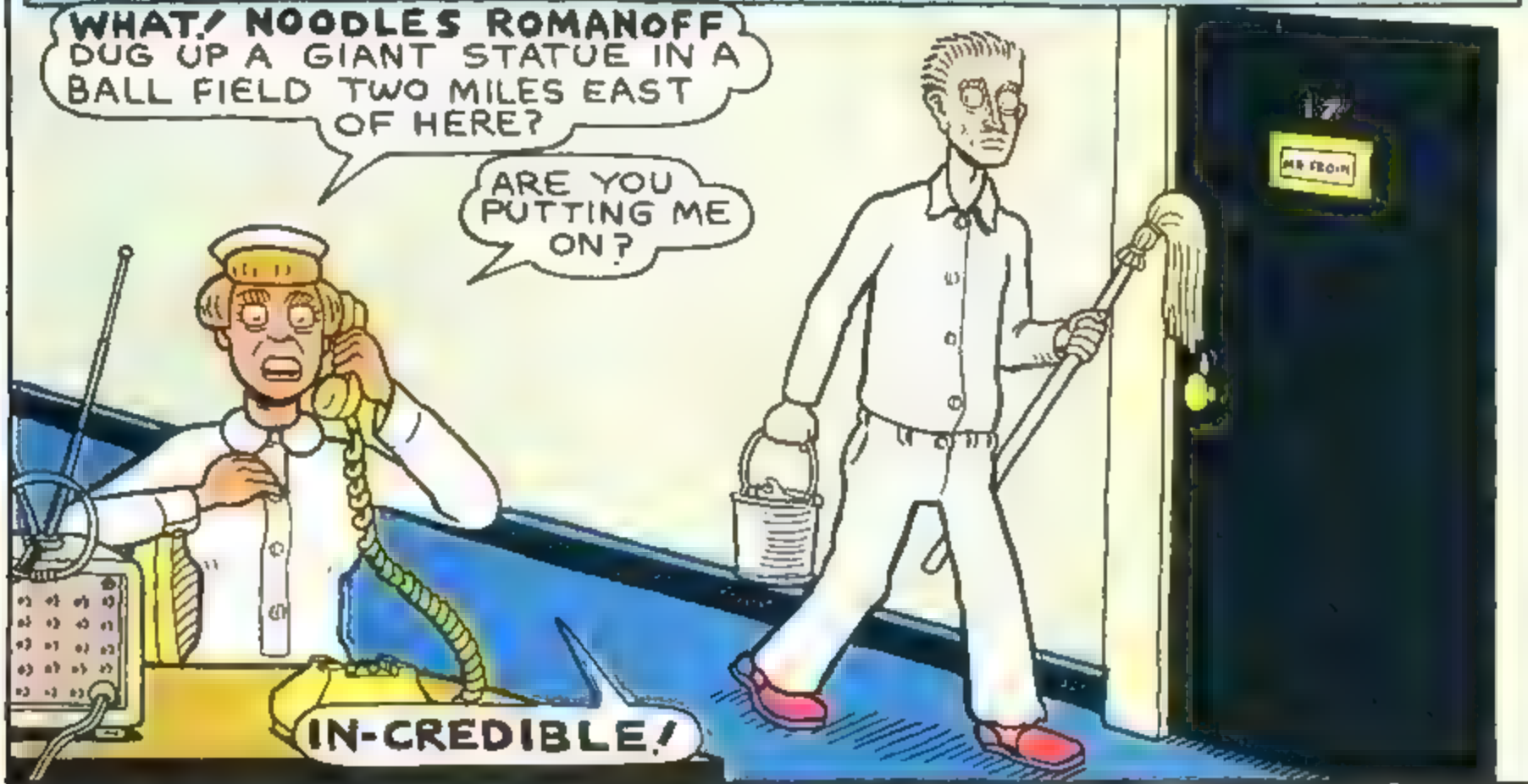








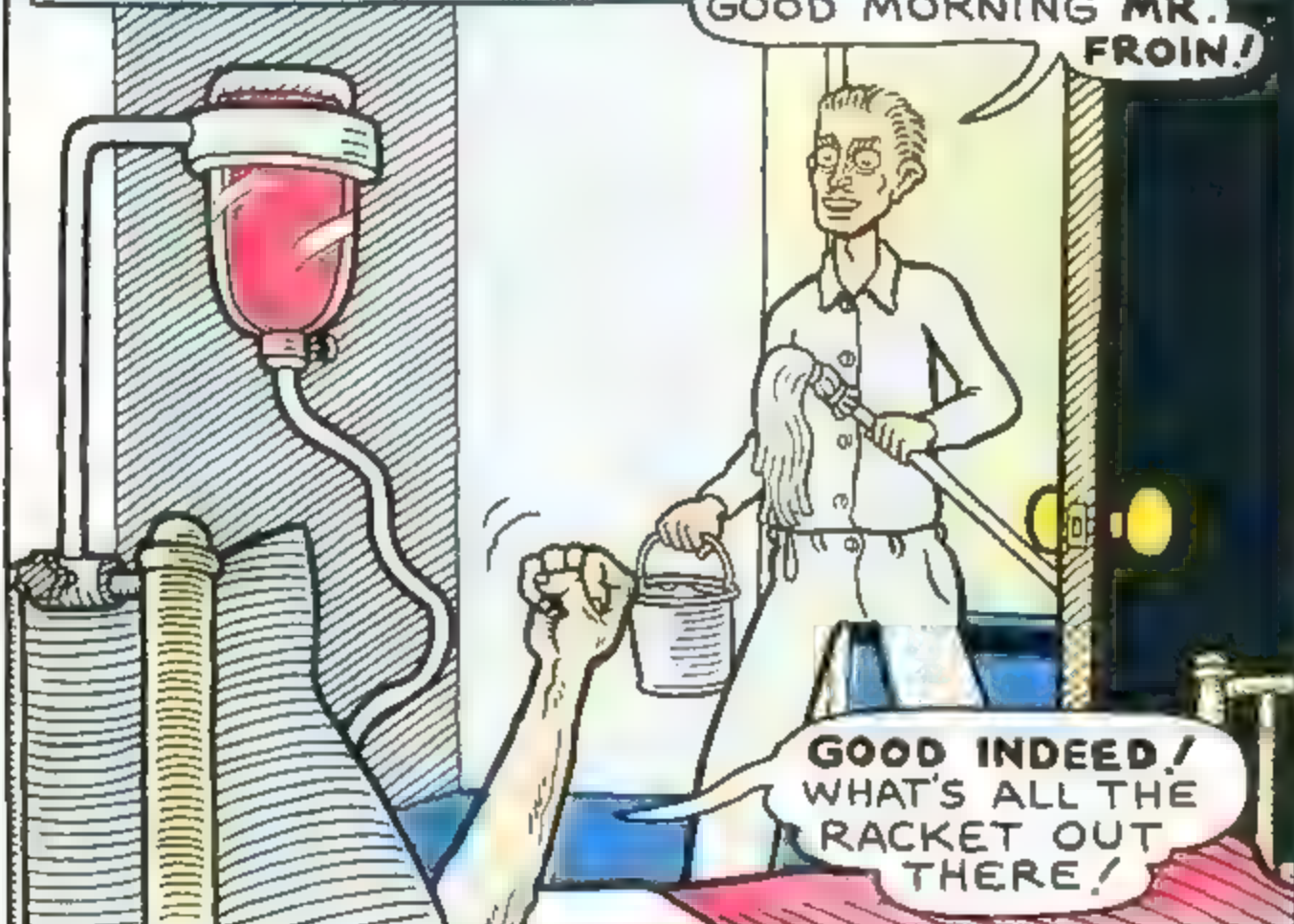
MEANWHILE, IN THE GERIATRIC WING AT BERNDALE ACRES SANITARIUM



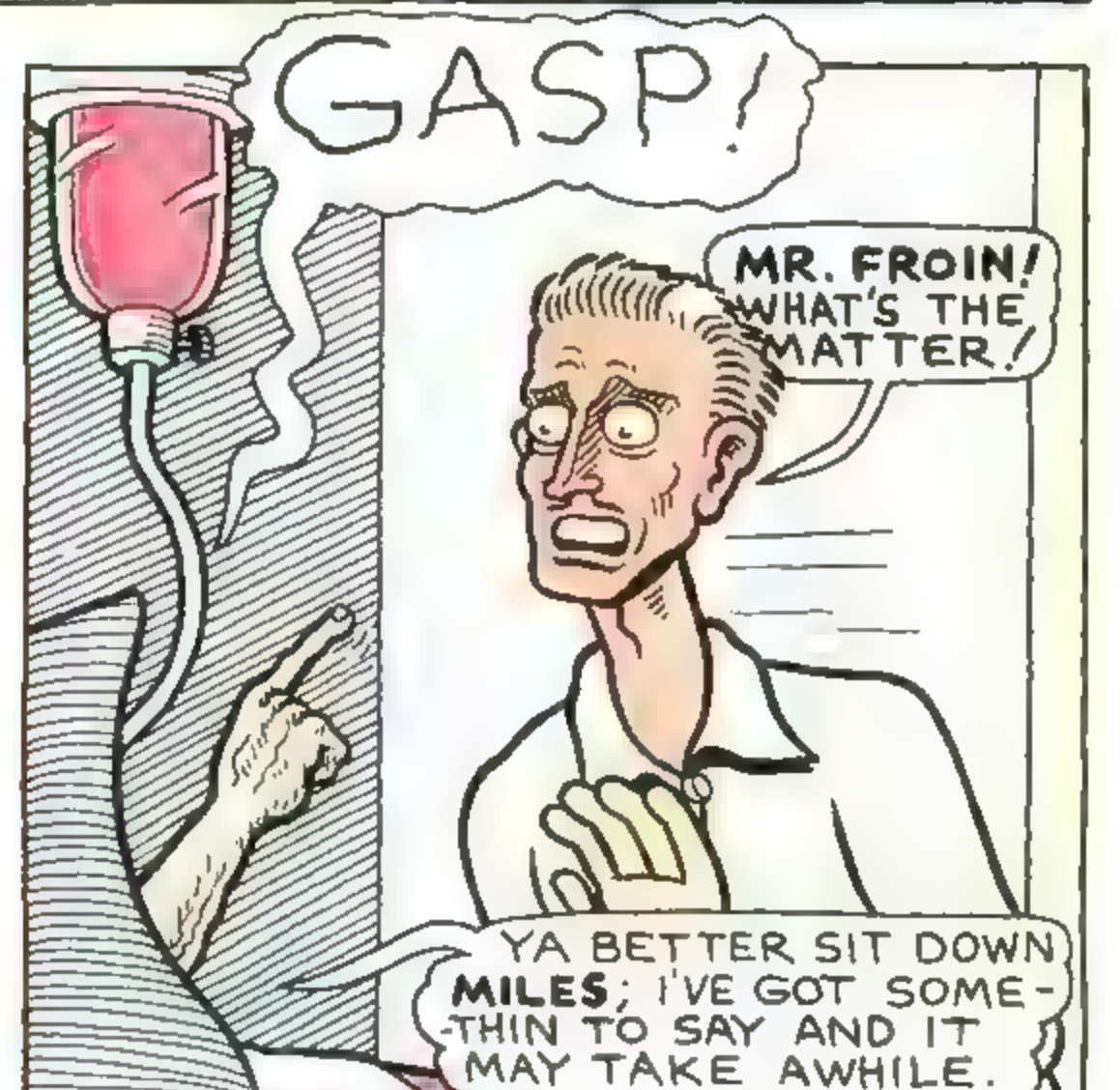
BERNDALE HONOR PATIENT, (AND EX PSYCHIC SLEUTH,) MILES MICROFT ENTERS PHILIP FROIN'S ROOM.

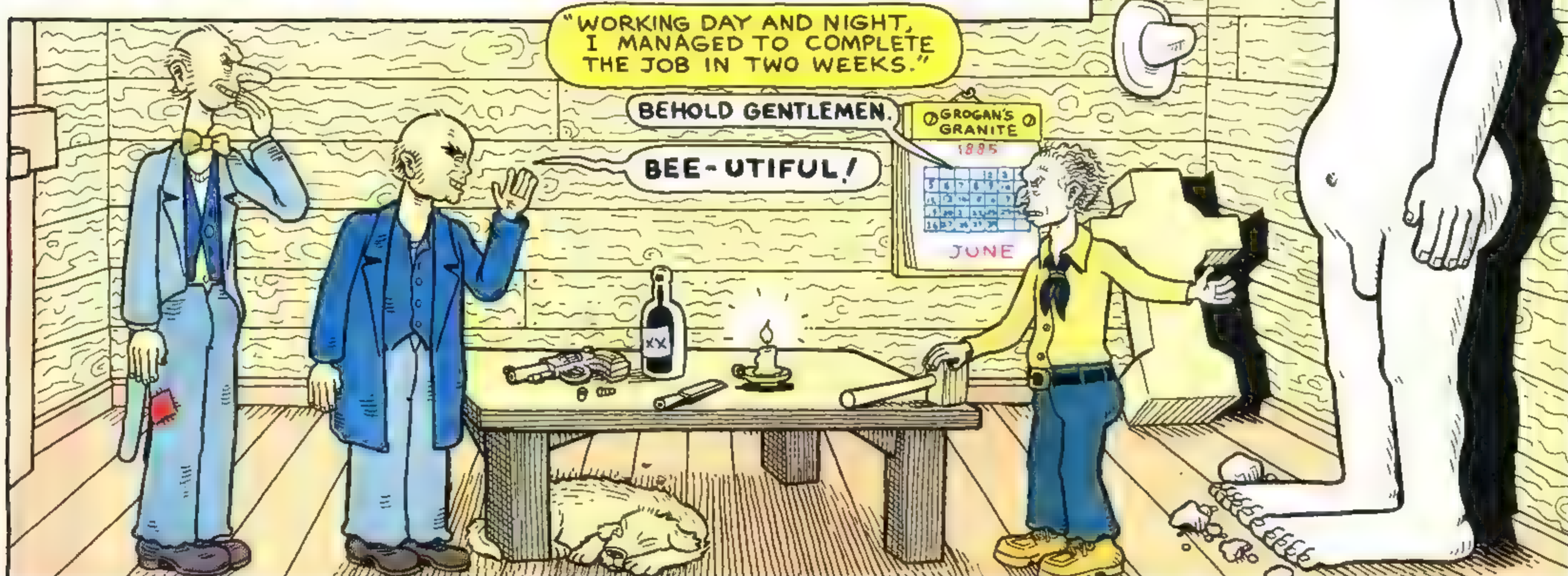
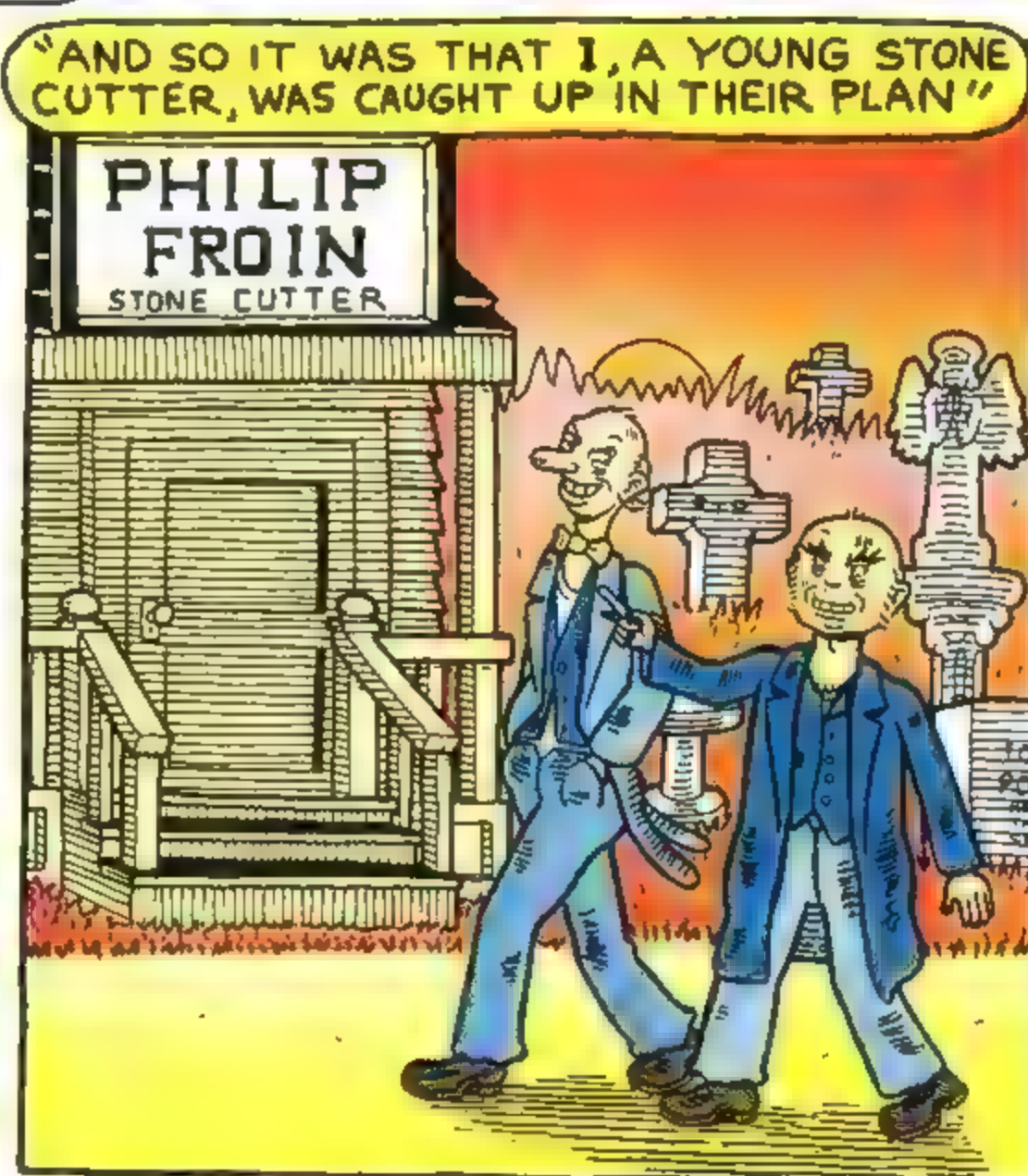
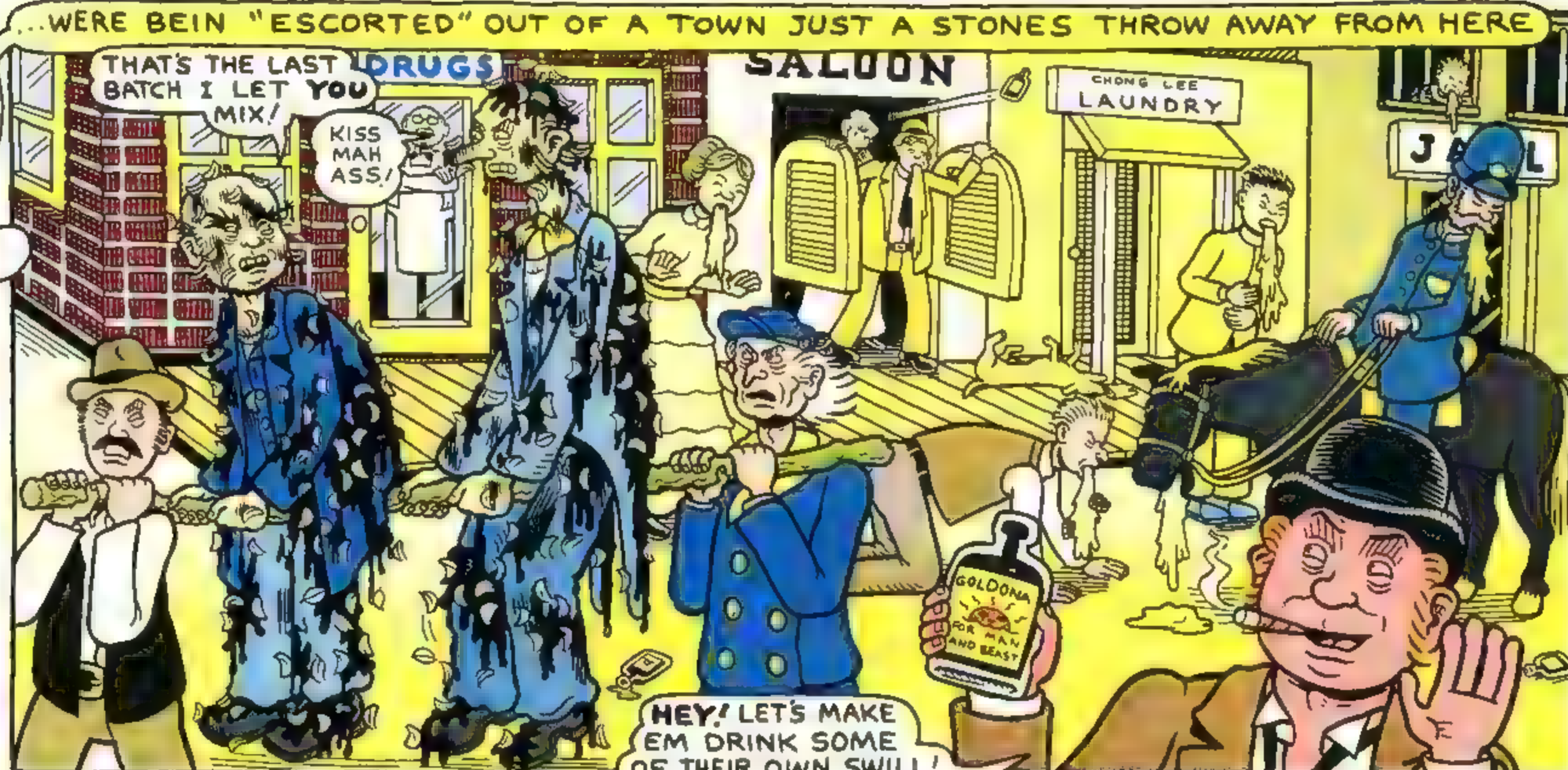
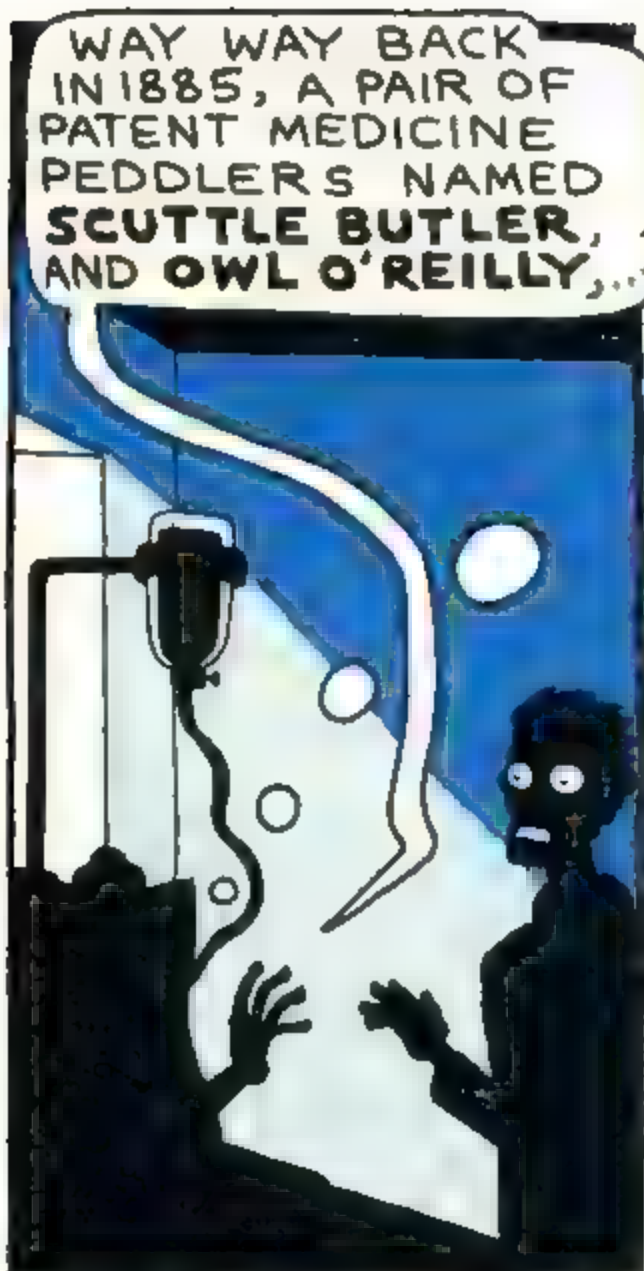


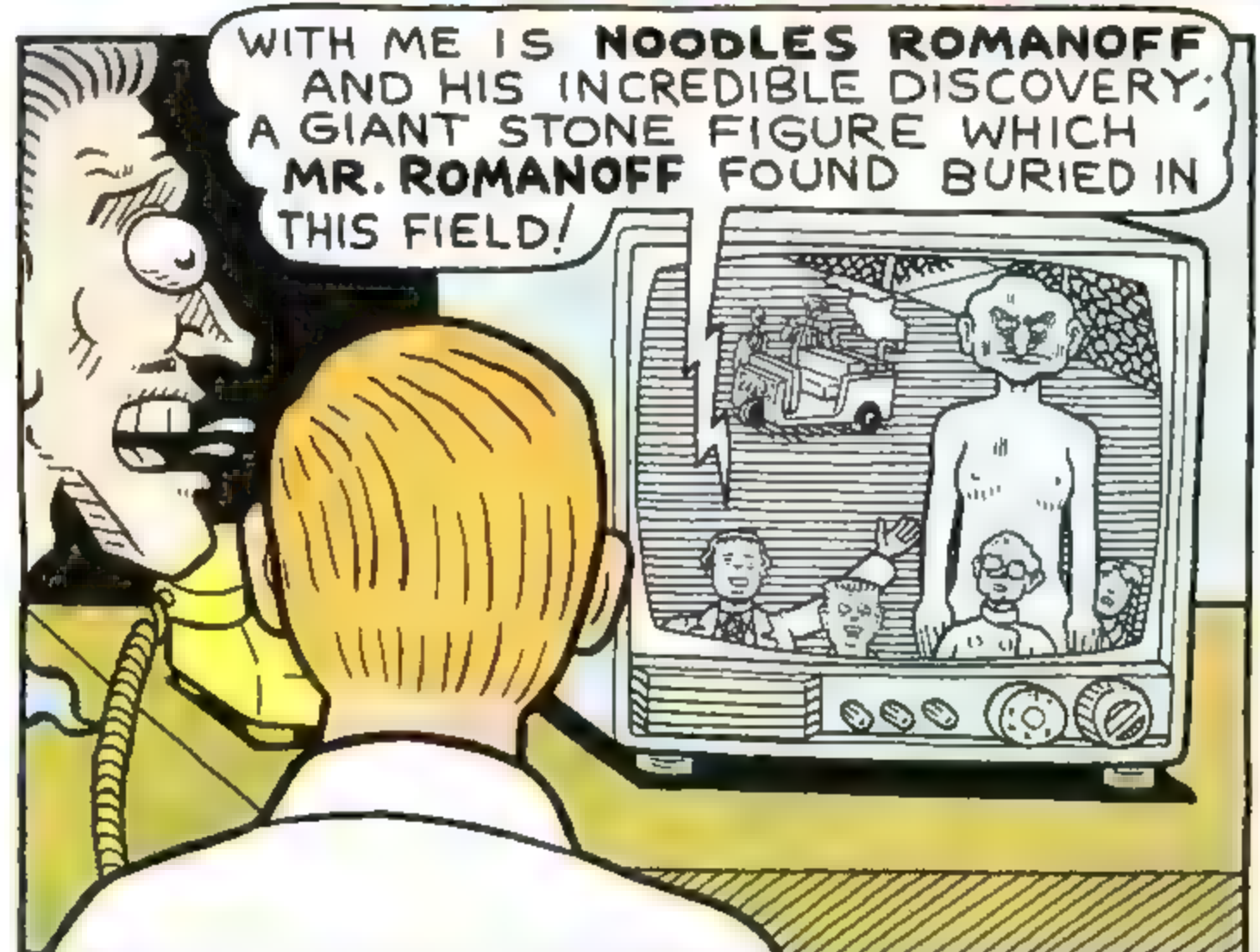
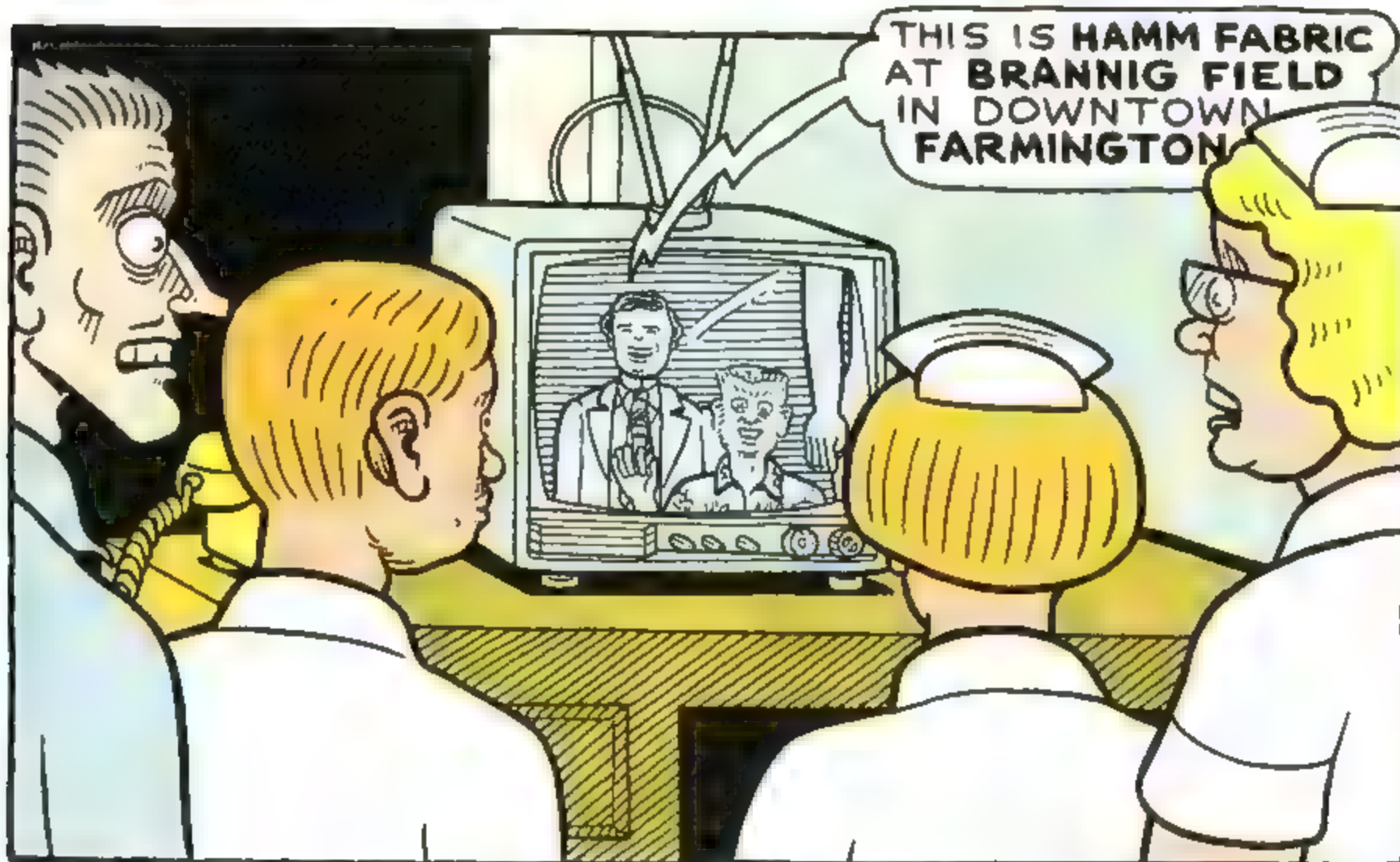
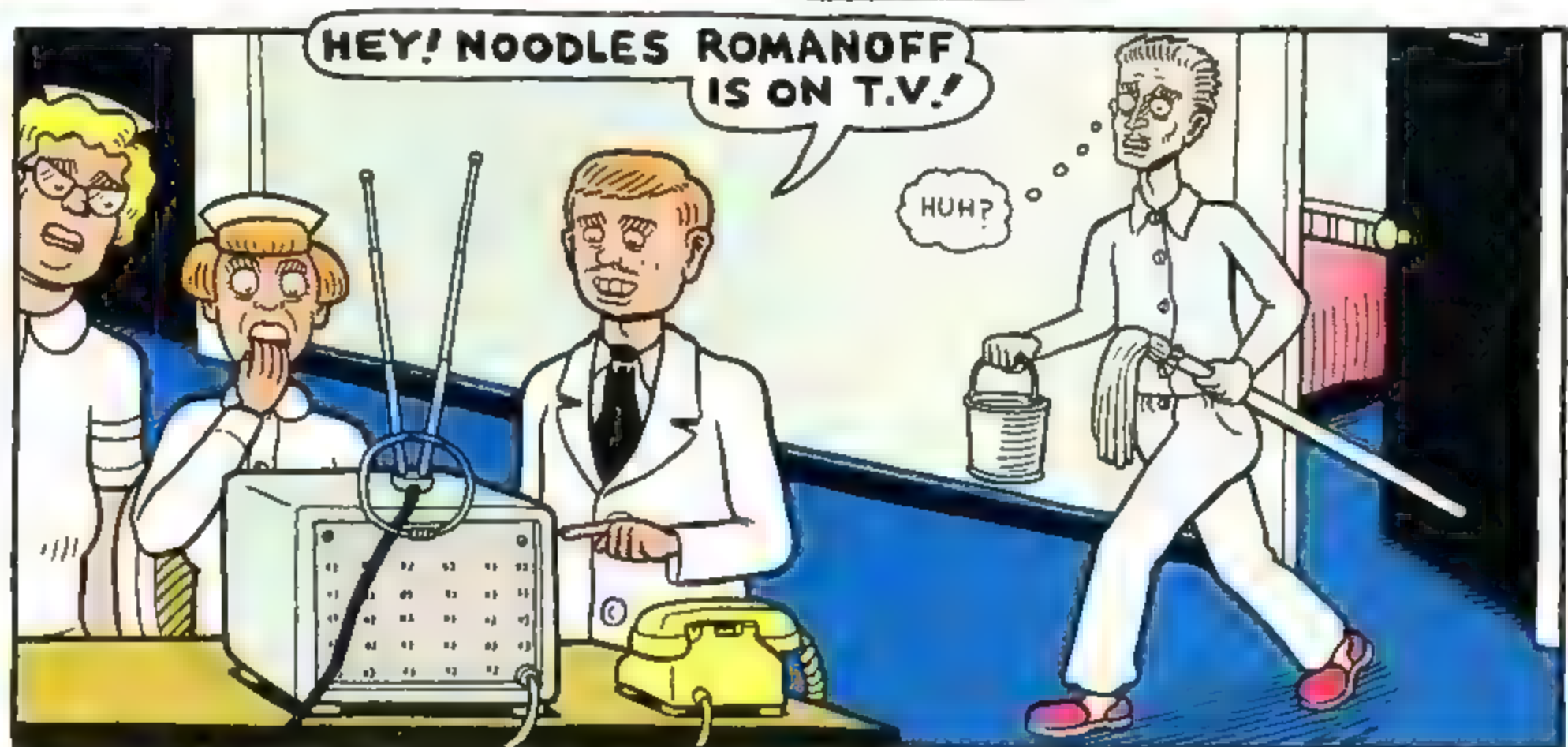
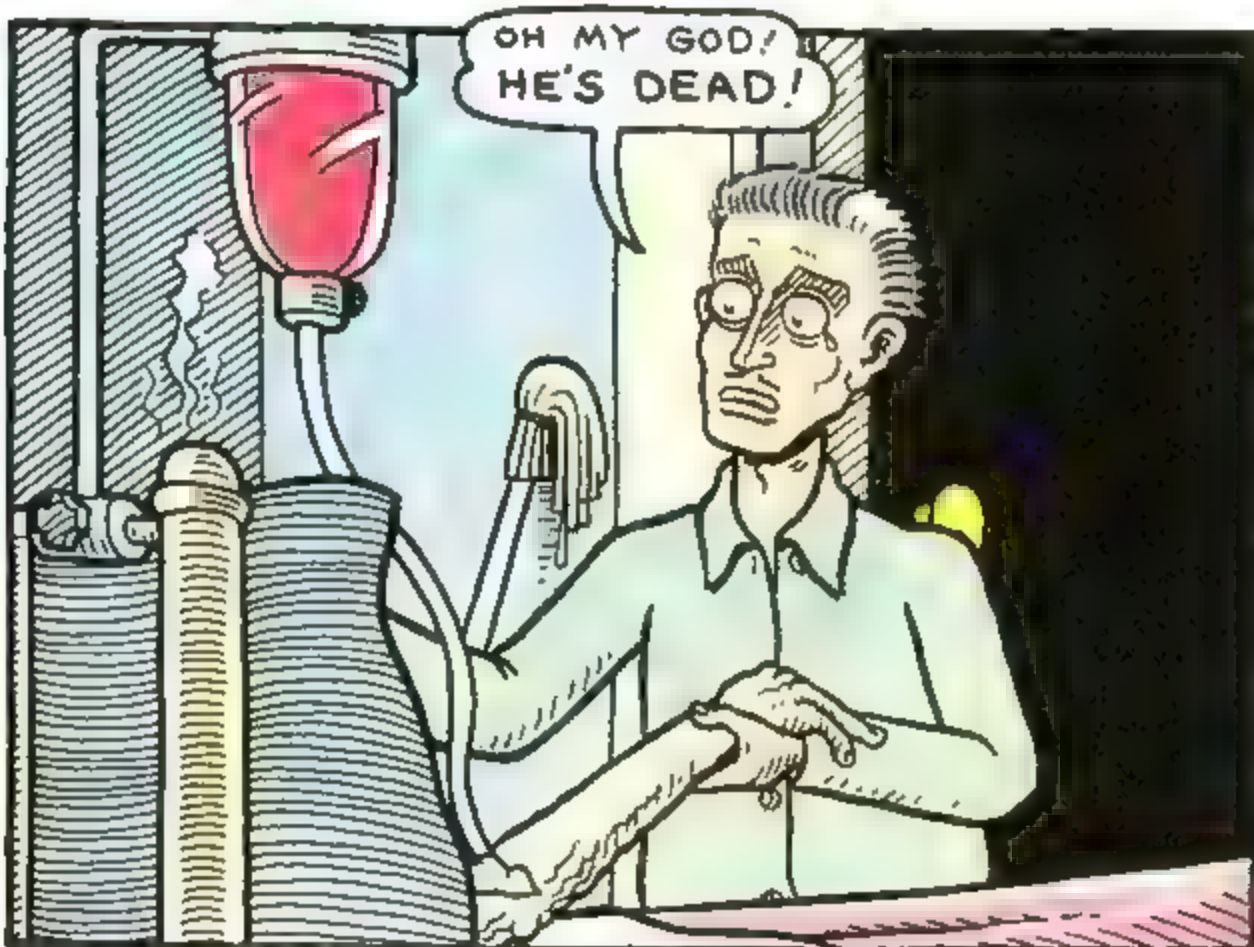
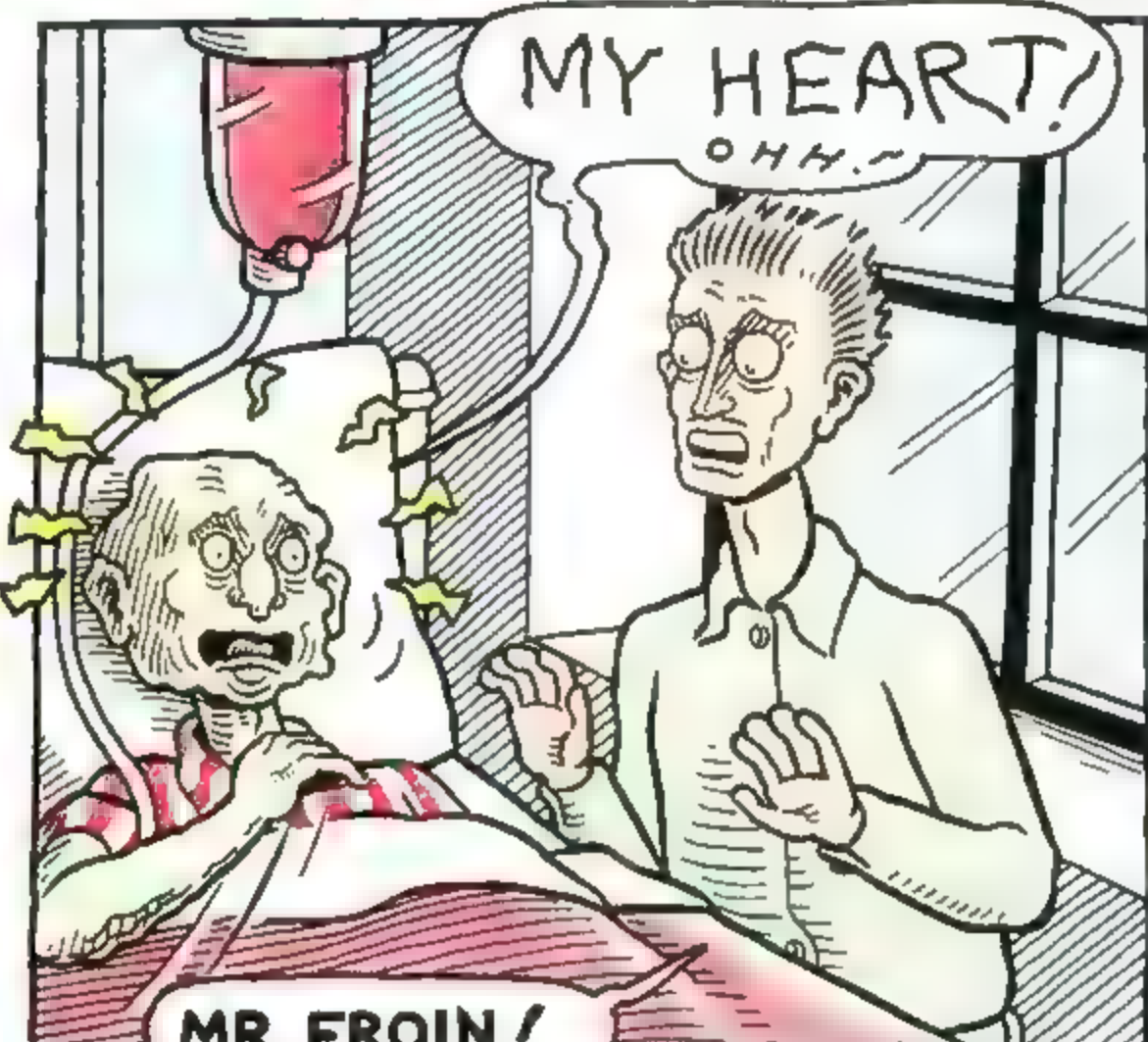
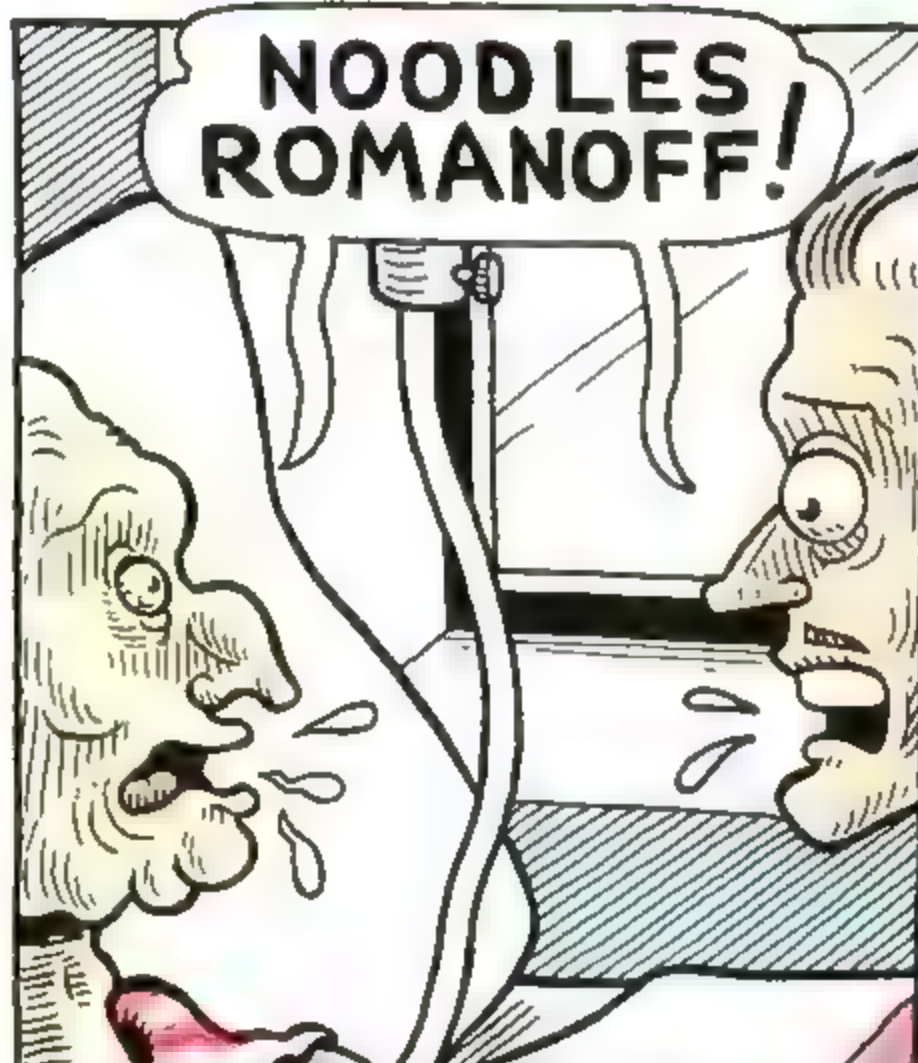
AT THE LOFTY AGE OF ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN, MR. FROIN IS A PATIENT THAT BERNDALE ACRES IS JUSTIFIABLY PROUD OF.

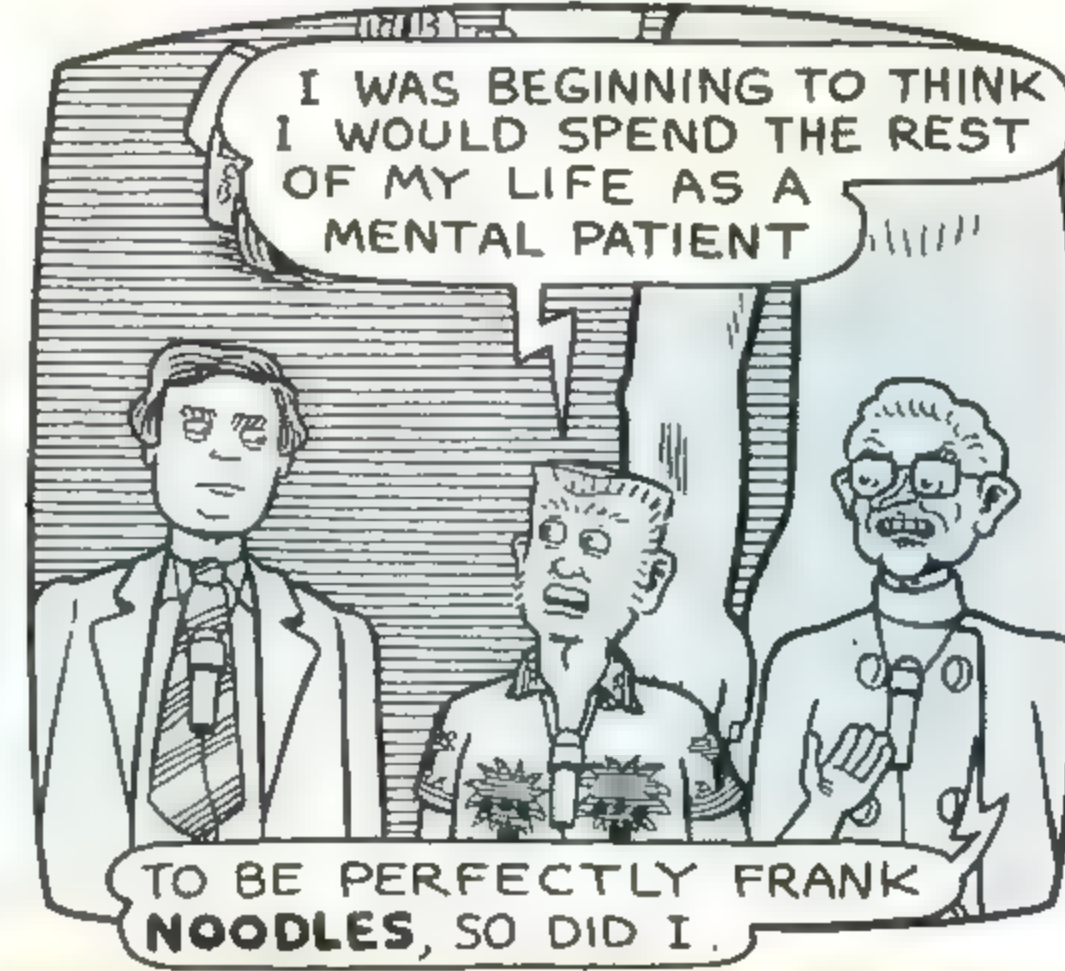
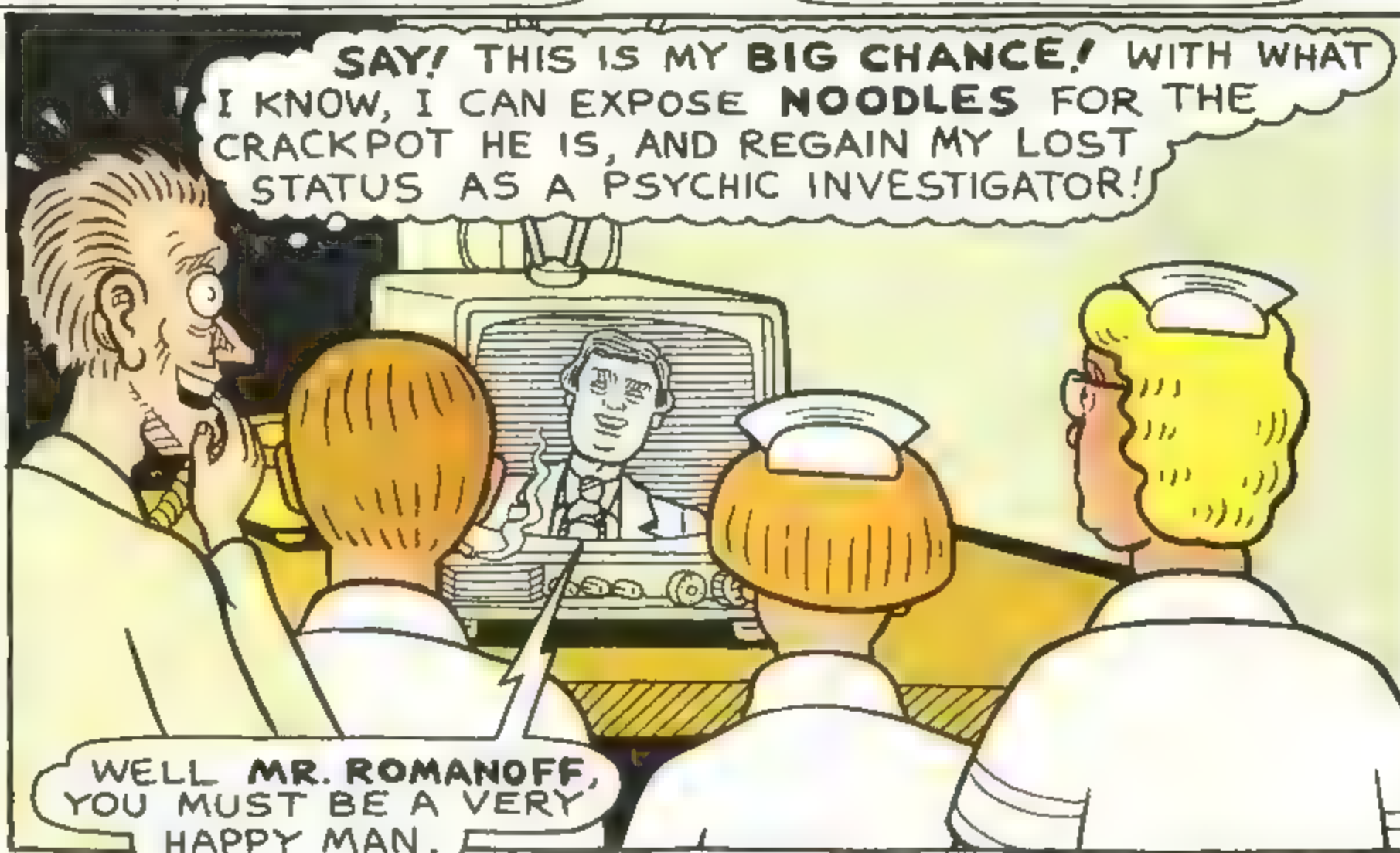
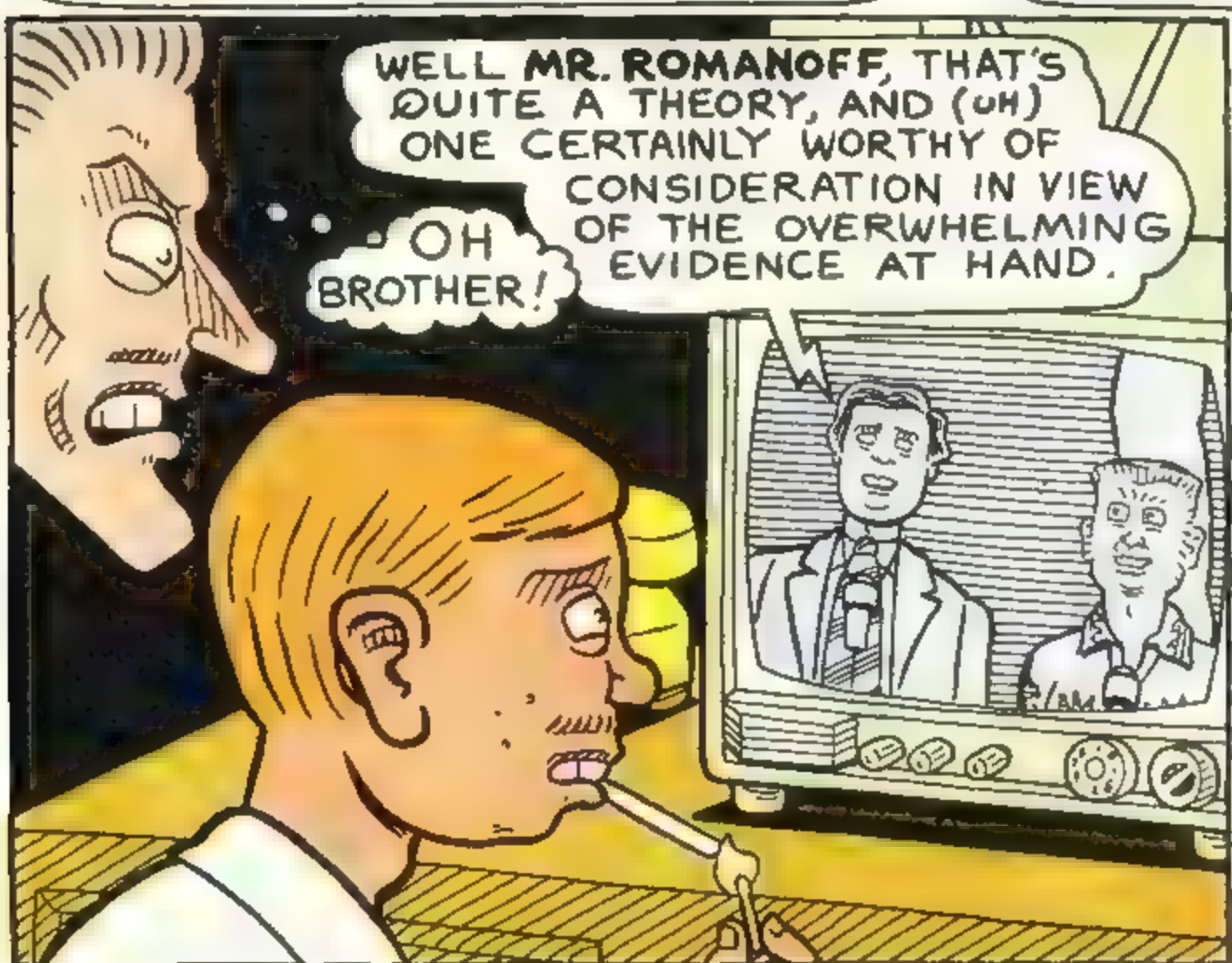
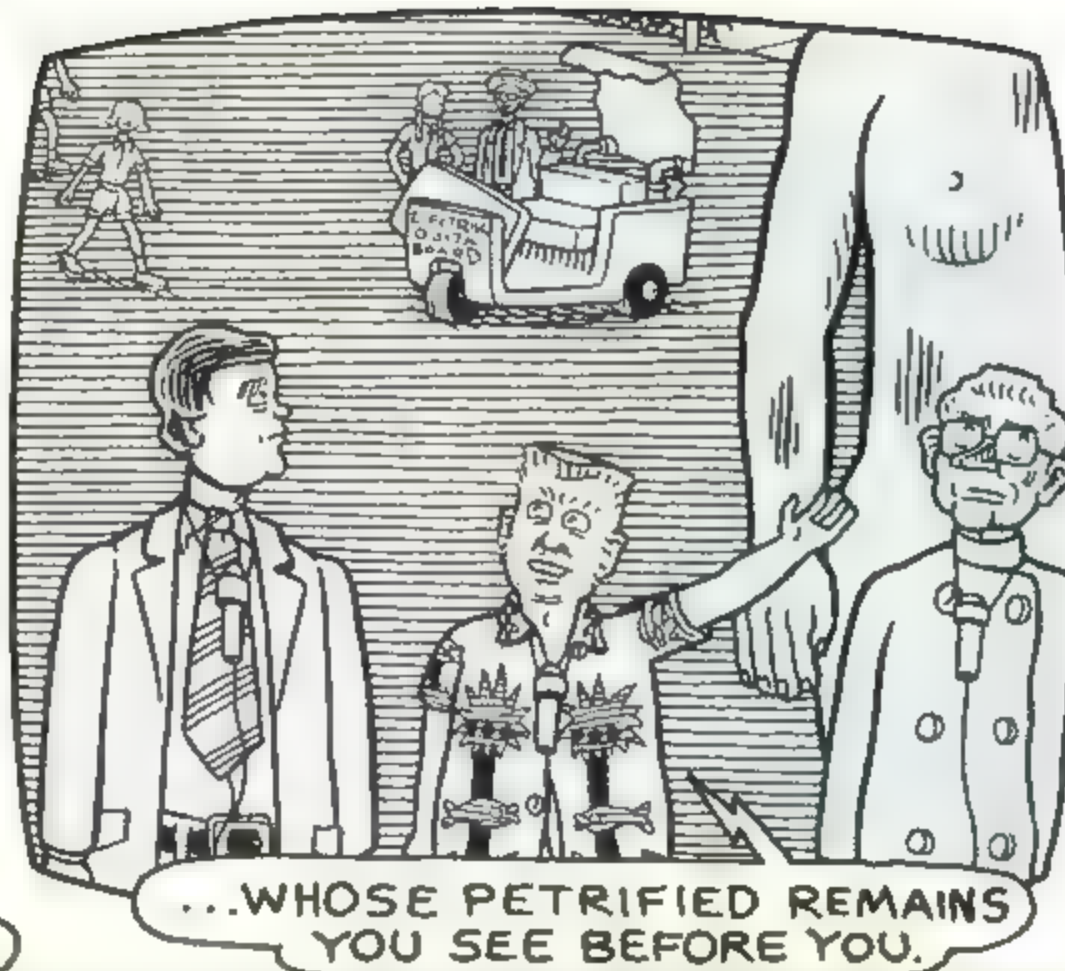


I'M NOT SURE I HEARD RIGHT, BUT I THINK NOODLES ROMANOFF HAS UNEARTHED A GIANT STATUE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE!









[illegible]

THE MOST COMMON USE OF ANTHROPOMORPHISM IS IN "TALKING ANIMAL" COMICS SUCH AS THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE.

OFF TRACK BETTING

PUT IT ON FRISKY BOY HE'S A CINCH!

ARE YOU SURE? THIS IS MY LAST TWO DOLLARS!

AT THE TRACK.

ONE SIDE PAL, WE'RE TAKIN THIS RACE!

(SIGH) FOR ONCE YOU'RE RIGHT...

...THIS MUDDY TRACK IS SLOWING FRISKY BOY DOWN!

FRISKY BOY

TOUCHY, TOUCHY!

BANG! BANG!

OH WELL, AT LEAST IT STOPPED RAINING!

SOMETIMES INANIMATE OBJECTS GET INTO THE ACT AS IN **THE EDUCATION OF NICKY NAIL**

HAW HAW YOU REGIMENTED DEAD HEADS KILL ME!

HAW HAW

LAUGH IF YOU WILL YOUNGSTER, BUT YOU'LL GET YOURS.

YOU'D BETTER LEARN TO STAND UP STRAIGHT AND TAKE IT ON THE HEAD, OR YOU'LL END UP BENT AND RUSTY LIKE ME!

THE NEXT DAY.

GOTCHA!

THAT'S IT SON STRAIGHT IN!

RIGHT IN!

WELCOME HOME BIG BOY!

WELL, SO LONG NOW! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO ROLL INTO MY OWN ABODE, THIS SWELL GARAGE, MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF THOUSANDS OF NAILS JUST LIKE NICKY.

BUT BEFORE I GO, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MR. MORRIS MICROSCOPE, WHO WILL BRING THIS TREATISE TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

THANKYOU OTTO!

NOW IF YOU'LL JUST LOOK IN HERE, WE'LL PEER INTO THE OLD PETRI DISH OF LIFE WITH... **ED AMOEBA AND HIS WONDER KIDDIES IN BEDTIME BREAKDOWN!**

KIDS, THIS STORY IS THE NON ADVENTURES OF ANDY AND ANDREA AMORPHIA.

...WHO WERE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

THEY DIDN'T LOOK, FEEL, SOUND OR TASTE LIKE ANYTHING.

NATURALLY THEY ENVIED EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THEY WERE SOMETHINGS WHILE ANDY AND ANDREA WERE NOTHING.

WELL ON NO DAY IN PARTICULAR THEY DIDN'T MEET.

INSTEAD THEY SPENT ETERNITY DOING NOTHING, AND PRODUCING ENDLESS GENERATIONS OF NOTHING AT ALL.

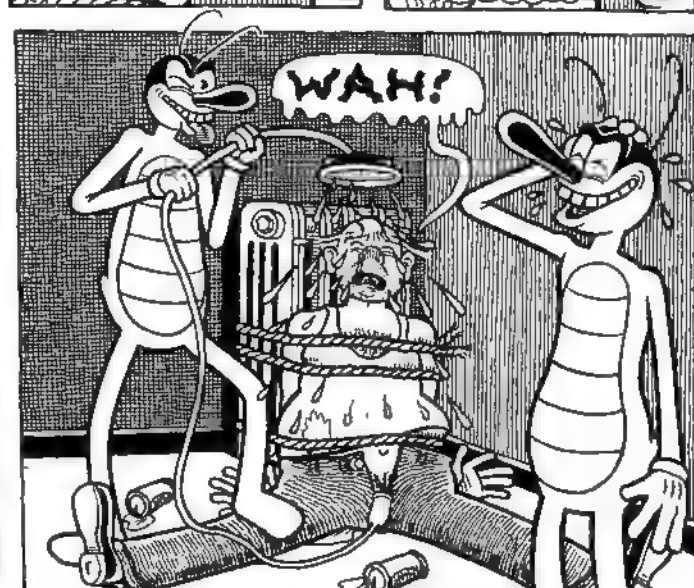
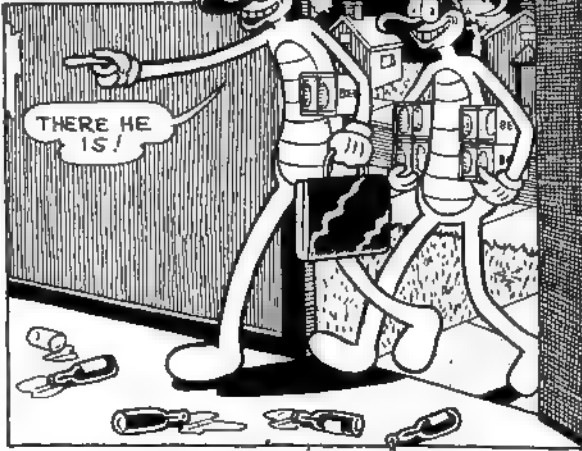
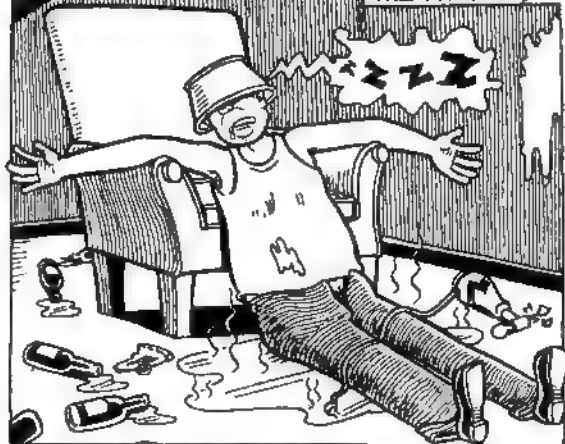
THE END

Kim Deitch 78

THE UNHOLY FLEAS!

38 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL AND WALLY MURDOCK HAD DRUNK EM ALL, DISGRACING HIMSELF (AS USUAL,) IN THE PROCESS, ... WHEN SUDDENLY!

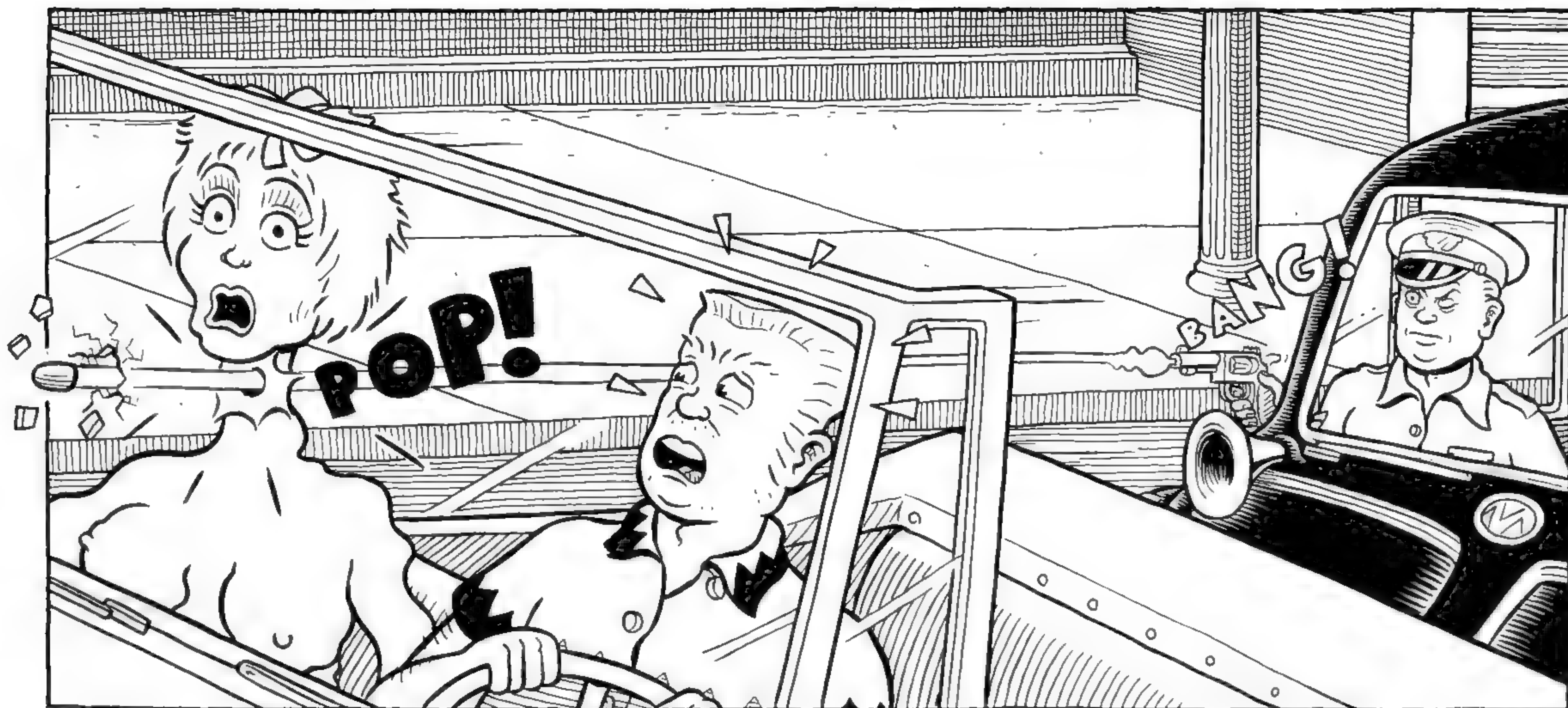
HOTCHA!

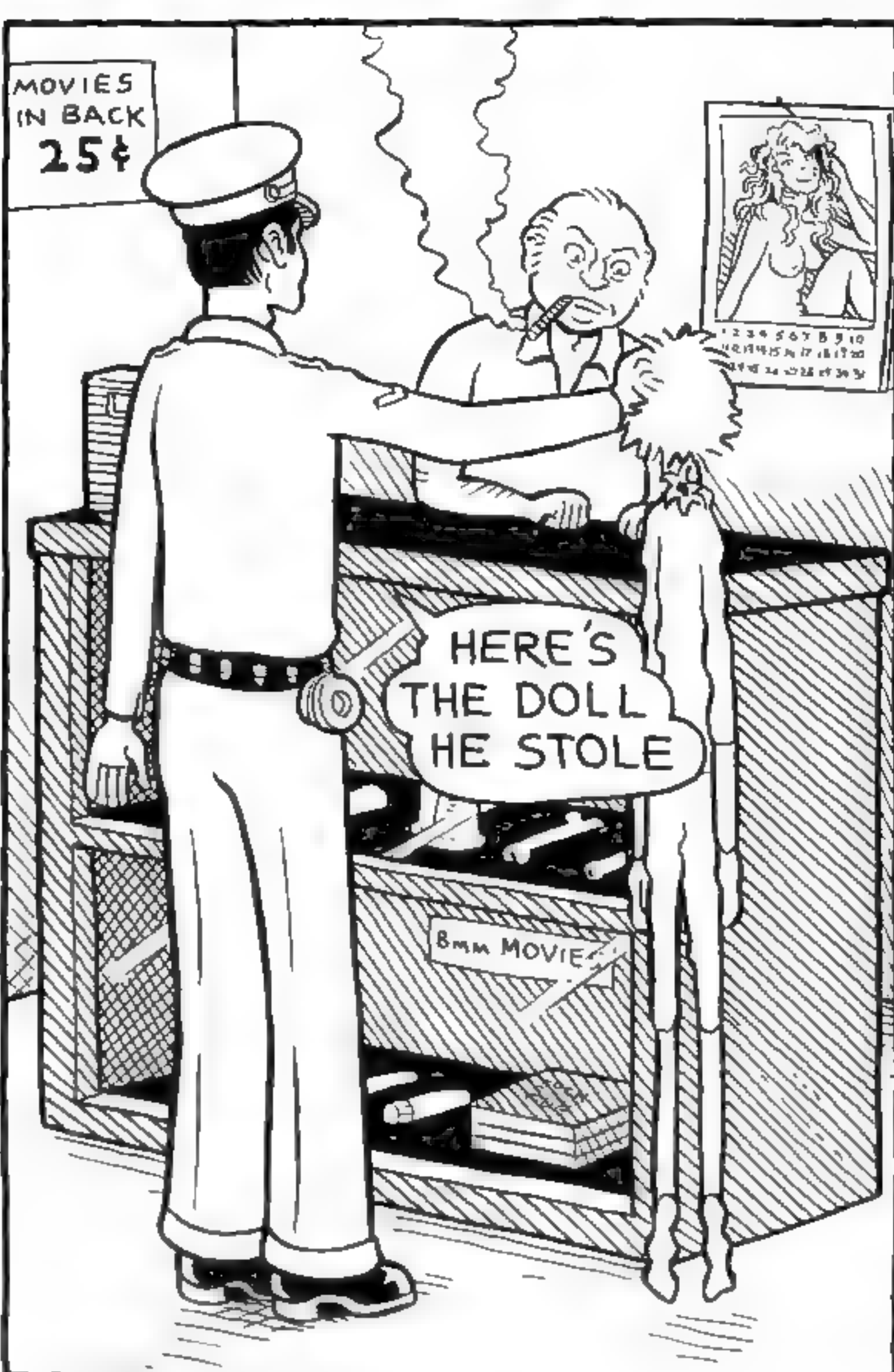
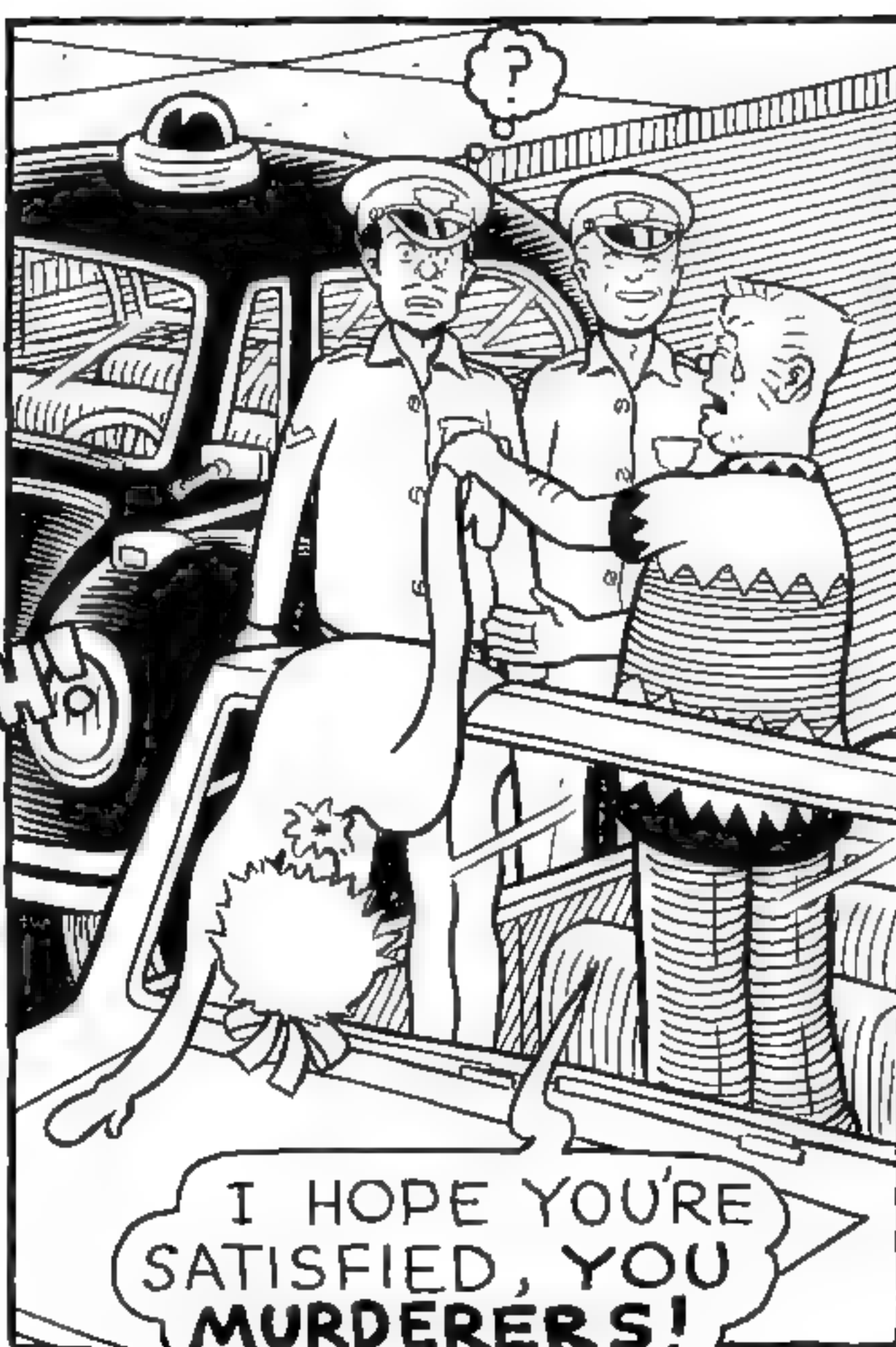
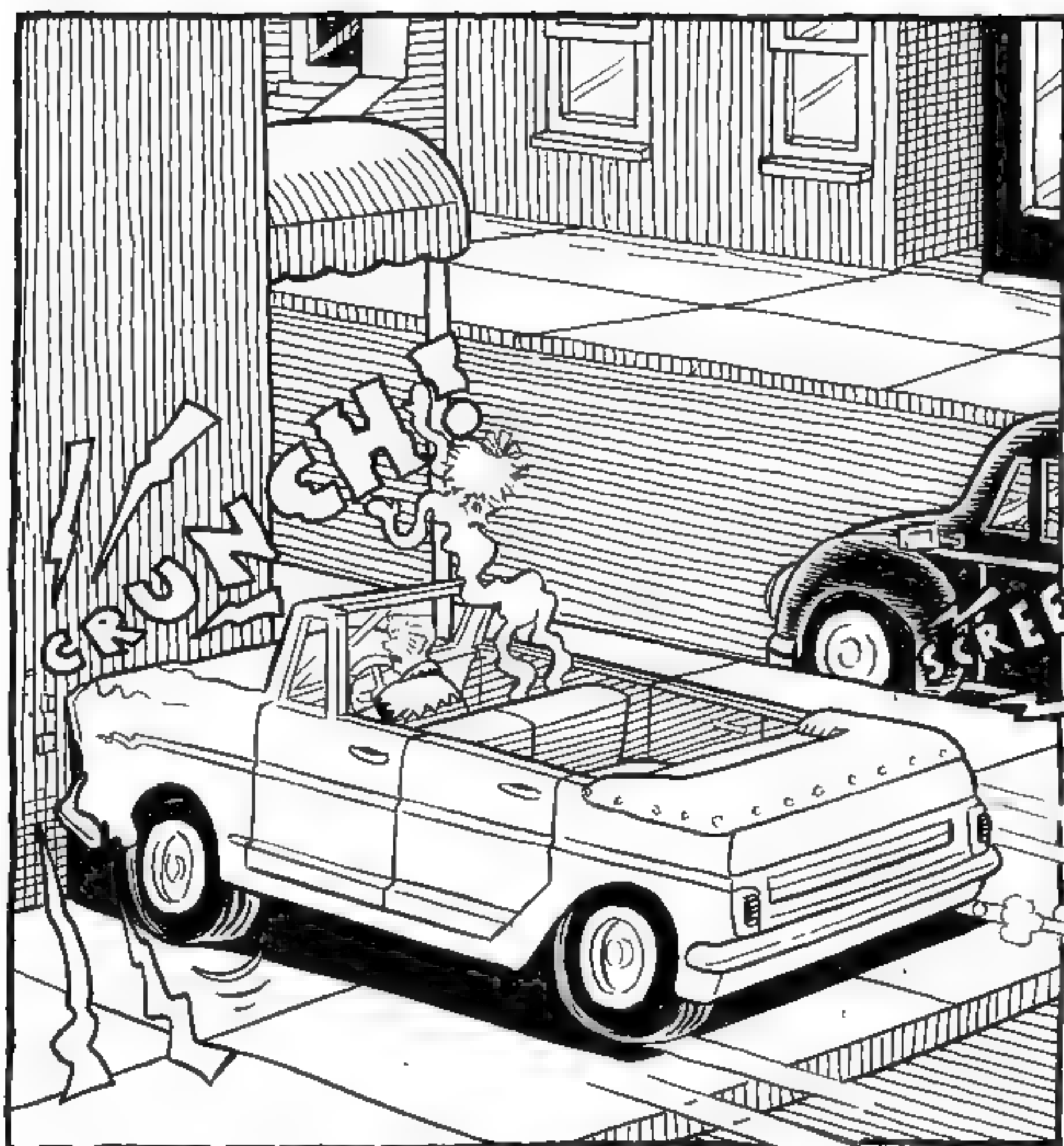




NOODLES' PUNCTURED ROMANCE

ESCAPING FUGITIVE NOODLES ROMANOFF MAKES TRACKS IN A STOLEN CAR

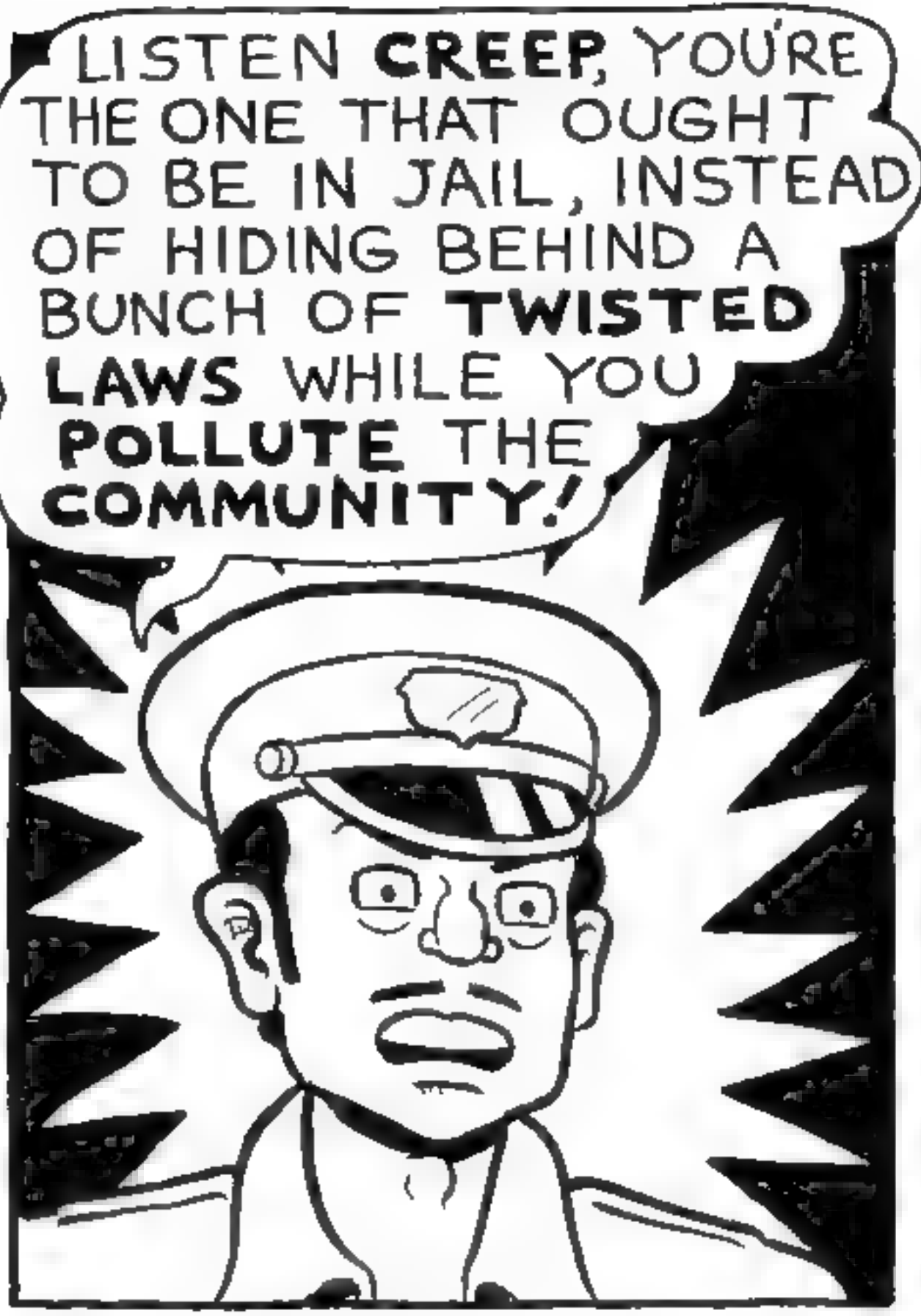






HE'S JUST A POOR LOONEY WHO ESCAPED FROM **BERNDALE ACRES SANITARIUM**. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING.

AH YOU'RE BREAKIN MY HEART!



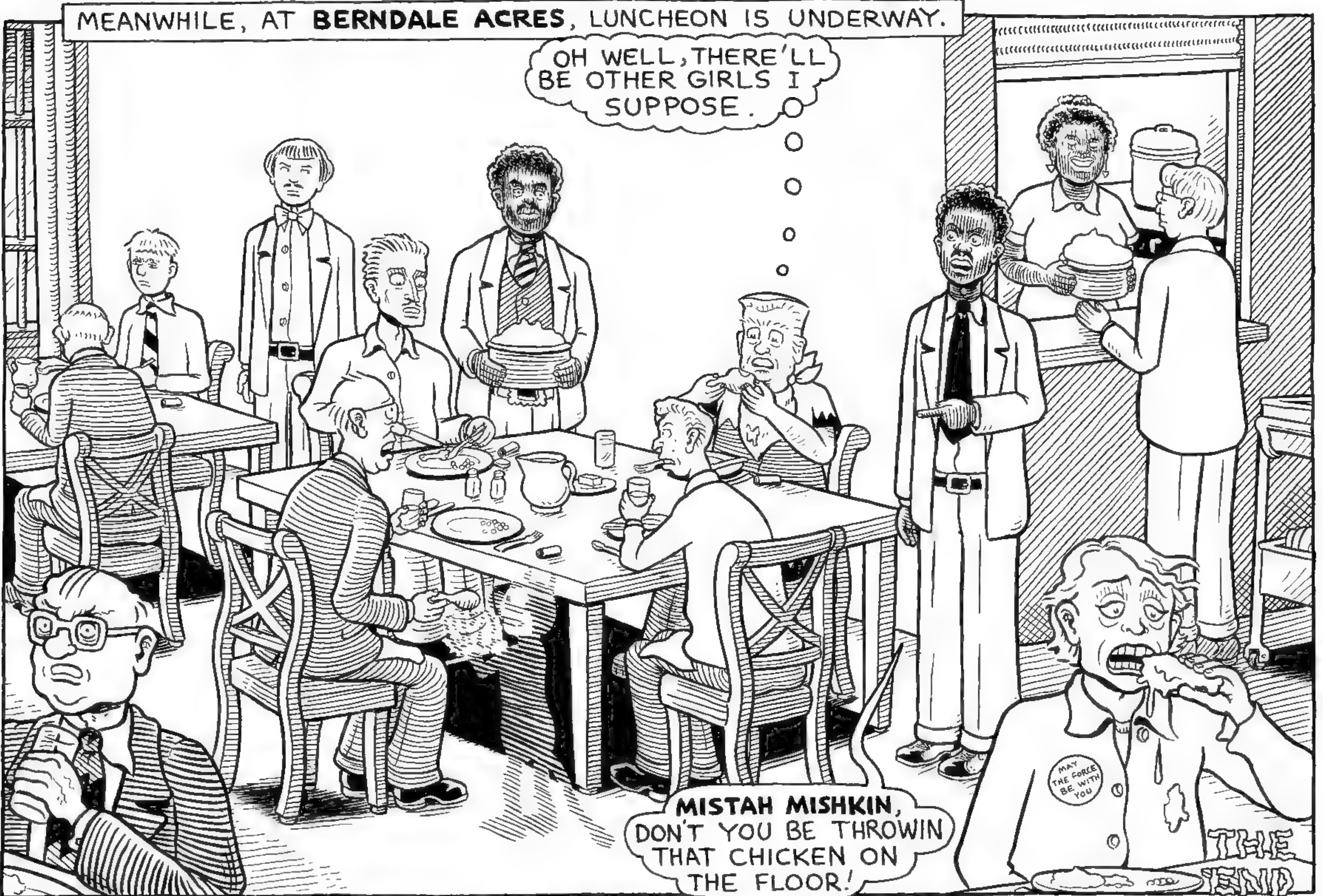
LISTEN **CREEP**, YOU'RE THE ONE THAT OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL, INSTEAD OF HIDING BEHIND A BUNCH OF **TWISTED LAWS** WHILE YOU **POLLUTE THE COMMUNITY!**



I'D GIVE A WEEK'S SALARY TO PUSH YOUR FACE IN!

OKAY! YOU MADE YOUR POINT. NOW GET OUT OF HERE. I GOT INVENTORY TO DO.

MEANWHILE, AT **BERNDALE ACRES**, LUNCHEON IS UNDERWAY.



OH WELL, THERE'LL BE OTHER GIRLS I SUPPOSE.

MISTAH MISHKIN, DON'T YOU BE THROWIN THAT CHICKEN ON THE FLOOR!

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax Romanoff in "Noblesse Oblige"



THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! OH DEAR! ONE MOMENT PLEASE, I'LL HAVE TO CONSULT HIS FATHER!



DEAR, THE POLICE ARE ON THE LINE,...THEY SAY **NOODLES** HAD A **TEENY** ACCIDENT WITH SOMEONE'S AUTO.



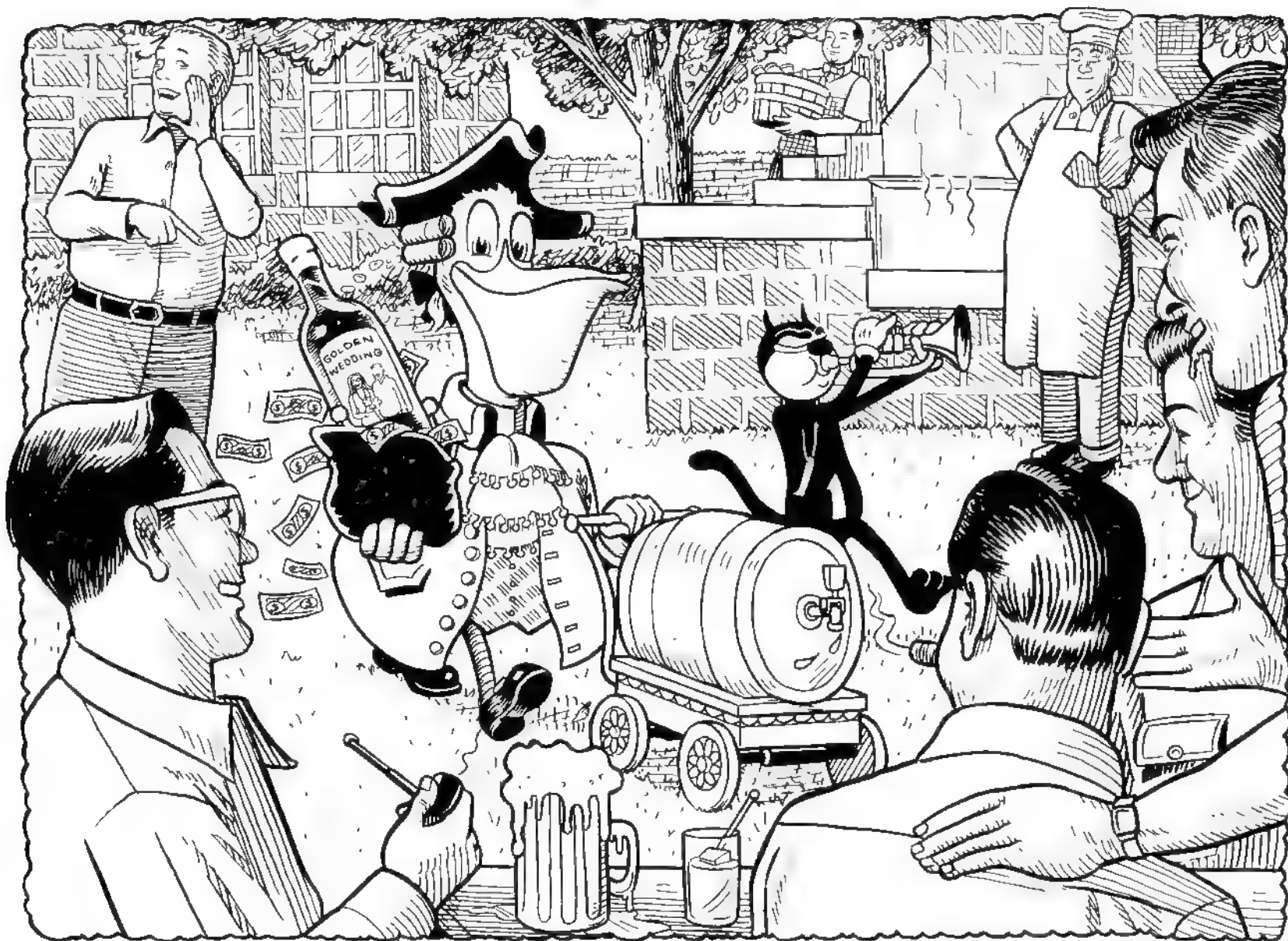
THEY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL PAY THE REPAIR BILL. IT'S ONLY (UH) THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

I WON'T DO IT! I'VE PAID ALL I'M GOING TO, TO PROTECT THAT IDIOT SON OF YOURS!



MR. ROMANOFF SAYS IT'S PERFECTLY ALRIGHT. JUST SEND HIM THE BILL.

Kim Deitch



SATURDAY NIGHT PUNK OUT

DAD IS GREETED WITH ICY CONTEMPT BY HIS EX WIFE.

HELLO EDNA. I'M HERE TO ESCORT OUR DAUGHTER TO THE ICE CAPADES!

THE ICE CAPADES! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE HER YESTERDAY YOU BIG SOUSE!

ANYWAY SHE'S OUT. SHE AND HER DATE WENT TO SEE THE SEX PISTOLS.

WHAT!

YOU MEAN THOSE CREEPS THAT PUKE ON STAGE!

JUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T PUKE ON MY RUG!

A FINE MOTHER YOU ARE!

LETTING OUR LITTLE GIRL GO SEE

THOSE DEGENERATES!!

CRASH!

FOUR A.M.

WELL, HOW WERE THEY?

REALLY SHITTY MOM.

HEY! IS THAT DADDY!

IT ISN'T BILLY CARTER!

HEY! I HAD NO IDEA YOUR FATHER WAS SUCH A SLEAZE!

YEAH, ME NEITHER.

SNOR-R-R!

HEY FREDDY! GET YOUR ASS UP HERE! THIS YOU'VE GOT TO SEE!

MORAL CULT HEROES ARE MADE NOT BORN.

WELL FELLAHS, I GUESS THE MAIN REASON THE TUBE'S ALWAYS HELD SO MUCH FASCINATION FOR ME IS THAT I WAS THERE, AT THE DAWN OF IT'S CREATION

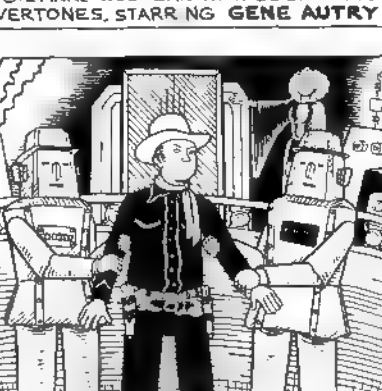
OF COURSE HARDLY ANYONE HAD THEM AT FIRST,
BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME FROM WATCHING ANY WAY I COULD

THINGS PICKED UP THOUGH IN 1949,
WHEN MY OLD MAN FINALLY BROKE
DOWN AND BOUGHT A SET

ALL I CAN REMEMBER SEEING AT FIRST WAS AN ENDLESS SEA OF "B" WESTERNS

THE HEROES WOULD CHANGE FROM FILM TO FILM, BUT THE COMEDY SIDEKICK WAS NEARLY ALWAYS A FEISTY BEARDED GUY NAMED FUZZY

NOW AND THEN, SOMETHING REALLY OFF BEAT
WOULD SHOW UP, LIKE "THE PHANTOM EMPIRE,"
A BIZARRE WESTERN WITH SCIENCE FICTION
OVERTONES. STARR NG GENE AUTRY



HEY! WHAT ABOUT HOPALONG CASSIDY!

YEAH

A cartoon illustration of a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a checkered suit, holding a newspaper and shouting "HERE IT IS! PAGE 77!" to a woman. The woman is looking up at him. In the background, there is a sign that says "DOES".

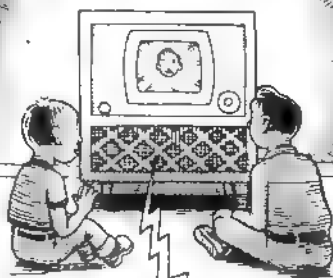
I WOULD CERTAINLY RATE MEETING
"HOPPY" AS ONE OF THE BIGGEST THRILLS
OF MY YOUNG LIFE THIS WAS SNAPPED
AT THE NEW YORK THANKSGIVING
DAY PARADE

llion
atter
offee
yway
thank
ike it
pl bus
d bet
side
mute
cent
these
ng too
to hell
ver on
p low
y Pup
n head
e mole
t mute
foolish
op along
ever ill
bux

New York City, 1951 Left to right, Michael
Stein, Hoppy, Mark Weinstein

illion
atter
offee
yway
thank
ike it
pl bus
d bet
e side
mute
t cent
these
ng too
to hell
ver on
pillow
ucky Pup
n head
e mole
t mute
foolish
opalong
ever ill
busy

AH, BUT EVEN HOPPY HAD TO TAKE A BACK SEAT TO THE NUMBER ONE KIDDY SPELLBINDER OF THE DAY

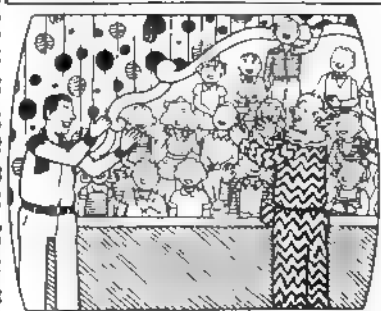


HEY KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?



IT'S
HOWDY DOODY TIME!!

NOW THERE WAS A SHOW! DUMB YES, BUT WHAT COLOR! WHAT HOOPLA!



IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME
IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME
BOB SMITH AND CLARABELL
SAY HOWDY DOO TO YOU

YOU HAD RIB TICKLING COMEDY SERVED UP BY CLARABELL, THE SHOW'S IRREPRESSIBLE CLOWN!



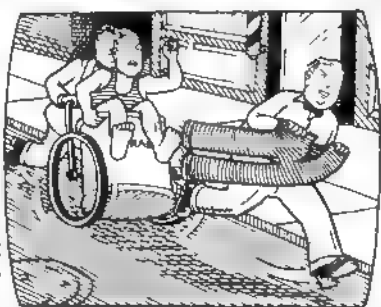
HONK! HONK!

AND ADVENTURE, WITH HOWDY, THE WOODEN STAR, CARRYING THE CONTINUITY BALL AS THE SHOW'S STRAIGHT MAN



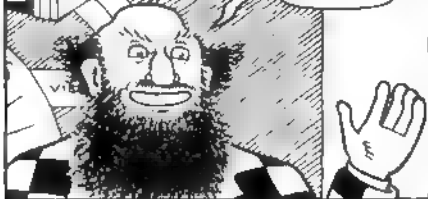
GOSH MR. BLUSTER! WE CAN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE UNTIL BUFFALO BOB BRINGS THE FLUBADUB BACK FROM SOUTH AMERICA!

PLUS A DAILY MOVIE SEGMENT SHOWING SILENT COMEDIES BY SUCH GREAT SCREEN IMMORTALS AS MICKEY McGUIRE, FRANNY HINES



... AND MY OWN PERSONAL FAVORITES, THE THREE TONS O' FUN!

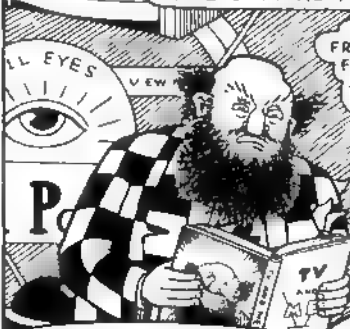
AND WHO COULD EVER FORGET THE HOWDY DOODY LOOK ALIKE CONTEST! BOY VIEWERS WERE ASKED TO SEND PHOTOS OF THEMSELVES TO THE SHOW



THE BOY WHOSE PHOTO RESEMBLED HOWDY THE MOST WAS TO RECEIVE A VERITABLE KING'S RANSOM IN PRIZES!

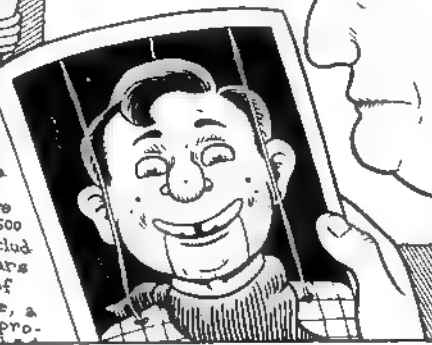


ON PAGE 91 IS THE PHOTO I ENTERED, ALAS TO NO AVAIL



TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK, I'VE ALWAYS FELT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT CONTEST!

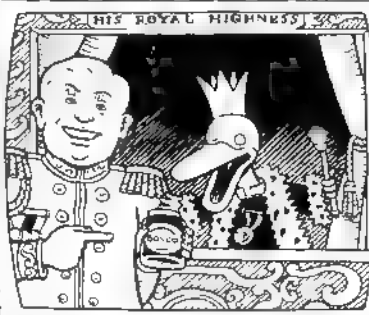
On the opposite page is the photo I entered in the Howdy Doody look alike contest And below is a picture of the winner. Losing was quite a blow to me. There were more than 500 prizes including a years supply of candy bars, a bicycle, a movie camera and projector, a basket ball



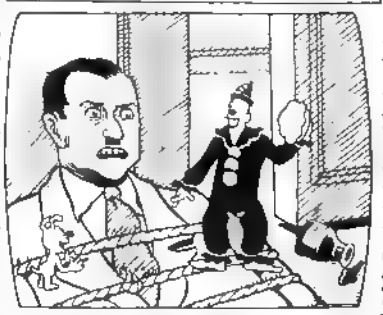
Y'KNOW HOWDY DOODY WASN'T THE ONLY KID'S SHOW WHAT ABOUT GARFIELD GOOSE, KING OF THE UNITED STATES!



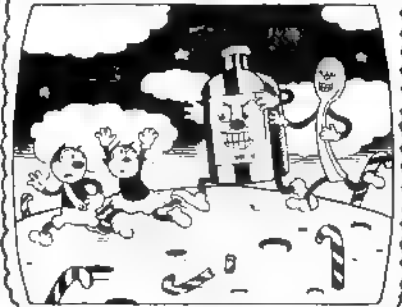
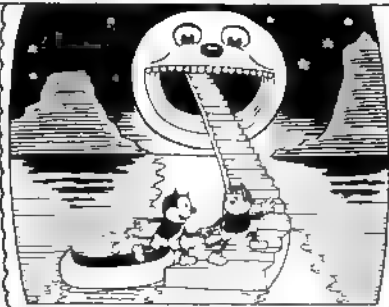
GARFIELD WAS MUTE, BUT ISSUED COMMANDS THROUGH HIS PRIME MINISTER, WHO WAS THE SHOW'S MC



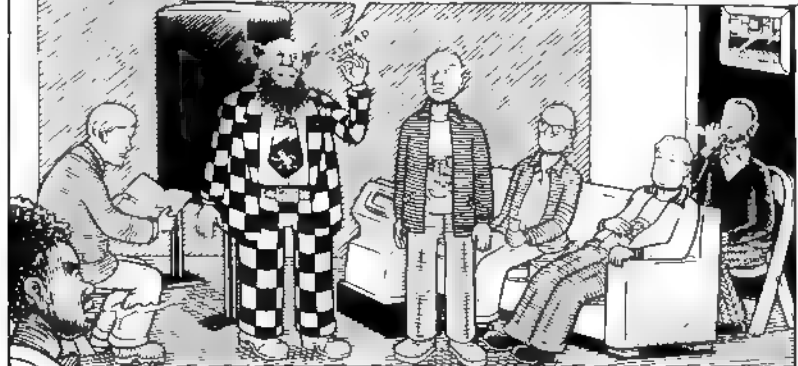
AND THEY SHOWED SOME GREAT CARTOONS TOO, LIKE THE OLD OUT OF THE INKWELL SERIES!



THEN THERE WAS THAT PERENNIAL TV FAVORITE, CANDYTOWN. HELL, EVERY KID IN THE NATION MUST HAVE SEEN THAT ONE A HUNDRED TIMES!



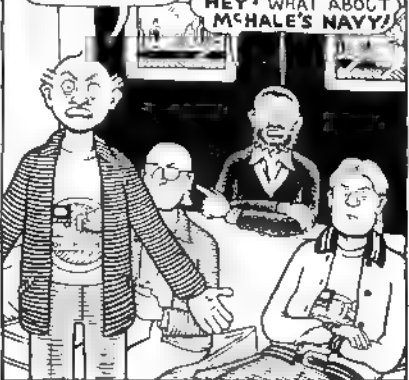
OH YES, I REMEMBER THAT ONE! IN FACT I HAD A RECURRING NIGHTMARE ABOUT IT FOR TWELVE YEARS!

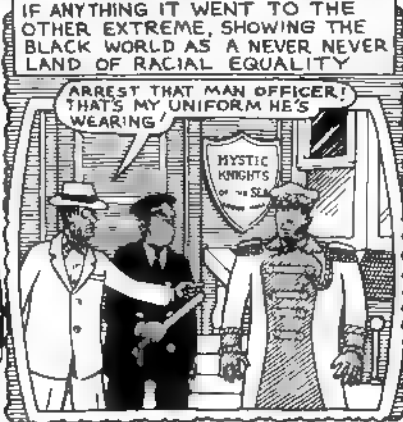
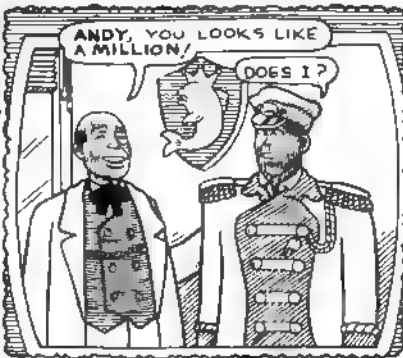
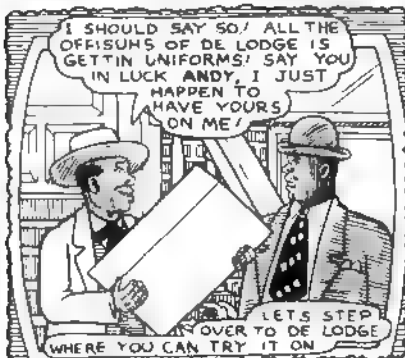
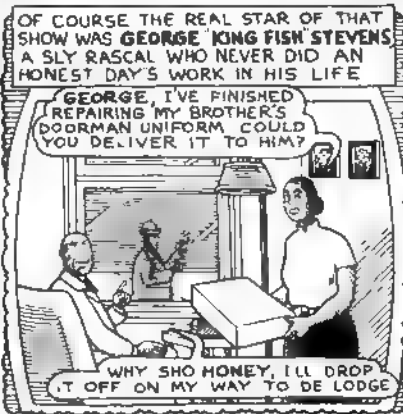
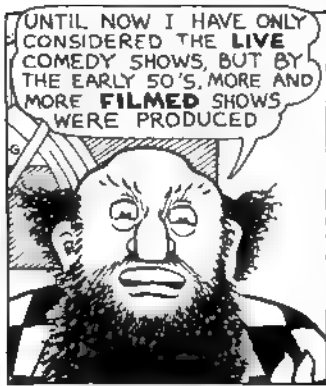
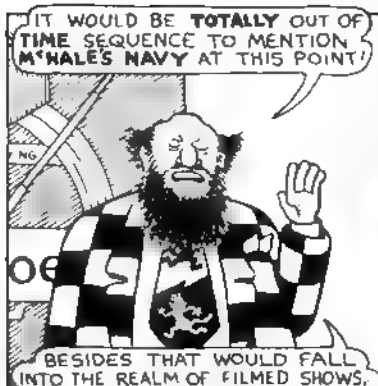


MOVING RIGHT ALONG NOW TO SOME OF THE LIVE COMEDY SHOWS THAT EXCELLED IN THE EARLY 1950S.



MILTON BERLE? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

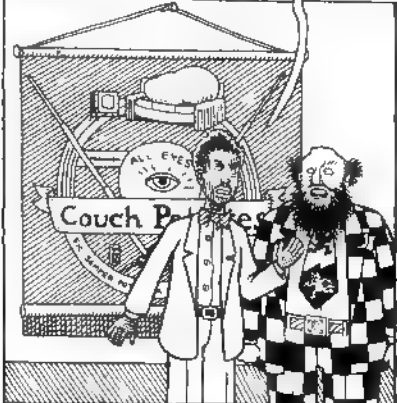




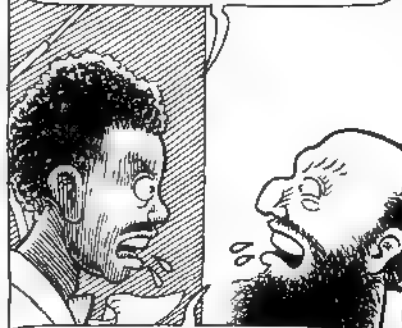
LISTEN MAN, THAT PROGRAM WAS AN INSULT TO THE BLACK COMMUNITY!

OH WHAT SHIT! I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN THE SHOW!

JUST WHAT SOCIAL VALUE DOES ANY OF THE SHIT IN YOUR BOOK HAVE TO THE COMMUNITY ANYWAY?



HEY MAN, DIG YOURSELF...



AND SINCE WHEN DOES EVERY BOOK ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH HAVE TO BE A POLITICAL TRACT?

MY BOOK CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF SOCIAL RELEVANCE! A BOOK DOESN'T HAVE TO HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD WITH POLITICAL DOGMA TO BE RELEVANT!

JEEZ! THIS COULD GO ON ALL NIGHT!



YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE TUBE NOW?

HEY I BET KOJAK'S ON!



KOJAK!

HEY FUCK THAT SHIT! I WANNA SEE DON RICKLES ON THE TONIGHT SHOW!

HUH?



YOU THIRD WORLD HOT HEADS GIVE ME A PAIN!

DON'T PUSH ME JEW BOY! I'VE KUNG FOODED BIGGER LOADS THAN YOU!

WHAT'S SO HOT ABOUT DON RICKLES!

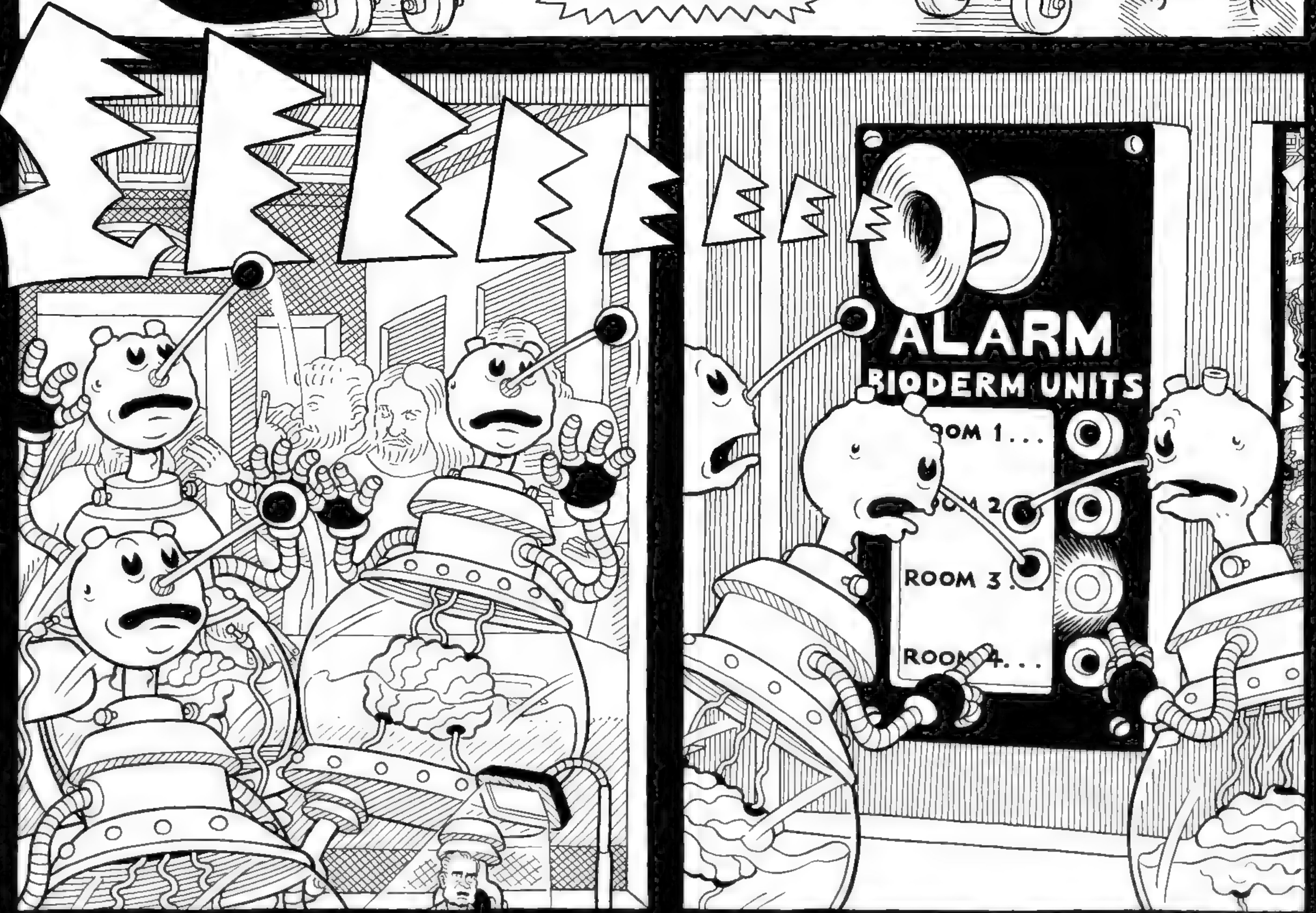
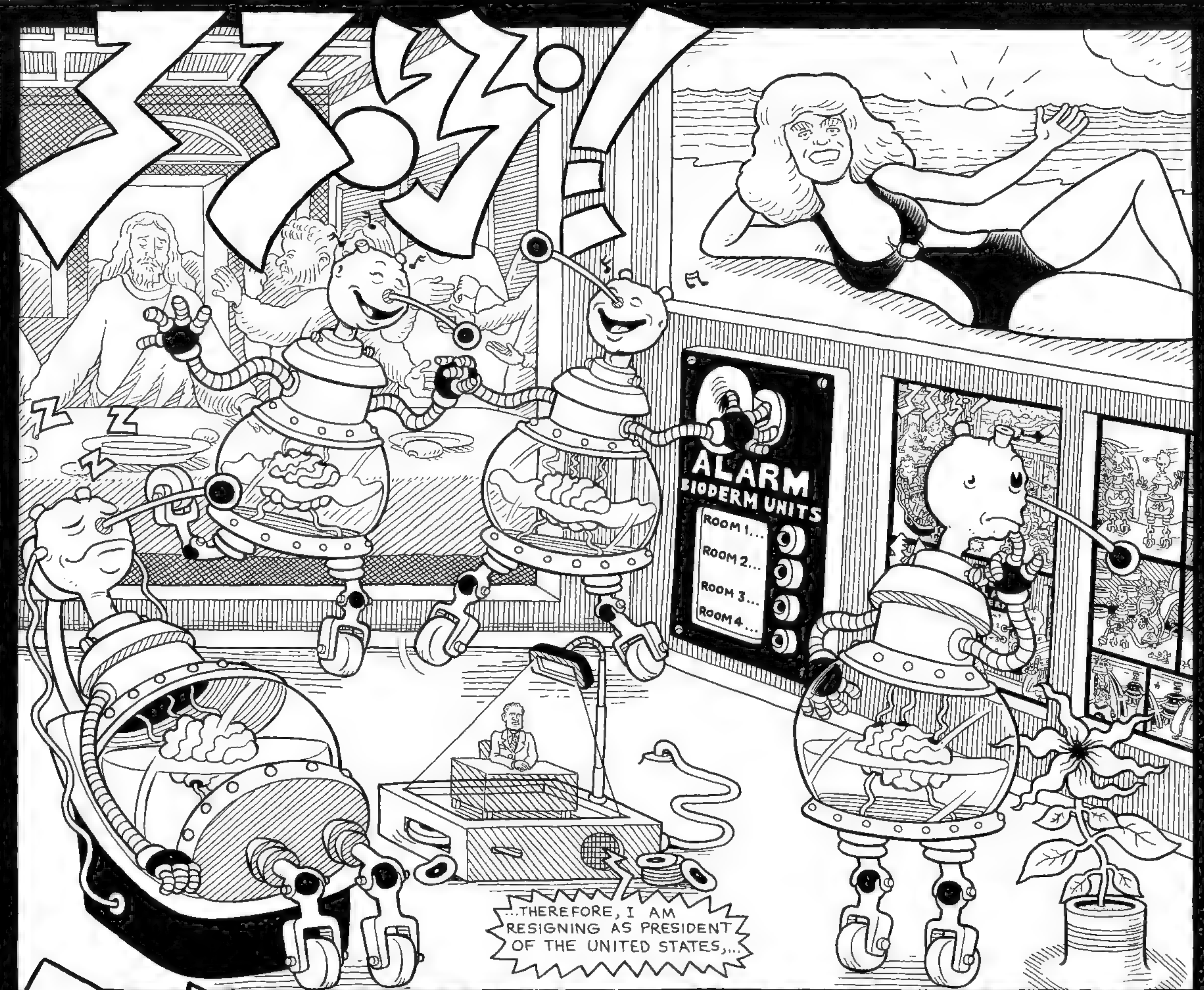
AH YOU'RE FUCKIN' HOPELESS

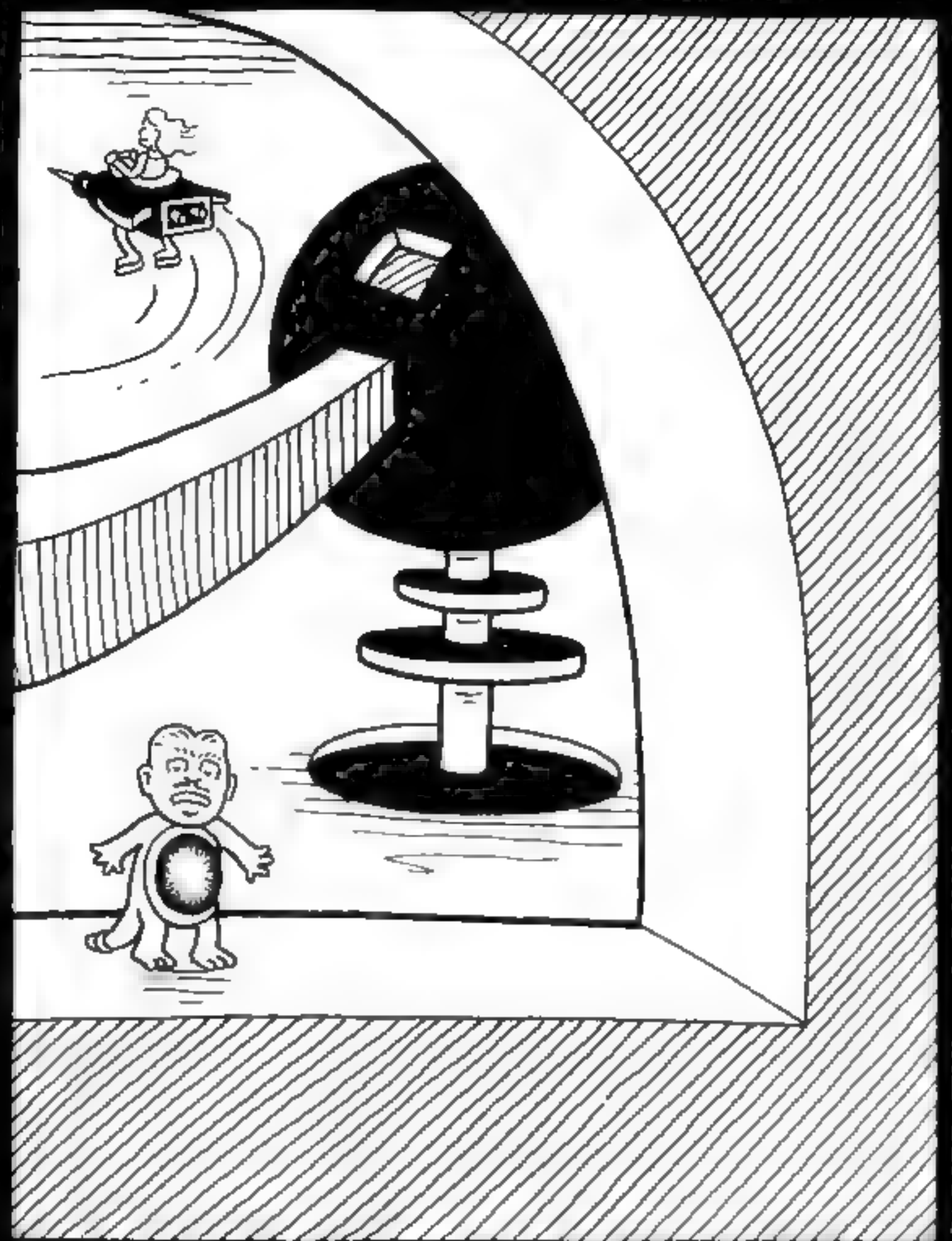
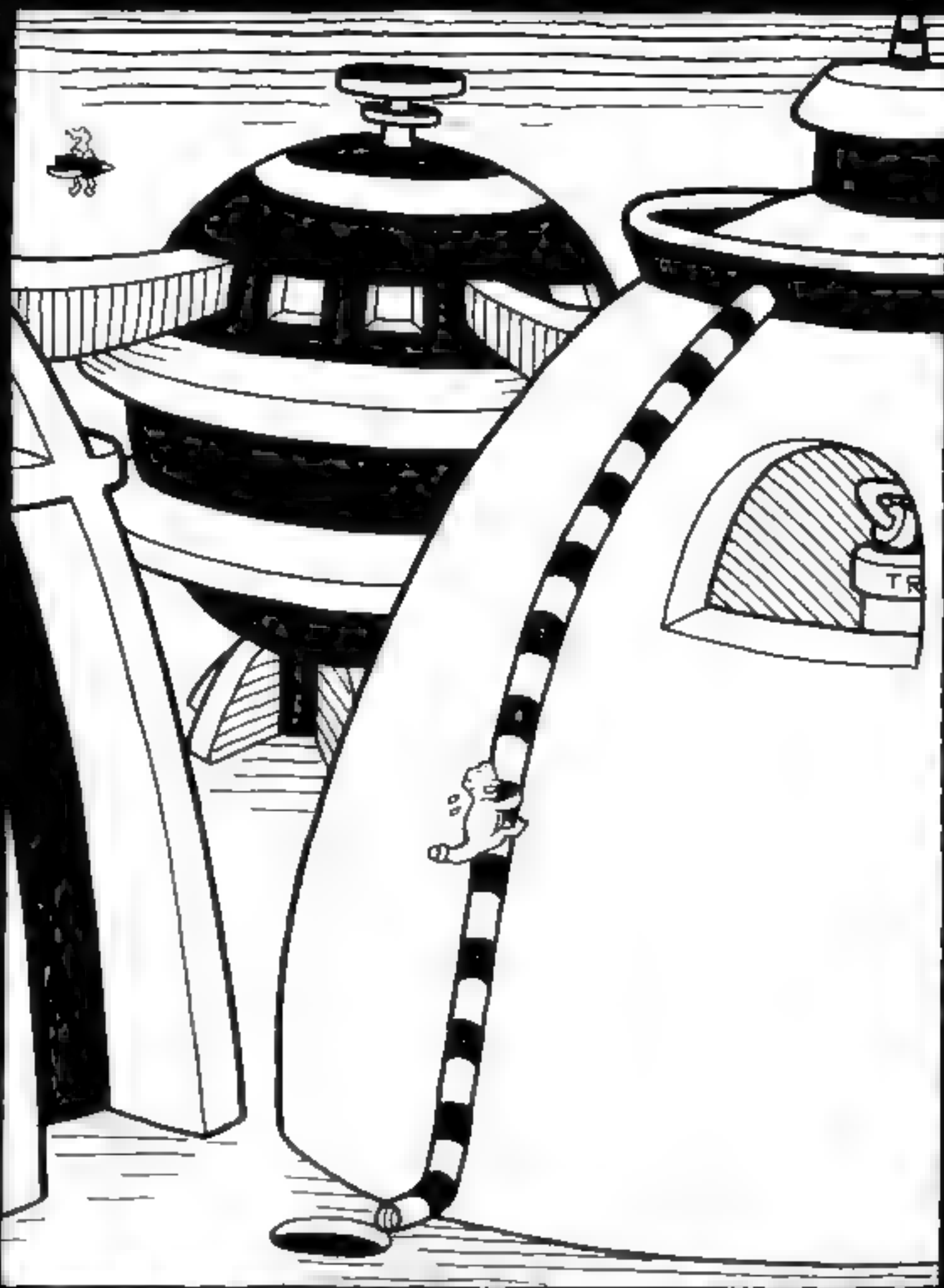
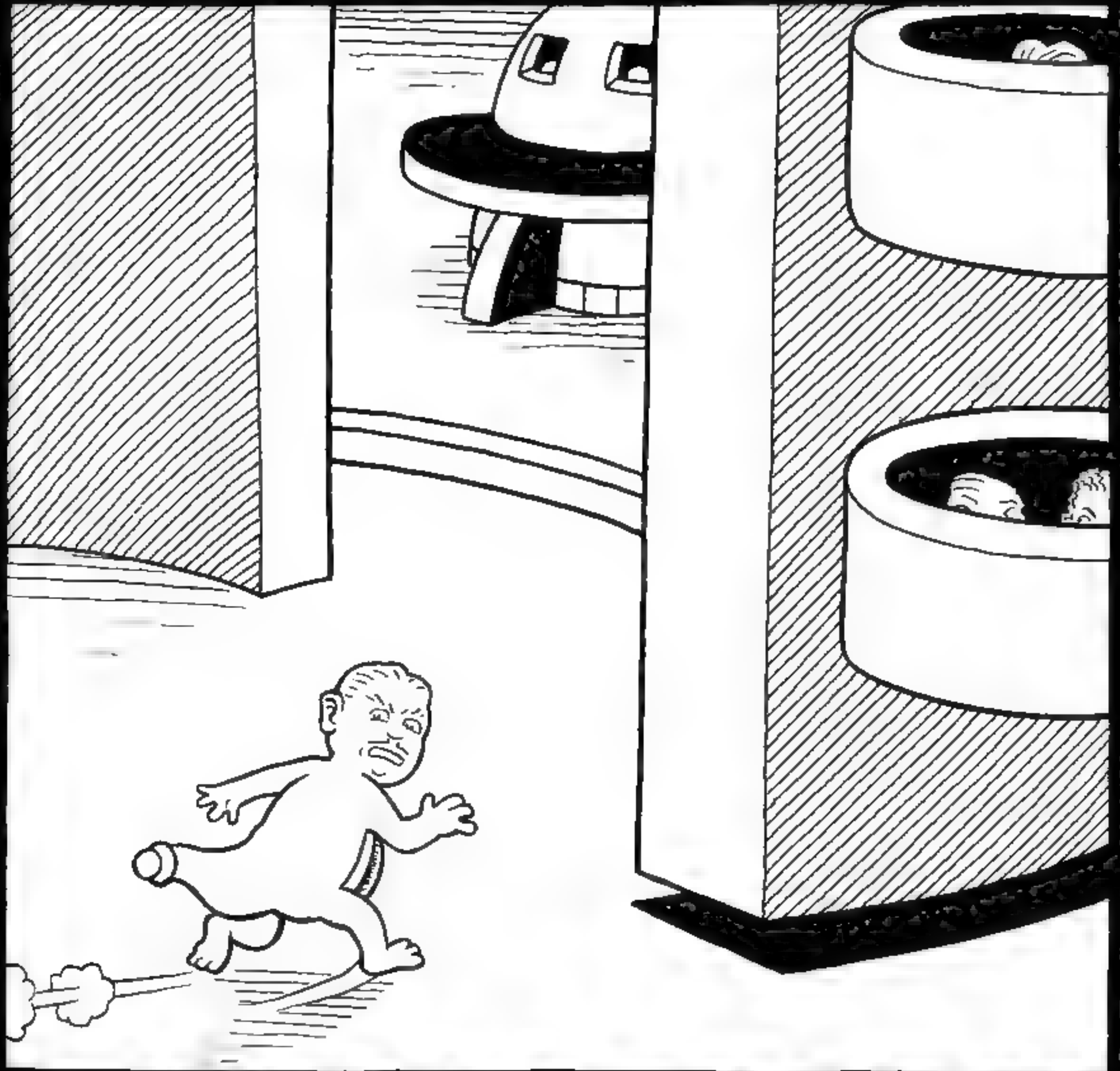
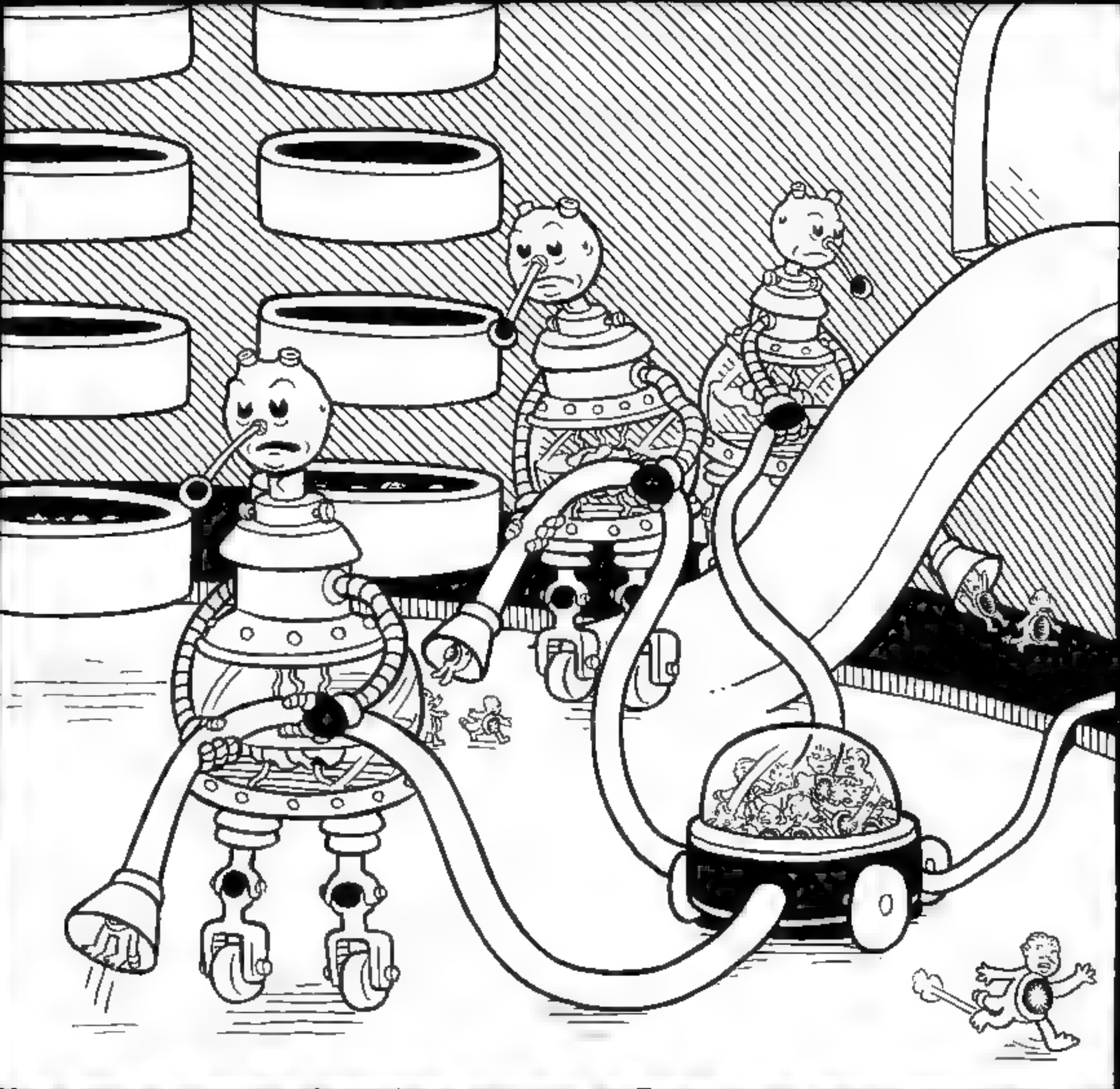
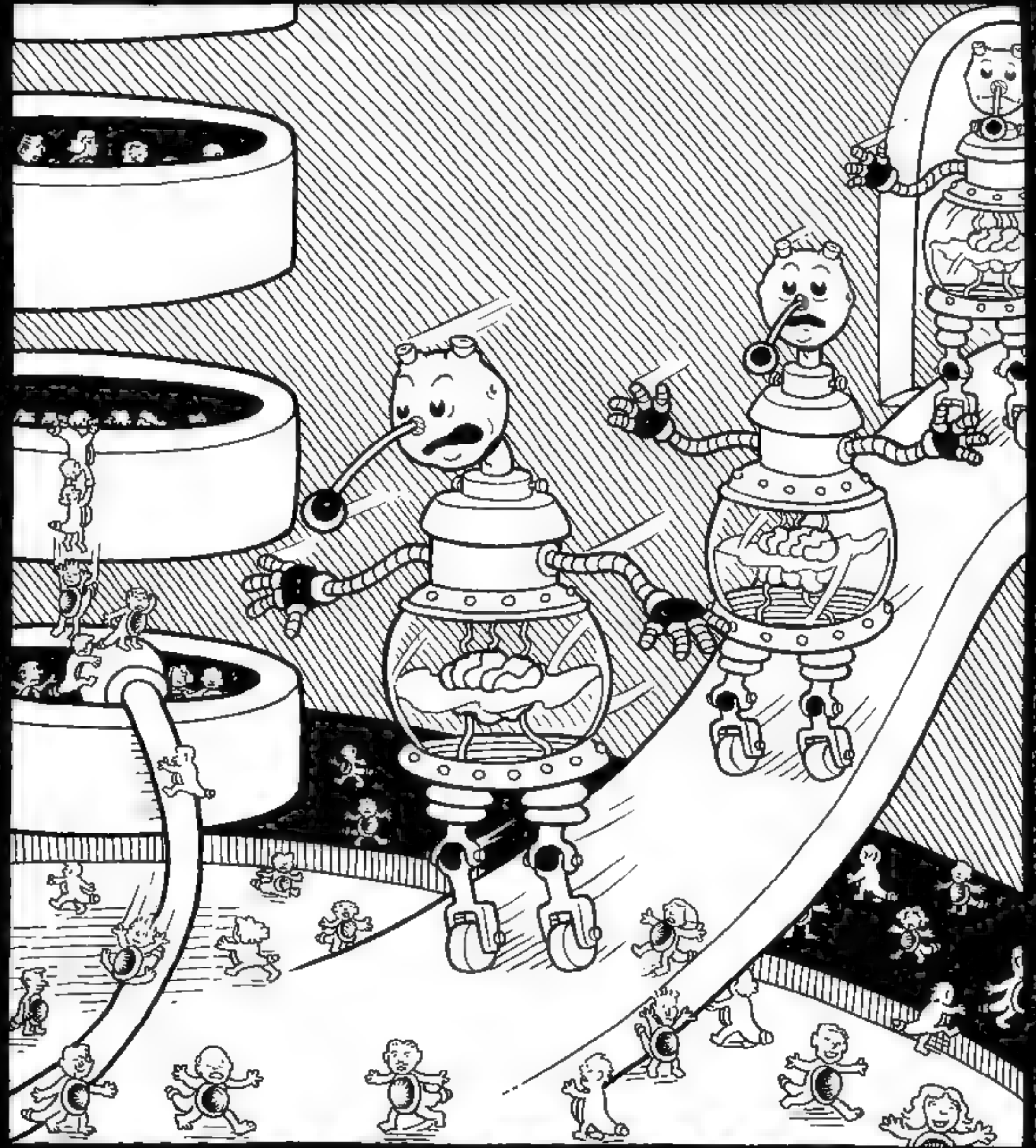
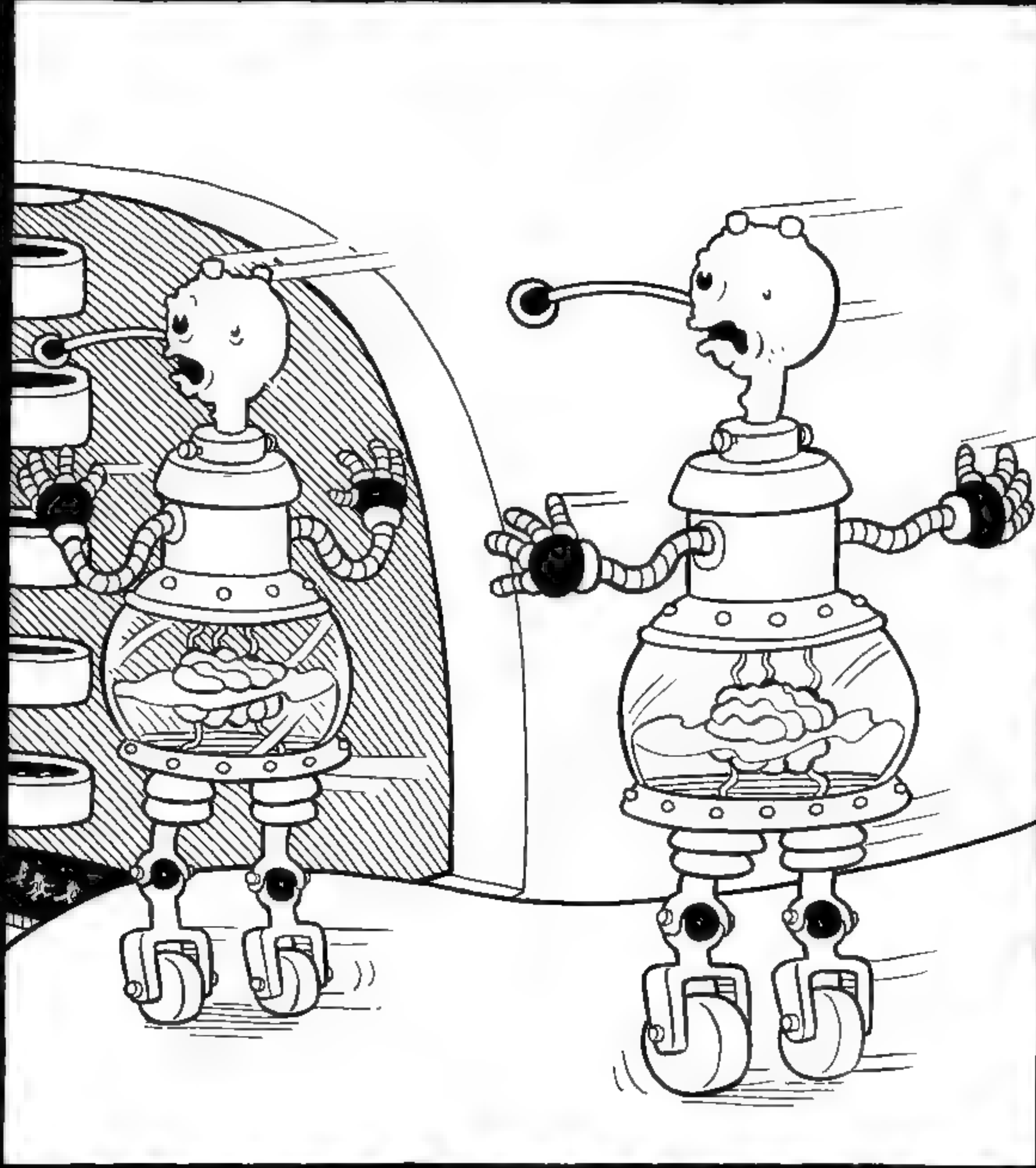
I'M SORRY MR. ARMSTRONG, YOUR GROUP ISN'T SCHEDULED HERE UNTIL TOMORROW I MUST ASK YOU TO VACATE AT ONCE TO MAKE ROOM FOR AN ARYAN BROTHERHOOD MEETING

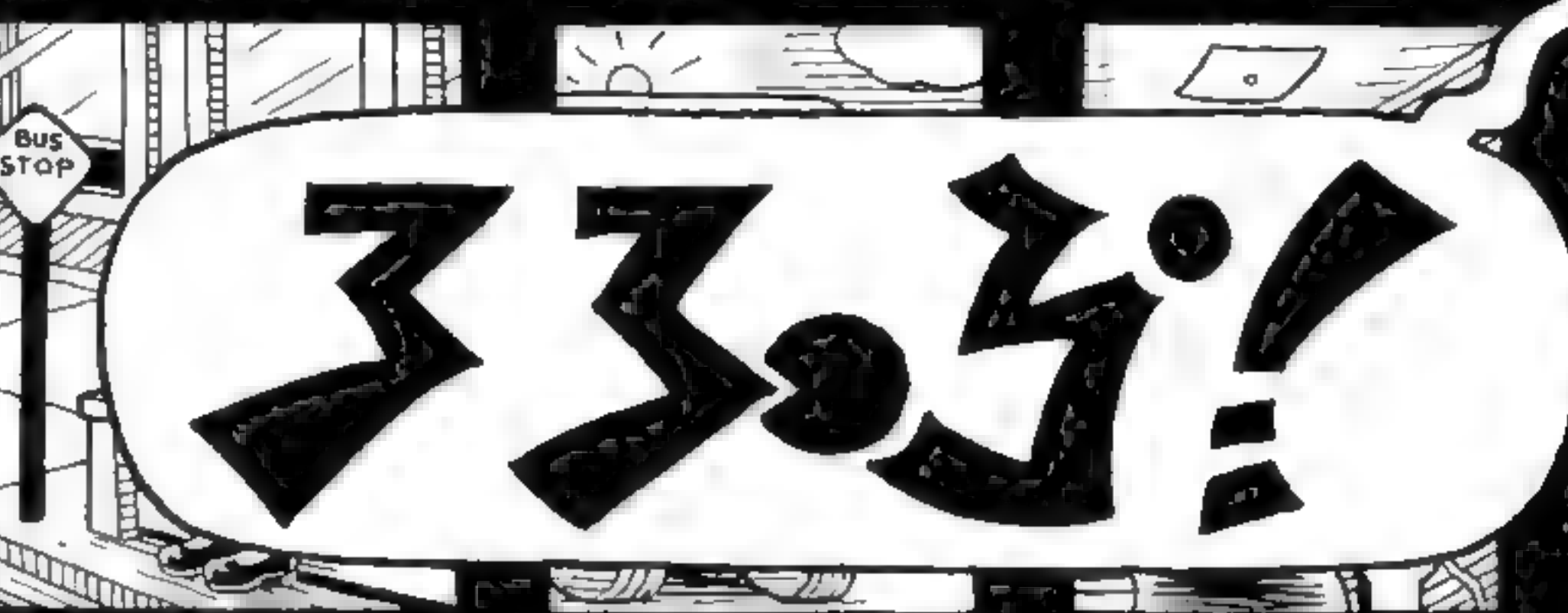
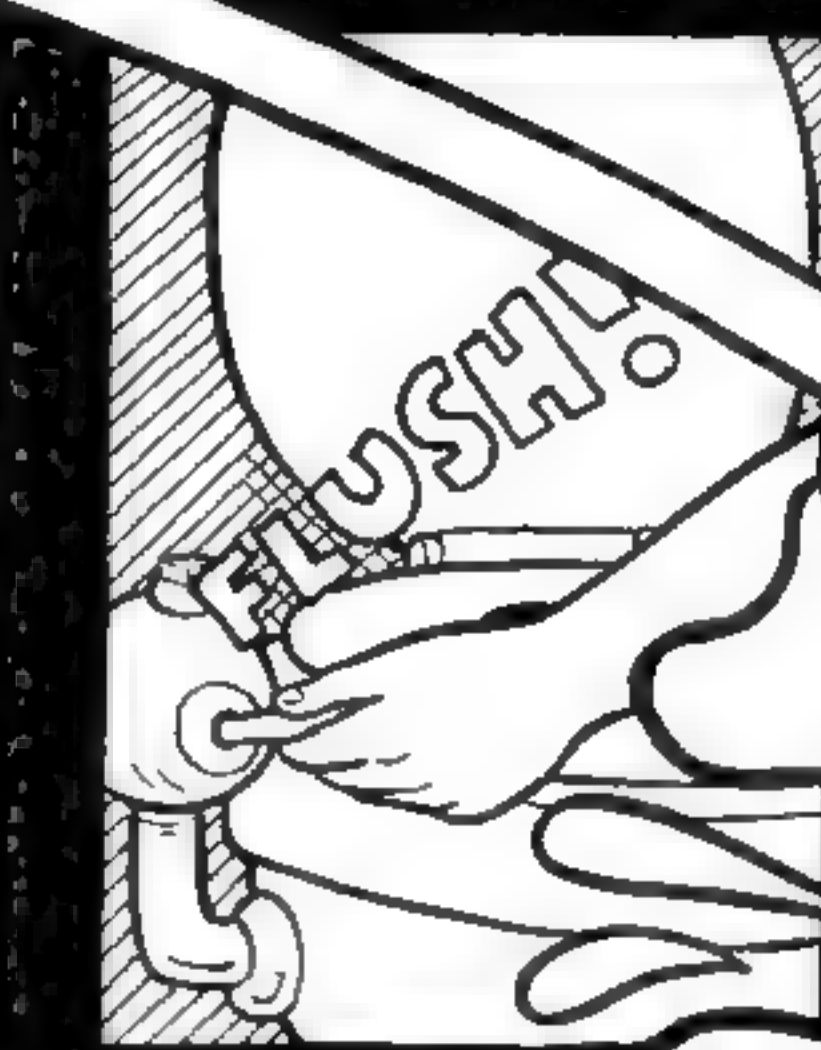
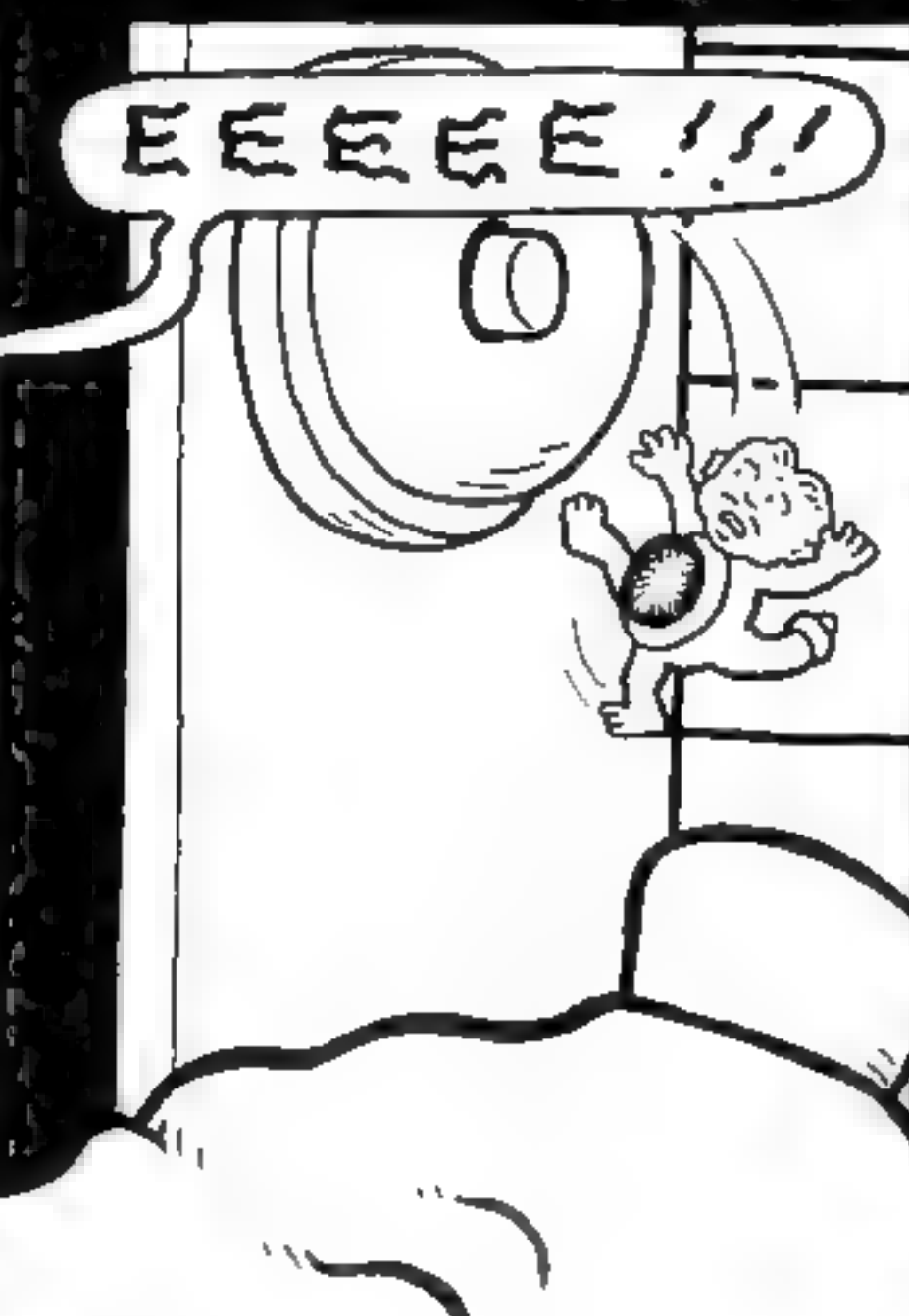
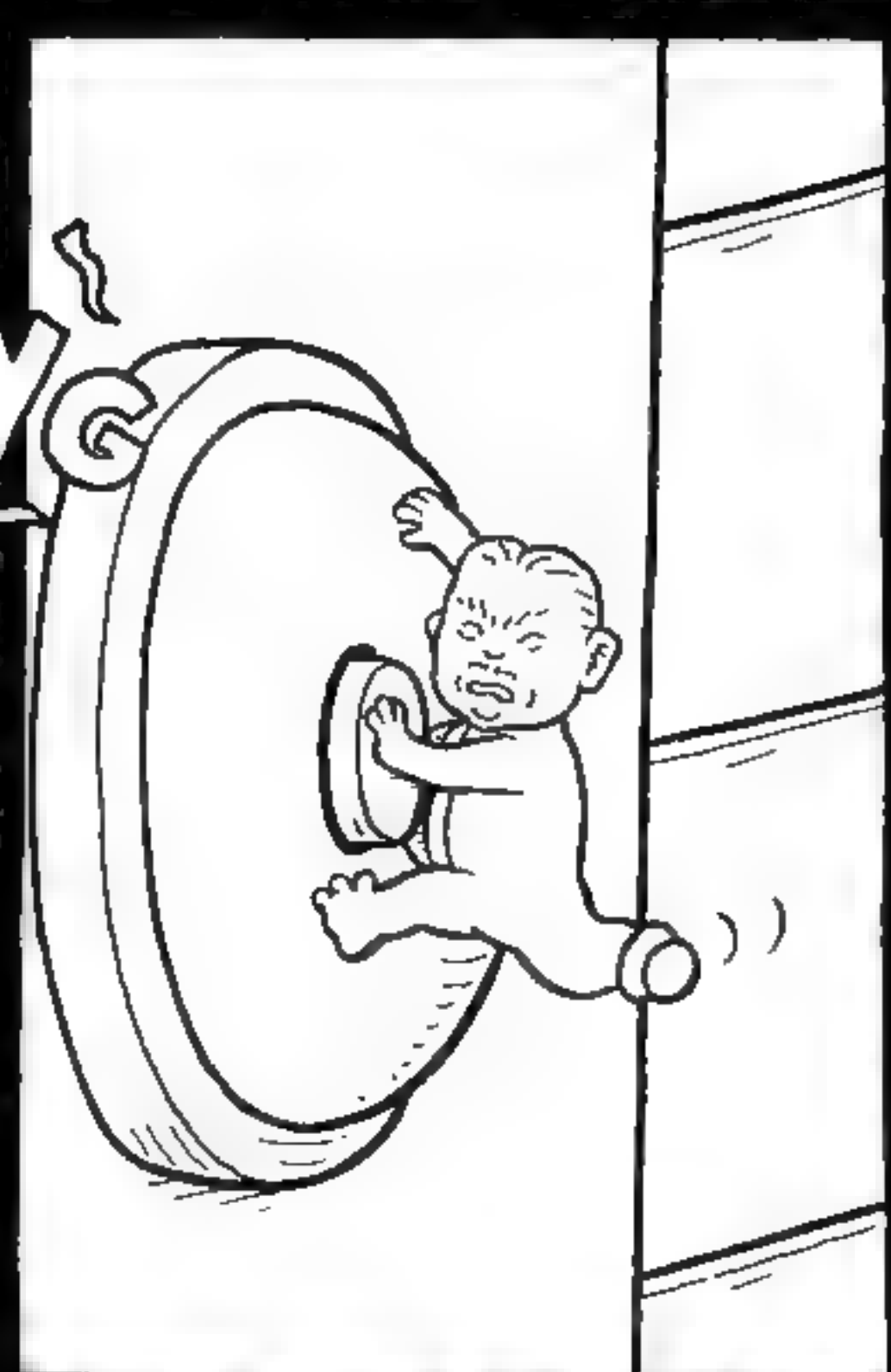
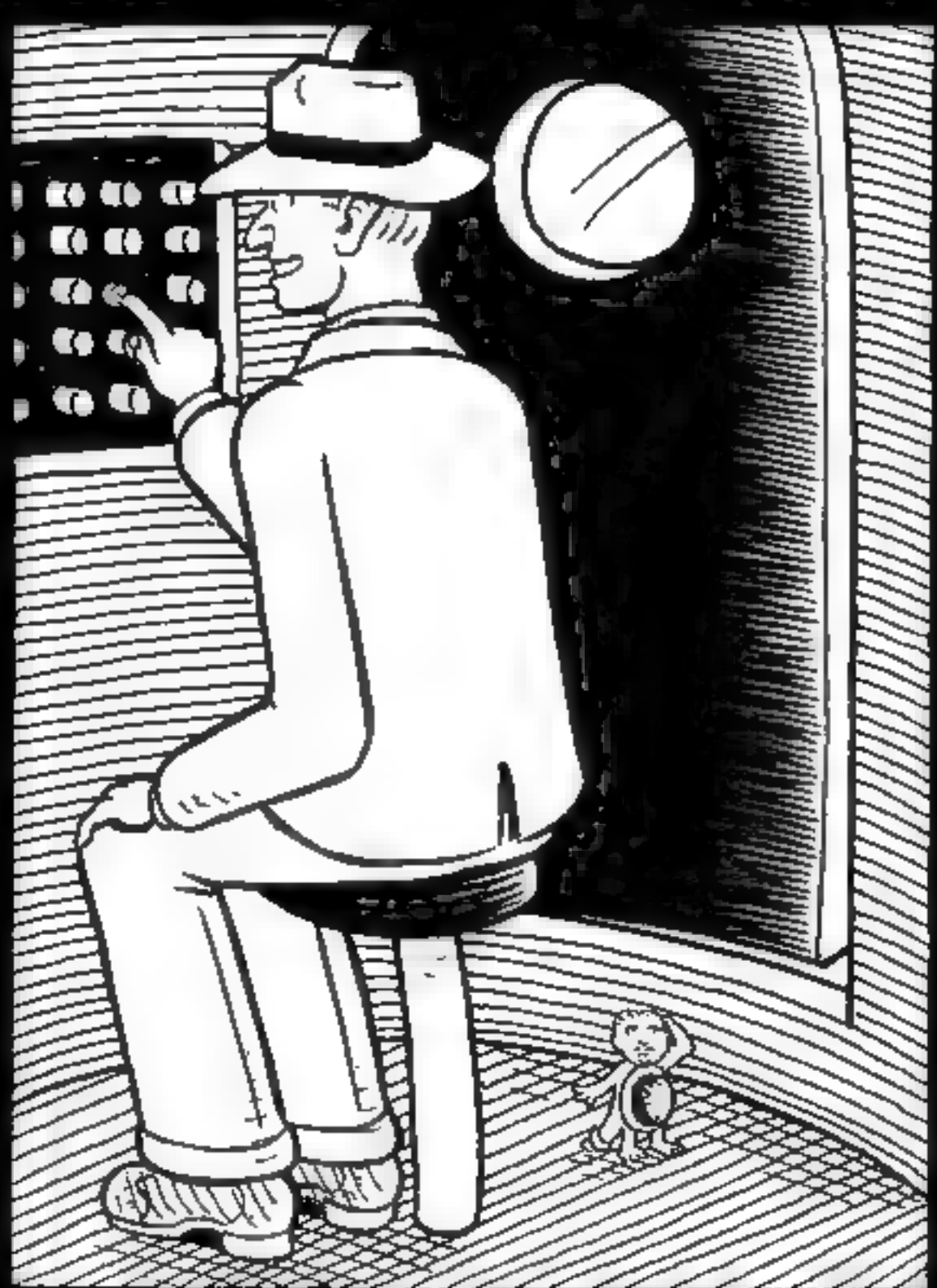


HERE WE GO! THE MISS TEENAGE AMERICA FINALS ARE ON CHANNEL FIVE!

THE END







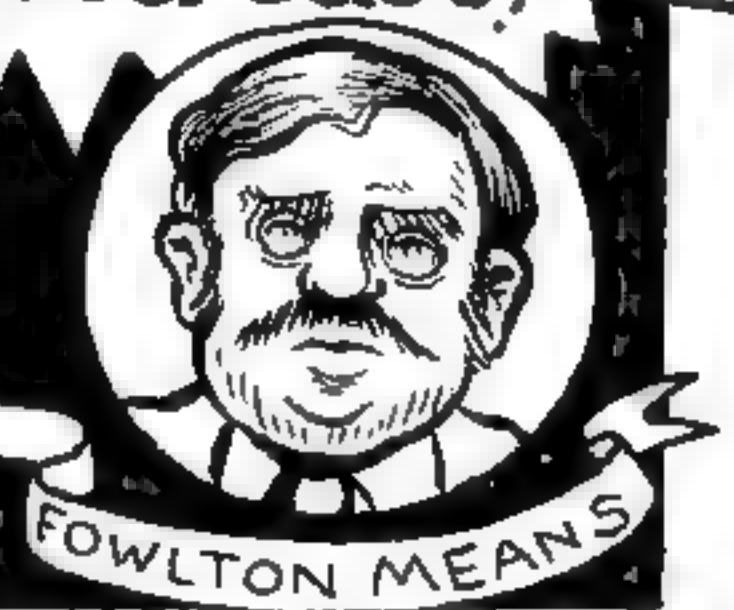
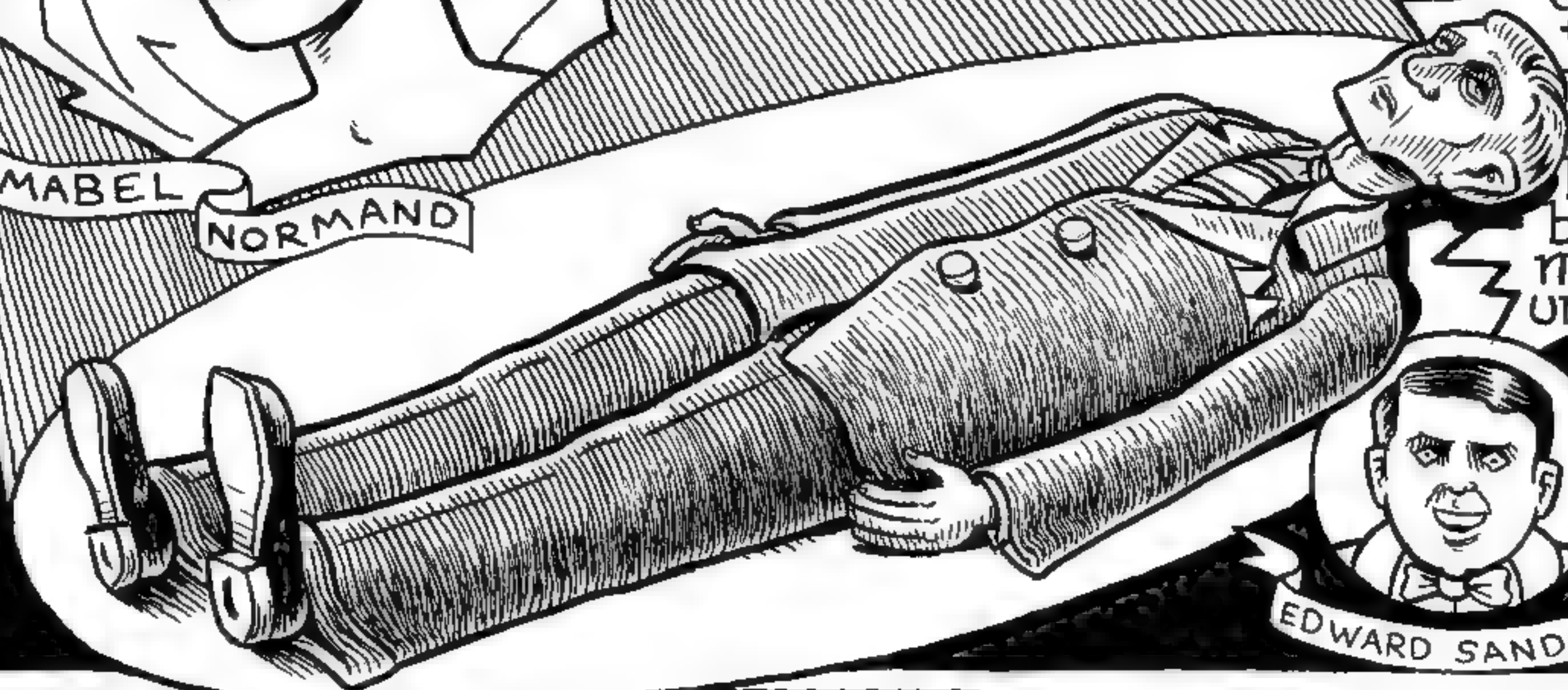
Kim Deitch 77

The Mysterious Death of William Desmond Taylor

With echoes of the Arbuckle case still ringing in the nation's ears, yet another scandal hit the fan! On February 2, 1922, the immaculately dressed, and strangely composed corpse of William Desmond Taylor stared lifelessly up at nothing. Two bullet wounds were in his neck and back.....



The ensuing scandal spelled disaster for two of Hollywood's reigning Queens; and the murder has UNTIL NOW been filmland's most celebrated unsolved case!



Before his untimely death, this English smoothy was one of Hollywood's best known directors



Not so well known was his souvenir collection of lady's lingerie. Many such items, all monogrammed (and dated!) were found by police...



Will you
marry
me June?



Oh
Jack!
YES!



The
End

Hardest hit by these disclosures was Mary Miles Minter. This seamy stuff was at complete odds with her sweetness and light screen portrayals!



MARY MILES MINTER
IN, "THE TRAIL OF
THE LONESOME PINE"

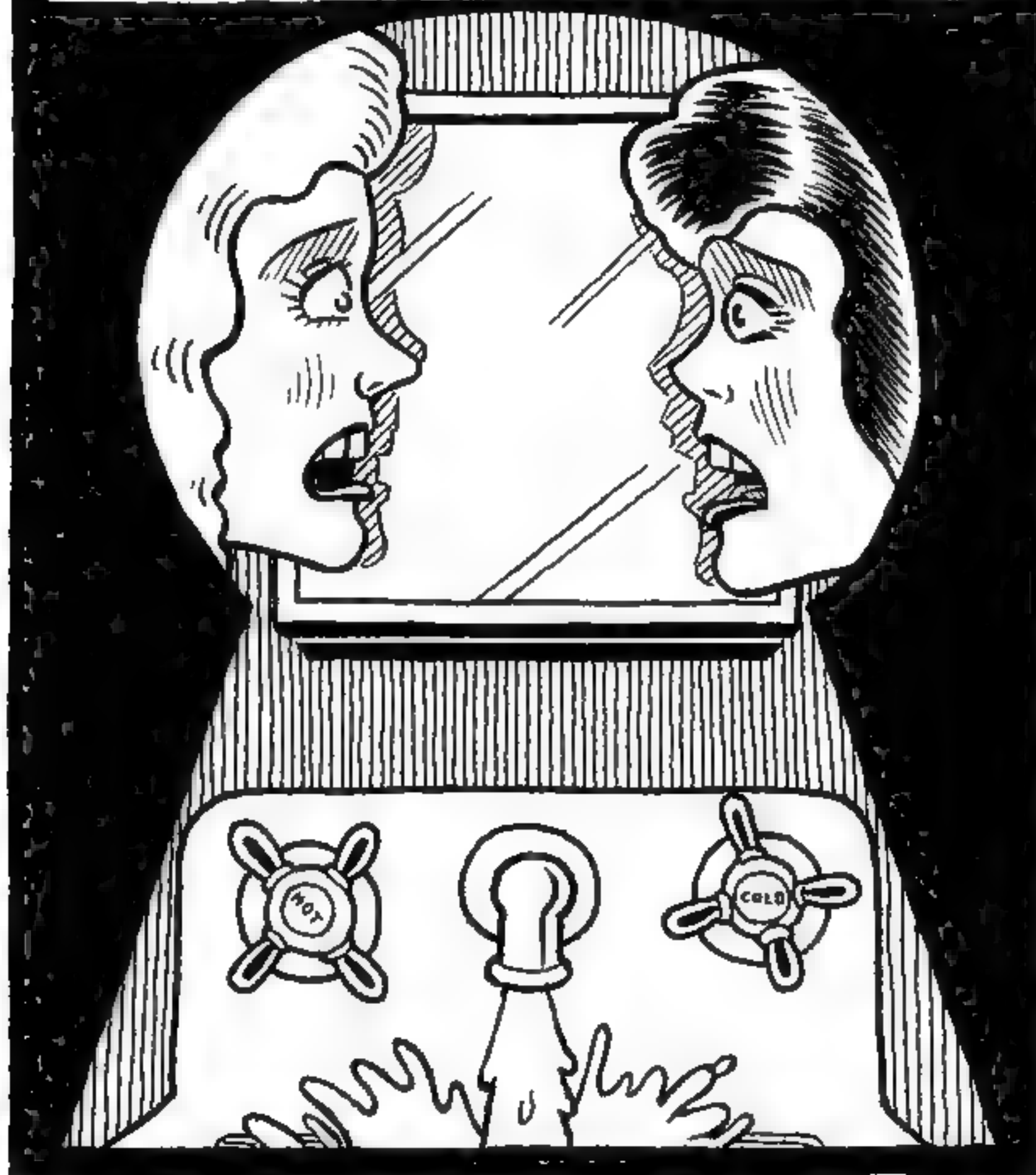
Her career came to an abrupt halt

Last to see Taylor alive was Mabel Normand, queen of the Sennet lot, who was well known for her madcap activities both on and off the silver screen



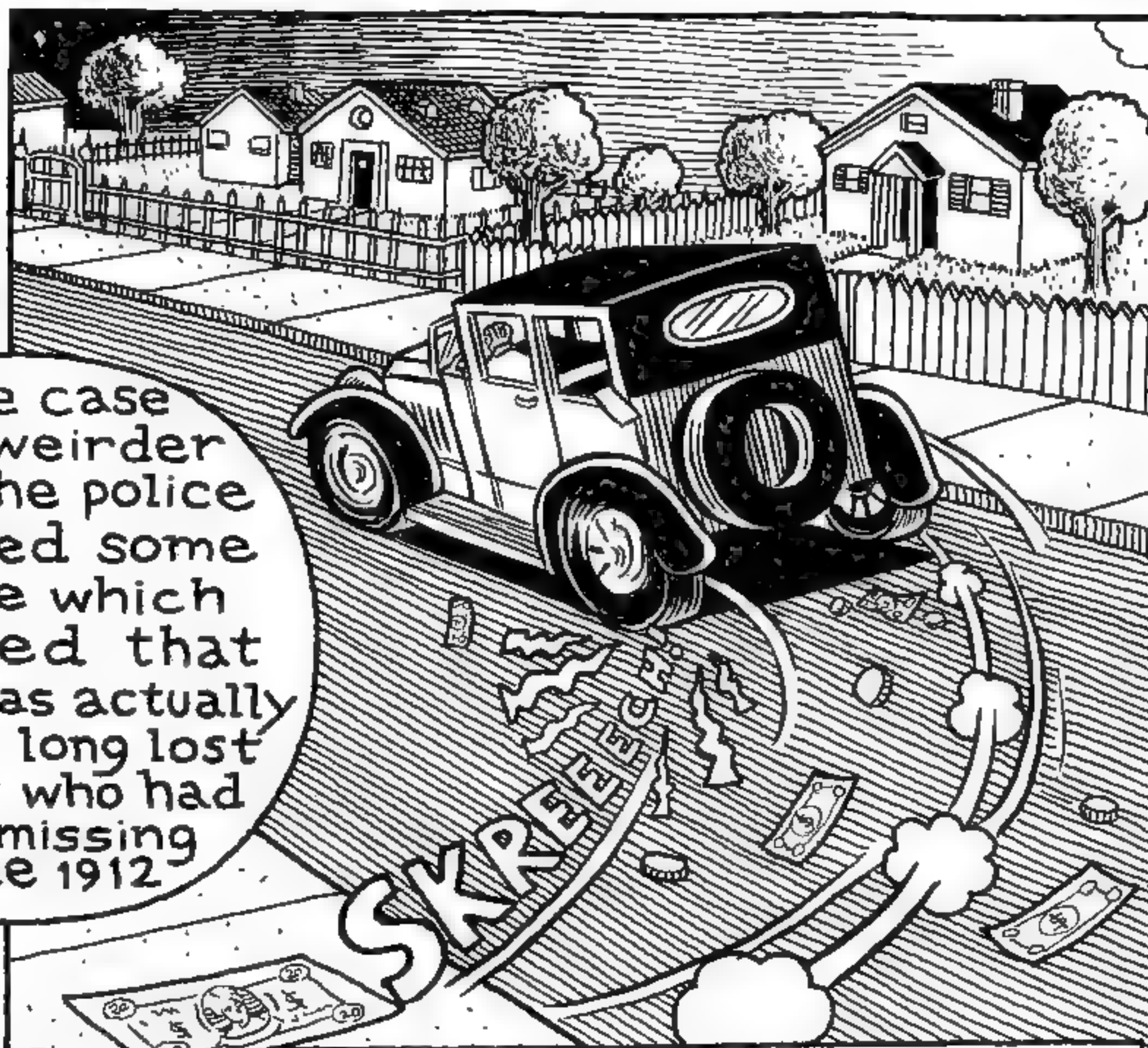
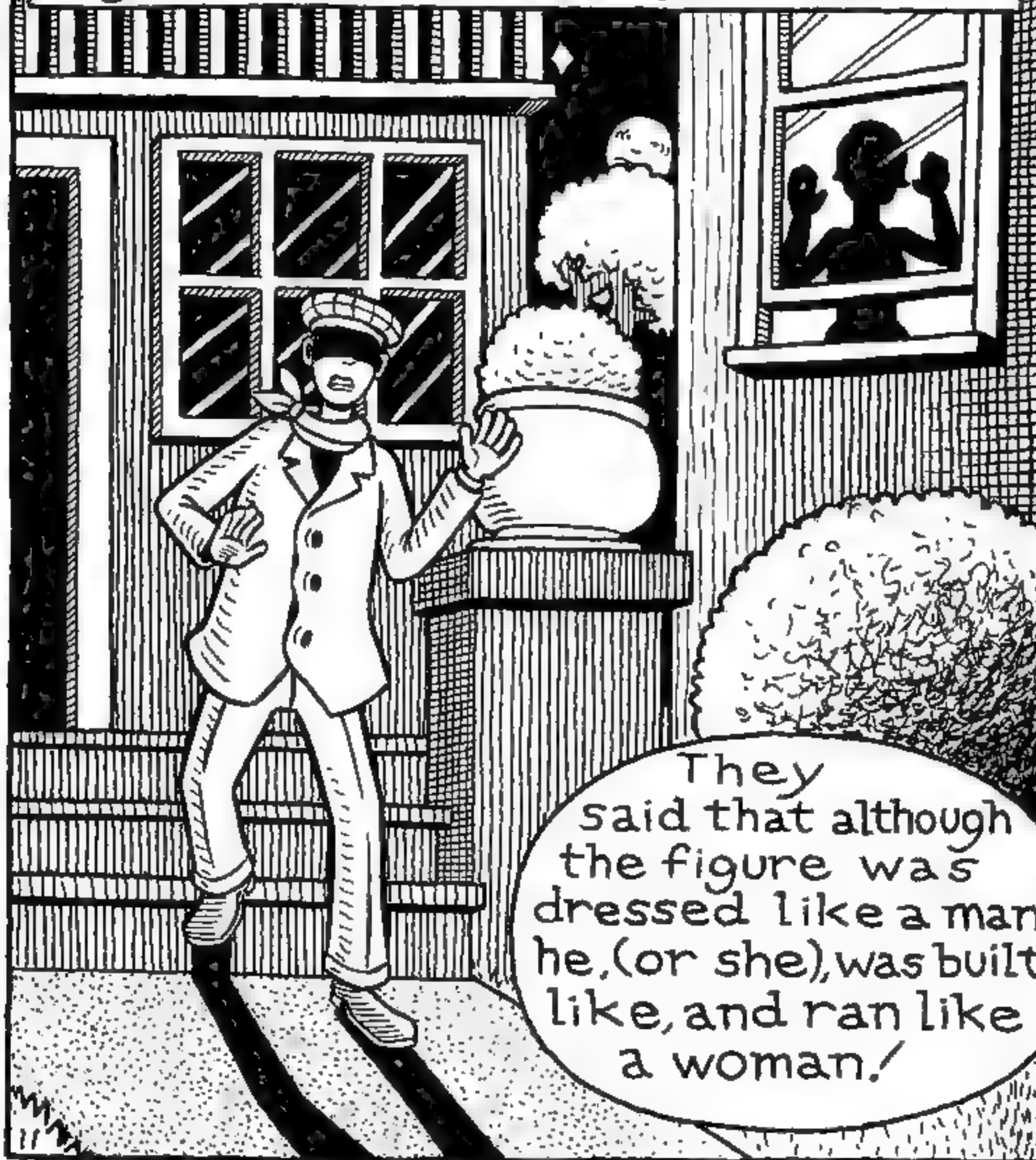
She had stopped
by less than
an hour before
the murder to
borrow a book

The day after Taylor's body was discovered, Mabel and Mary got together behind the locked doors of Mabel's bathroom, (with all taps going full blast), to compare notes.



But far and away the leading suspect was Edward F. Sands, Taylor's former valet,....

This was because of neighbors, who reported seeing a figure running from Taylor's home, the night of the murder,.....



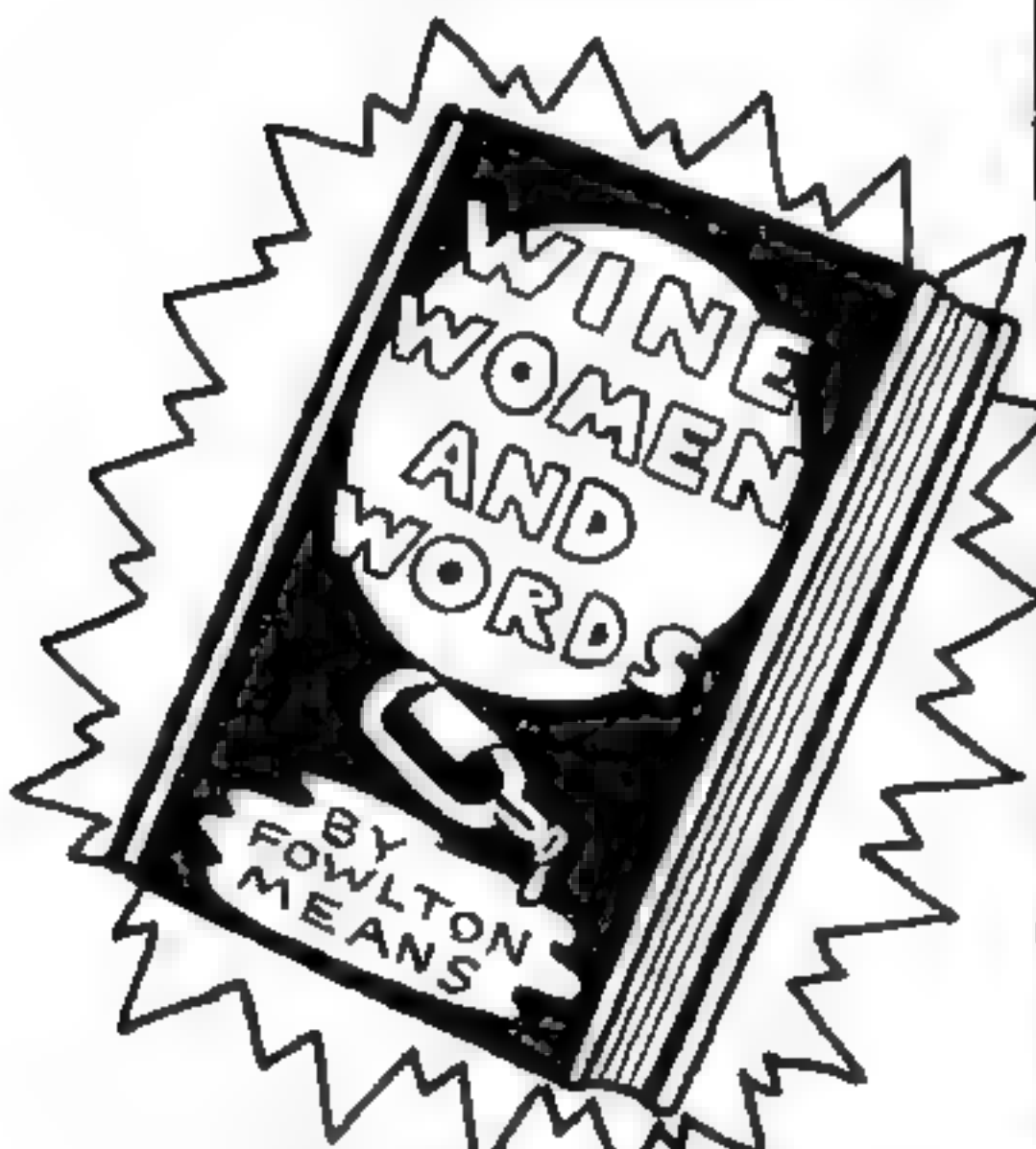
The case got weirder when the police unearthed some evidence which suggested that Sands was actually Taylor's long lost brother, who had been missing since 1912

However, Sands disappeared a few months earlier, stealing Taylor's car, and everything in the way of money, clothing, and jewelry, he could stuff into it and was never seen again,..... or was he ? ? ? ? ?



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

Now disclosures from the soon to be published memoirs* of Fowlton Means, have shed new light on this hither to unsolved case!



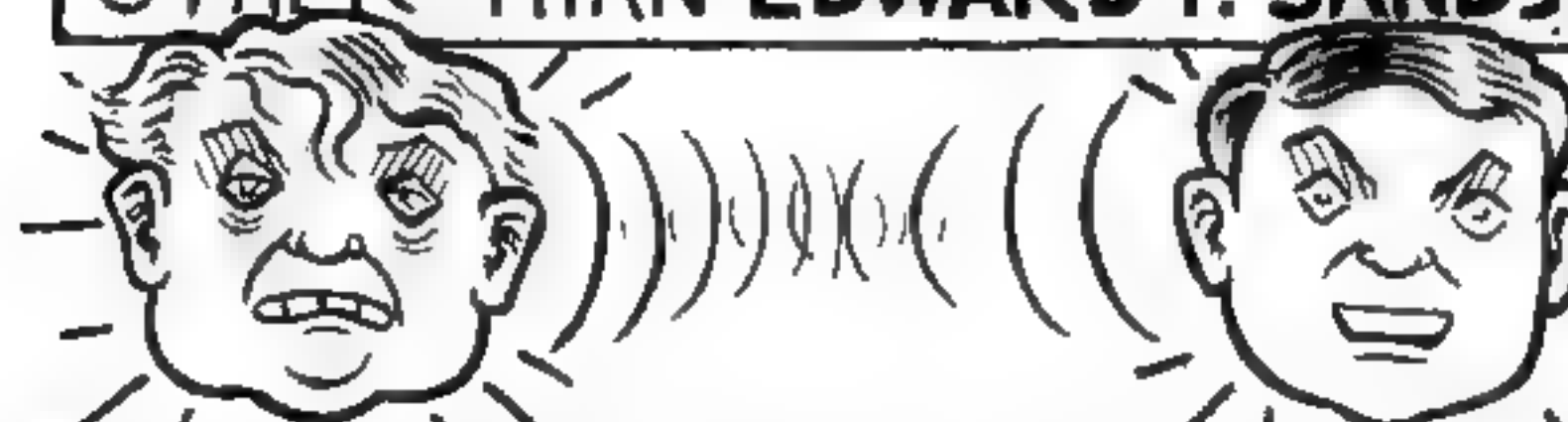
we quote.....

* WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL BOOK STORE

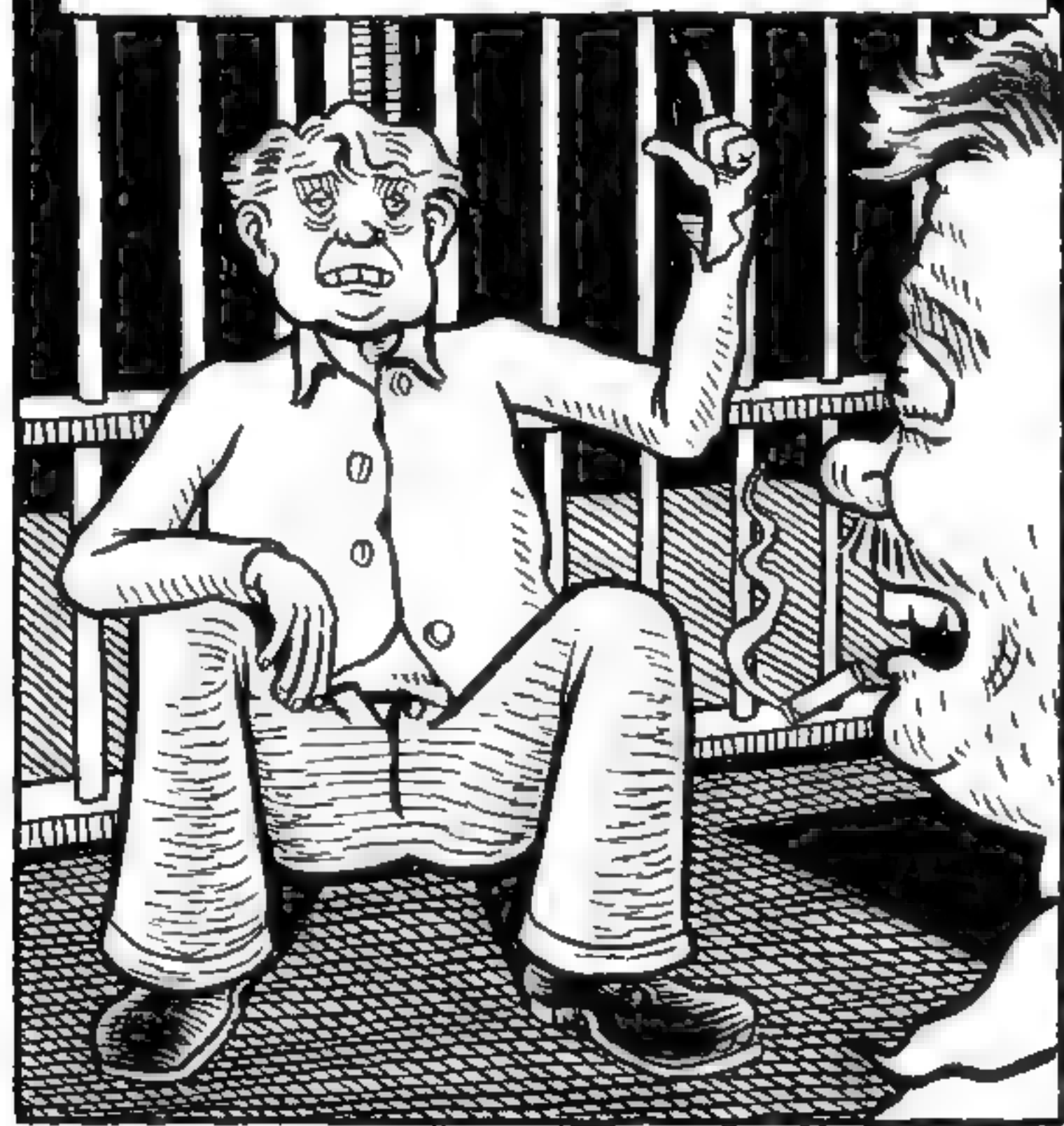
"BACK IN 1948, (THE VICTIM OF A TREACHEROUS FRAME UP), I WAS DOING TEN DAYS DOWN BELOW THE RIO GRANDE. SO I'M SAYIN TO MYSELF, WHATA LIFE, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN,...



I KNEW I'D SEEN THIS BIRD BEFORE, BUT WHERE? THEN IT HIT ME. **OF COURSE!** I'D SEEN THAT MUG IN MANY A CRIME MAGAZINE. IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN **EDWARD F. SANDS**



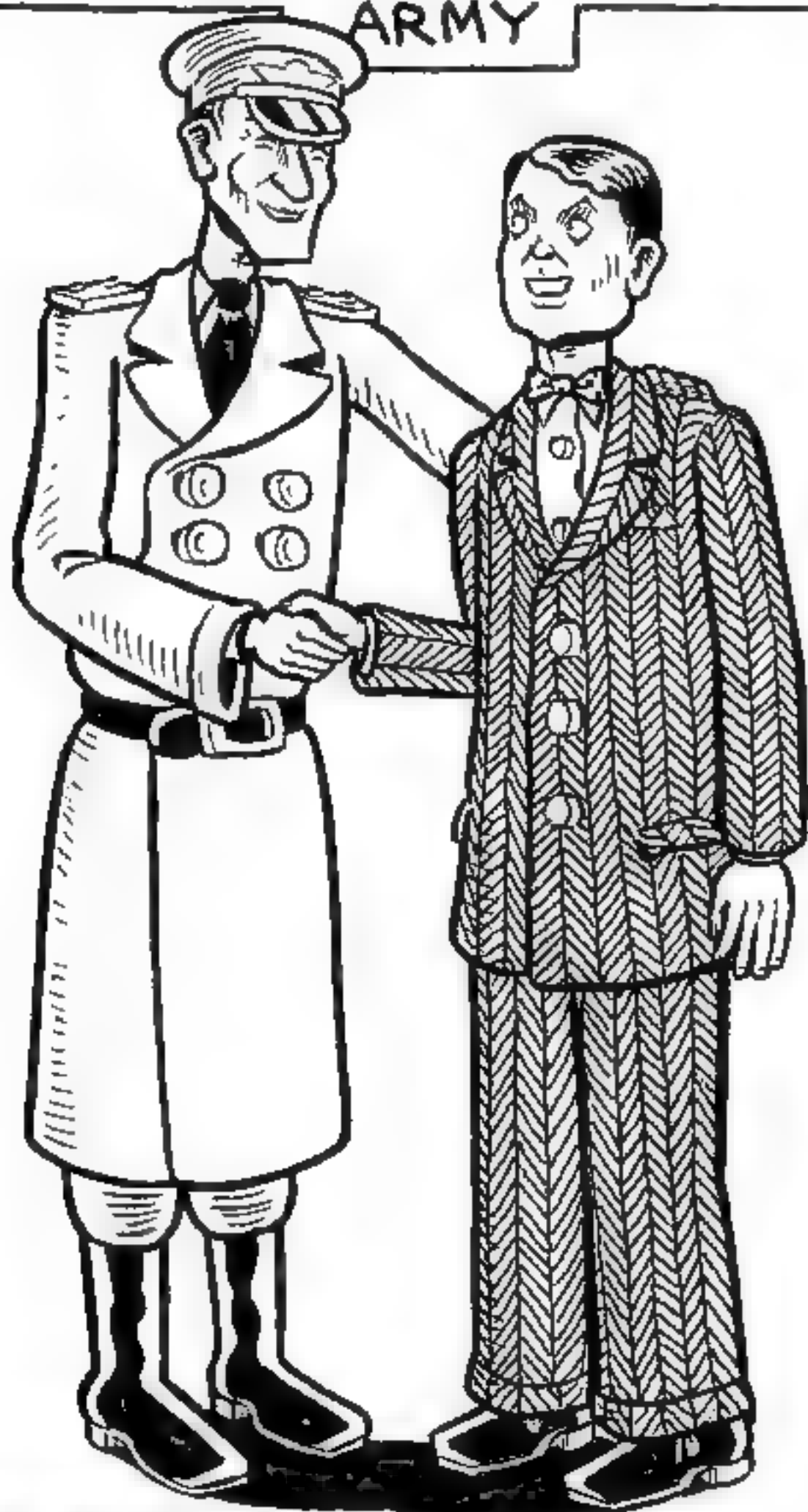
HE LOOKED MUCH OLDER AND SEEMED TO BE STEWED TO THE GILLS, FOR HE WAS **VERY TALKATIVE**. AND WHAT TALK!



SANDS CONFIRMED THAT HE WAS INDEED **TAYLOR'S BROTHER**, AND THAT AFTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE IN '1912, HE MIGRATED TO **ENGLAND** AND BECAME AN **INITIATE** OF **ORDO-TEMPLI-ORIENTIS**,... A SECRET SOCIETY HEADED BY **THE NOTORIOUS ALEISTER CROWLEY**



TAYLOR WAS RE-UNITED WITH HIS BROTHER, AT THE START OF **WORLD WAR I**, WHEN HE TOO WENT TO **ENGLAND** AND BECAME AN OFFICER IN THE **BRITISH ARMY**



AT THIS TIME, ACCORDING TO **SANDS**, HE AND HIS BROTHER WERE HYPNOTIZED BY **CROWLEY**, AND ORDERED TO RETURN TO **AMERICA**



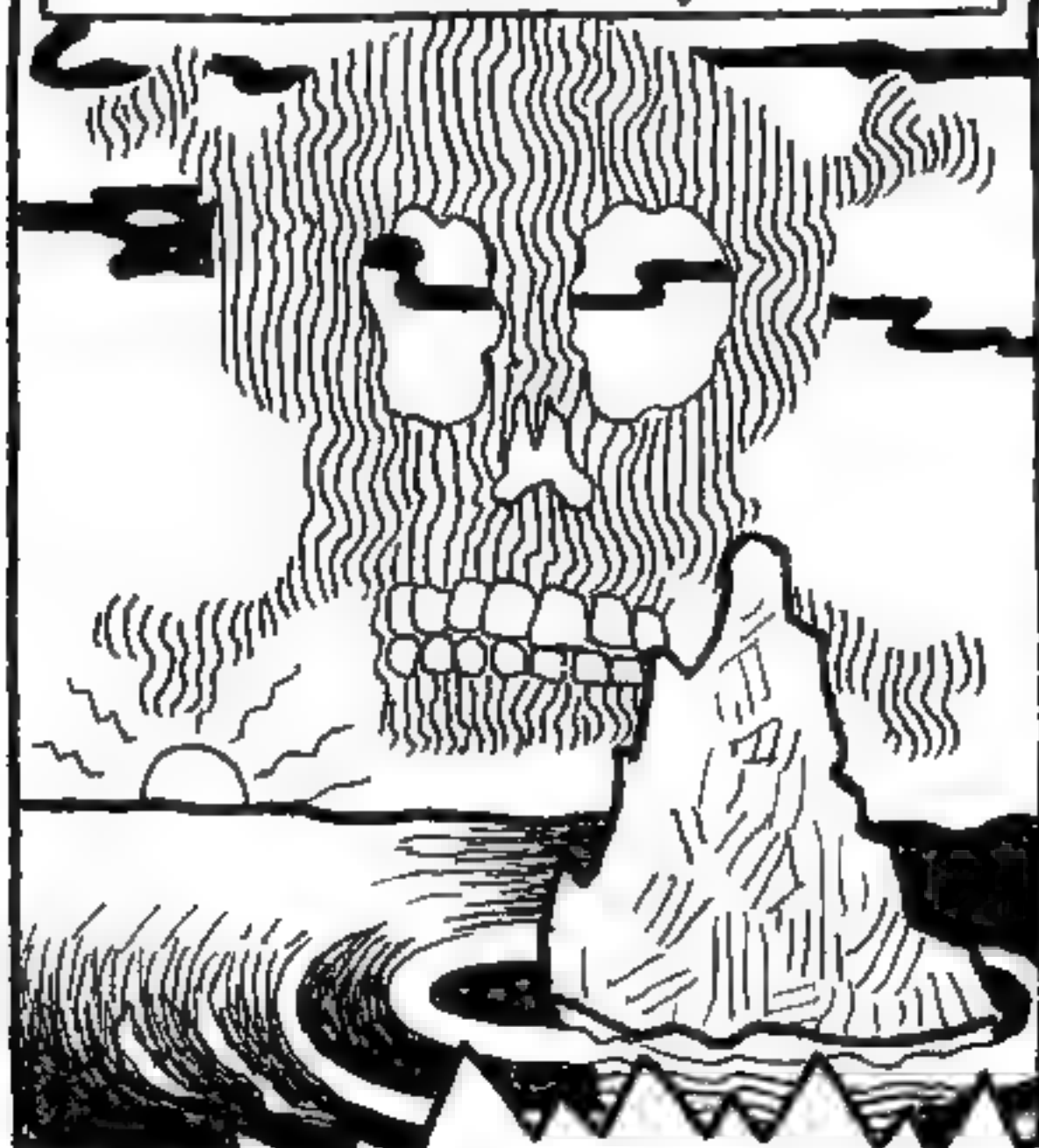
THUS, IN THE GUISE OF BUTLER AND MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, THIS SATANIC PAIR INVADED **HOLLYWOOD**,...



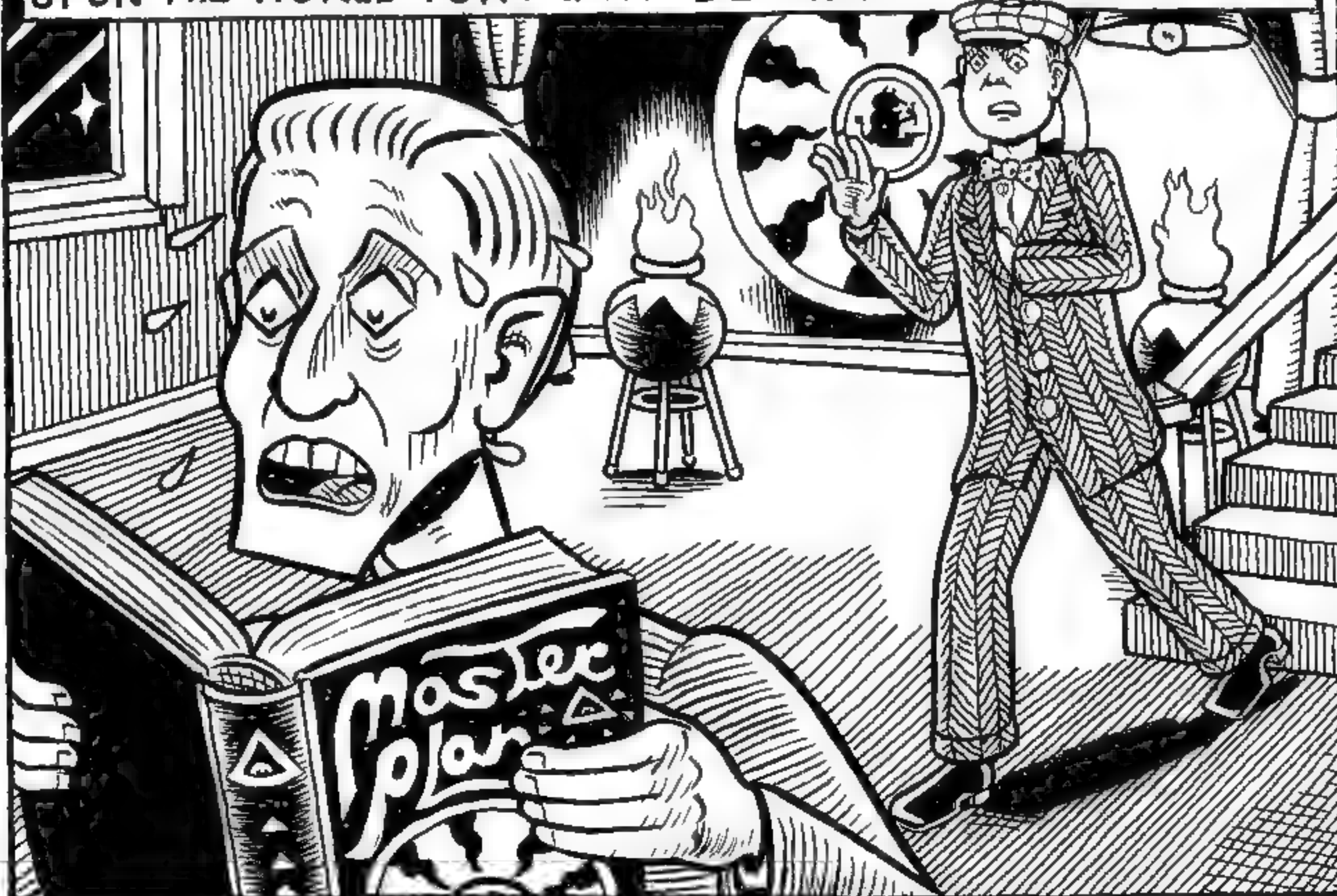
...ON A HIDEOUS MISSION TO BRAND THE MARK OF THE BEAST BETWEEN THE BREASTS OF THE FAIREST FLOWERS OF SWEET AMERICAN FEMININITY.!



HOWEVER, THE DEFLOWERING OF A HANDFUL OF **HOLLYWOOD** BEAUTIES WAS HARDLY THE SUM TOTAL OF **CROWLEY'S** EVIL AMBITION, BUT MERELY THE **TIP** OF THE ICEBERG!



ONE DAY WHILE SNOOPING AMONG **SAND'S** EFFECTS, **TAYLOR** STUMBLED UPON EVIDENCE WHICH REVEALED PLANS CALCULATED TO UNLEASH GREAT DISASTER UPON THE WORLD FOR MANY DECADES TO COME!

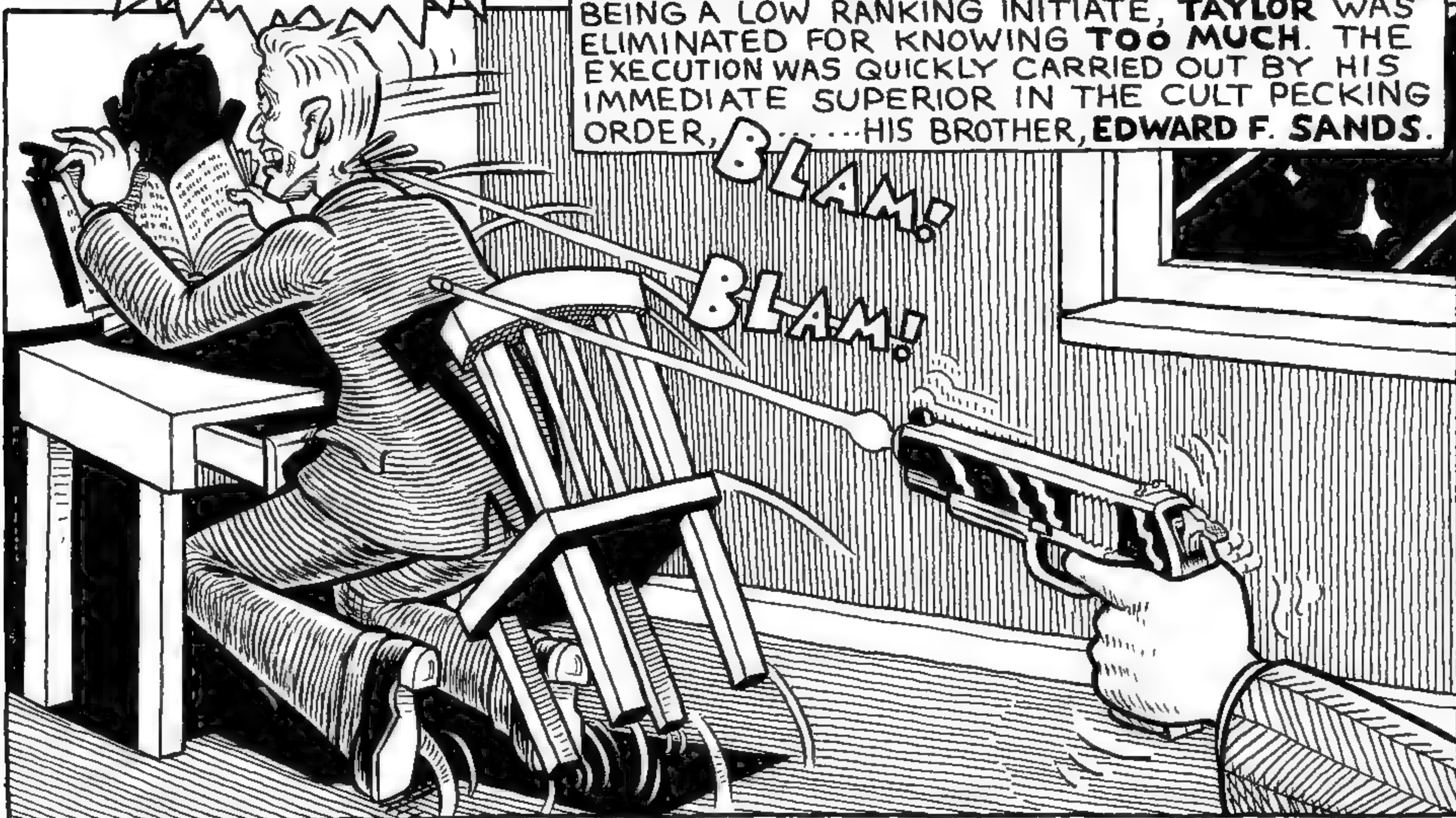


ONE OF THE MORE SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS HE DISCOVERED, WAS A PLAN TO ASSASSINATE AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT AT A COSMICALLY CRUCIAL POINT IN HUMAN AFFAIRS, FIFTY YEARS HENCE; THUS LAUNCHING THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE INTO A TROUBLED ERA OF STRIFE, AND SOCIAL CHAOS!

AS WE ALL KNOW, THIS PART OF **CROWLEY'S** PLAN CAME OFF WITHOUT A HITCH ON NOVEMBER 22nd, 1963



BEING A LOW RANKING INITIATE, **TAYLOR** WAS ELIMINATED FOR KNOWING **TOO MUCH**. THE EXECUTION WAS QUICKLY CARRIED OUT BY HIS IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR IN THE CULT PECKING ORDER, ...HIS BROTHER, **EDWARD F. SANDS**.



THIS KIND OF ACTION WAS NOT UNUSUAL IN THE **CROWLEY CULT**. ANOTHER INITIATE WHO WAS SIMILARLY DISPOSED OF WAS **JUDGE JOSEPH F. CRATER**, FORMERLY OF NEW YORK CITY



ON AUGUST 6TH 1930, HE WAS ON ROUTE TO CONFESS HIS ROLE IN AN INSIDIOUS PLOT, MASTERMINDED BY **CROWLEY**, WHICH HAD TOPPLED THE **NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE** LESS THAN A YEAR BEFORE



TO THE WATERFRONT SANDS

THE PLOT REMAINED A SECRET AND **JUDGE CRATER** WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN

ANOTHER BIZARRELY INTERESTING CASE WAS THAT OF **AMELIA EARHART**, FIRST LADY OF THE AIR.

ON JULY 2ND 1937, IT WAS HER MISFORTUNE TO STUMBLE UPON A SECRET SEMINAR **CROWLEY** WAS CONDUCTING FOR THE **JAPANESE HIGH COMMAND** ON SOME PARTICULARLY HIDEOUS OCCULT TECHNIQUES



HER SEVERED BUT STILL ANIMATE
HEAD WAS KEPT AS A CURIO BY
A HIGH RANKING **JAPANESE OFFICER**
UNTIL THEY WERE BOTH BLOWN TO
SMITHEREENS IN THE LAST DAYS
OF **WORLD WAR TWO**.

SO IT WENT THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH
AS **SANDS** DISCLOSED ONE SENSATIONAL
REVELATION AFTER ANOTHER. /



THEN IT HIT ME!

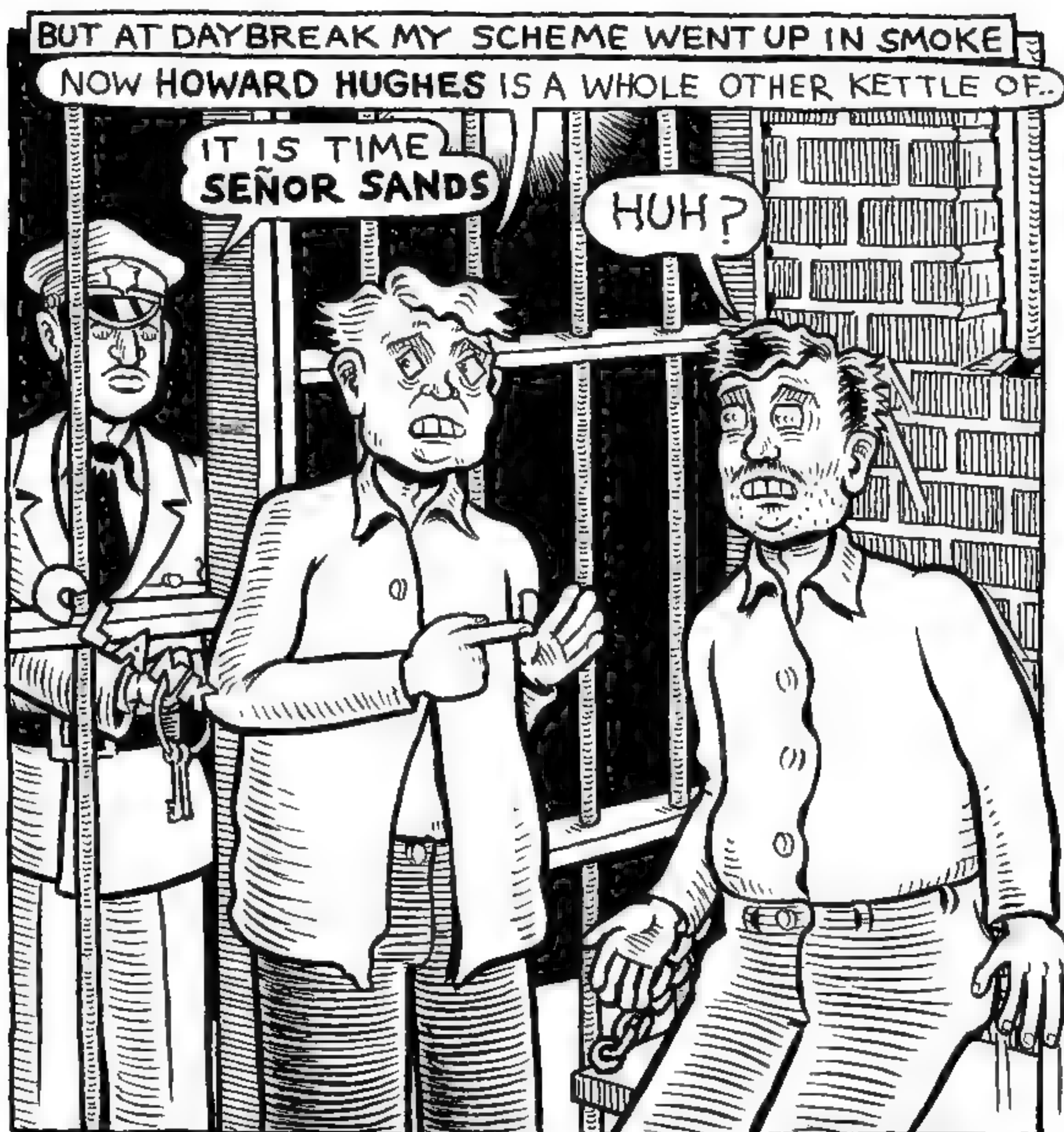


THE WHEELS TURNED
AS SOON AS I GET
OUT OF HERE, I'LL
PAWN MY TYPEWRITER
AGAIN, AND USE THE
DOUGH TO BAIL THIS
BIRD OUT!



THEN I'LL KEEP HIM
IN BOOZE JUST LONG
ENOUGH FOR HIM TO
DICTATE THE STORY
OF HIS LIFE TO ME!
WHY IT'LL BE THE
BEST SELLING
**BLOCKBUSTER OF
THE CENTURY!**





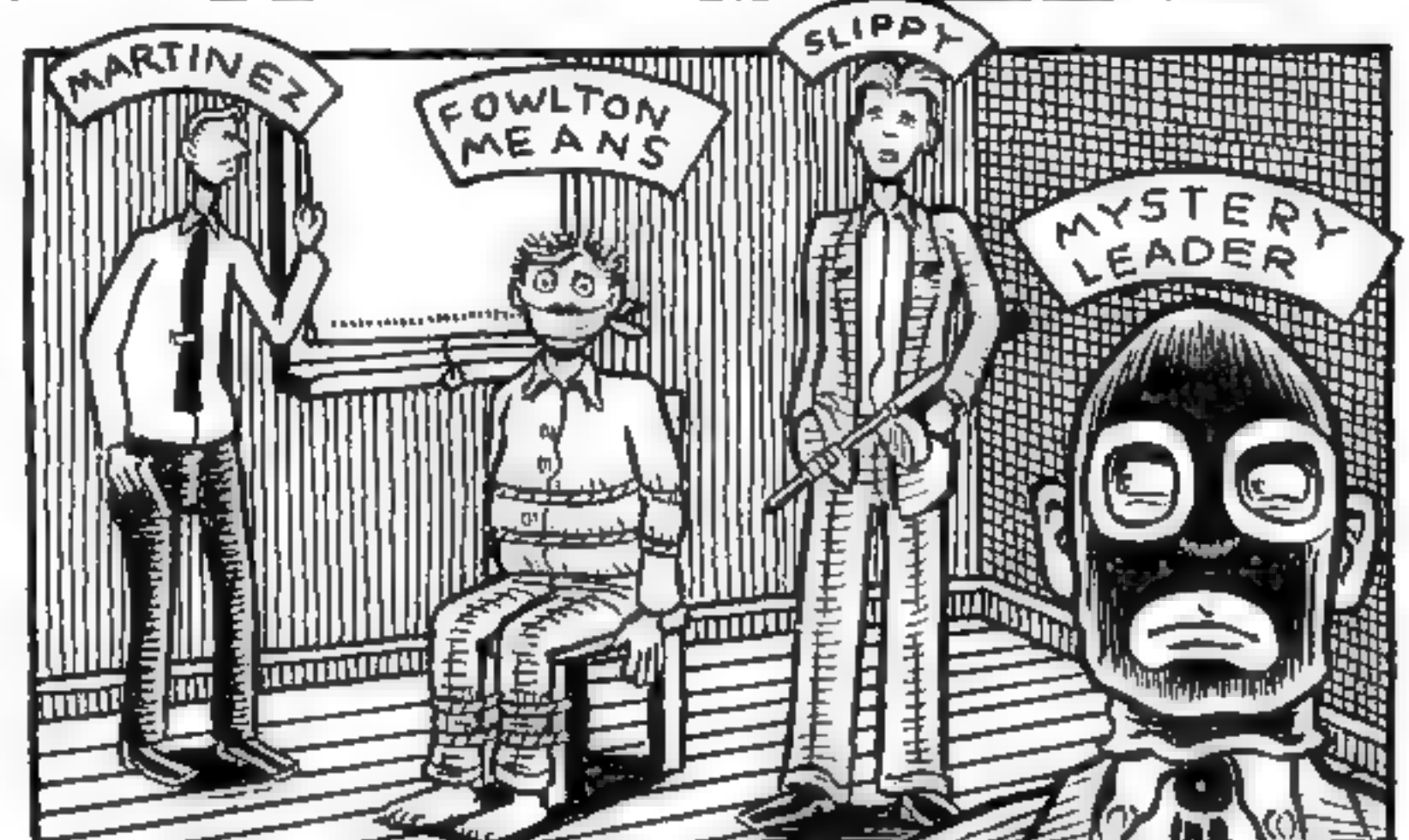
AND SO IT WAS THAT I LOST A BONANZA BEFORE I'D EVEN PROPERLY GOTTEN MY HANDS ON IT." Thus ends our * excerpt *

But Fowlton Mean's encounter was not a total loss, for with the publication of his autobiography Hollywood's longest standing unsolved murder comes to a final solution at last.



ADDENDA

*THERE ARE PROBABLY SCEPTICS IN THIS CROWD WHO WILL MAINTAIN THAT IF FOWLTON MEANS HAD ADVANCE WORD OF JOHN F. KENNEDY'S ASSASINATION, WHY DIDN'T HE TRY TO PREVENT IT? THE ANSWER DEAR READERS IS HE DID INDEED TRY. HOWEVER, FOR THE THRILLING DETAILS OF HOW HE WAS HELD INCOMMUNICADO FOR THREE MONTHS IN A BALTIMORE HOTEL ROOM FROM OCTOBER THROUGH DECEMBER OF 1963, BY THREE MEN NAMED "SLIPPY," "MARTINEZ," AND THEIR APPARENT LEADER, A MASKED MAN WHO WAS WELL DRESSED AND HAD A CULTURED MANNER, ...WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE PUBLICATION OF HIS FORTHCOMING MEMOIRS



Kim Deitch

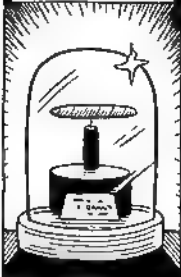
AN OLD JOKE

AND A TRUE STORY

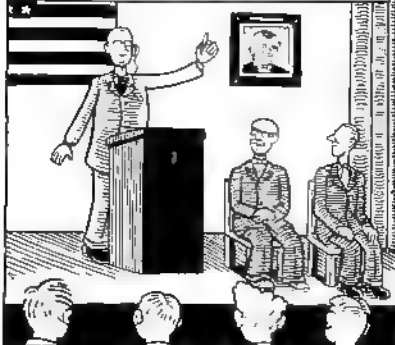
IN 1867, HORACE NORTON, FOUNDER OF NORTON COLLEGE, WAS INTRODUCED TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, WHO PRESENTED HIM WITH A CIGAR.



THE GREAT EDUCATOR CHERISHED AND PRESERVED THIS CIGAR AS A MOMENTO OF THE MEETING FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

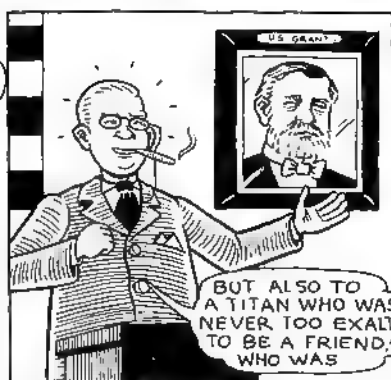


SEVENTY YEARS LATER, HIS GRAND-SON, WINSTEAD NORTON, BROUGHT OUT THE CIGAR WHILE DELIVERING A SPEECH AT NORTON COLLEGE.



DURING HIS TALK, HE LIT THE CIGAR AND SAID,

AS I LIGHT THIS CIGAR WITH TREMBLING HAND, IT IS NOT ALONE A TRIBUTE TO HIM YOU CALL FOUNDER.



BUT ALSO TO A TITAN WHO WAS NEVER TOO EXALTED TO BE A FRIEND, WHO WAS



THE END

Kim Ditch

Dreams of Détente!

FORMER PATIENT, NATE MISHKIN HAS BEEN RETURNED TO BERNDALDE ACRES SANITARIUM IN AN INTOXICATED STATE

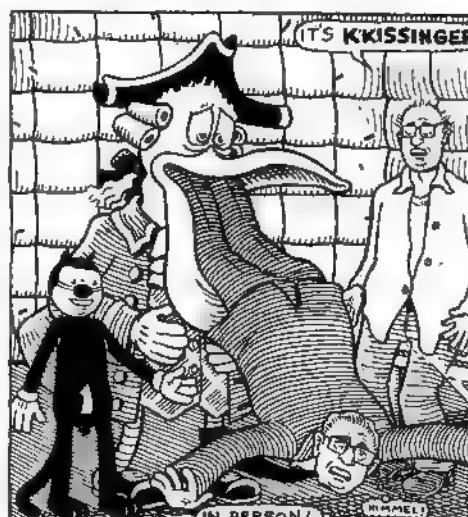
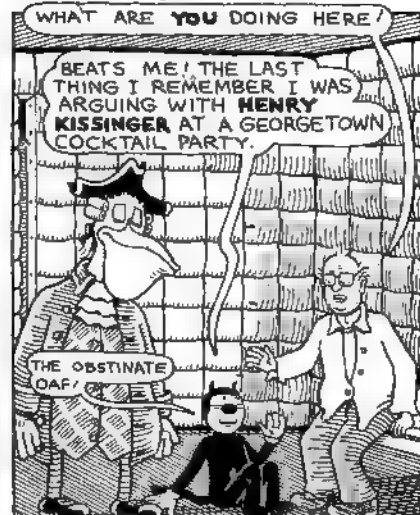
SLEEP IT OFF MISHKIN. YOU CAN SIGN IN TOMORROW MORNING

HELP!

HEY OON LEAVE ME HERE ALL ALONE

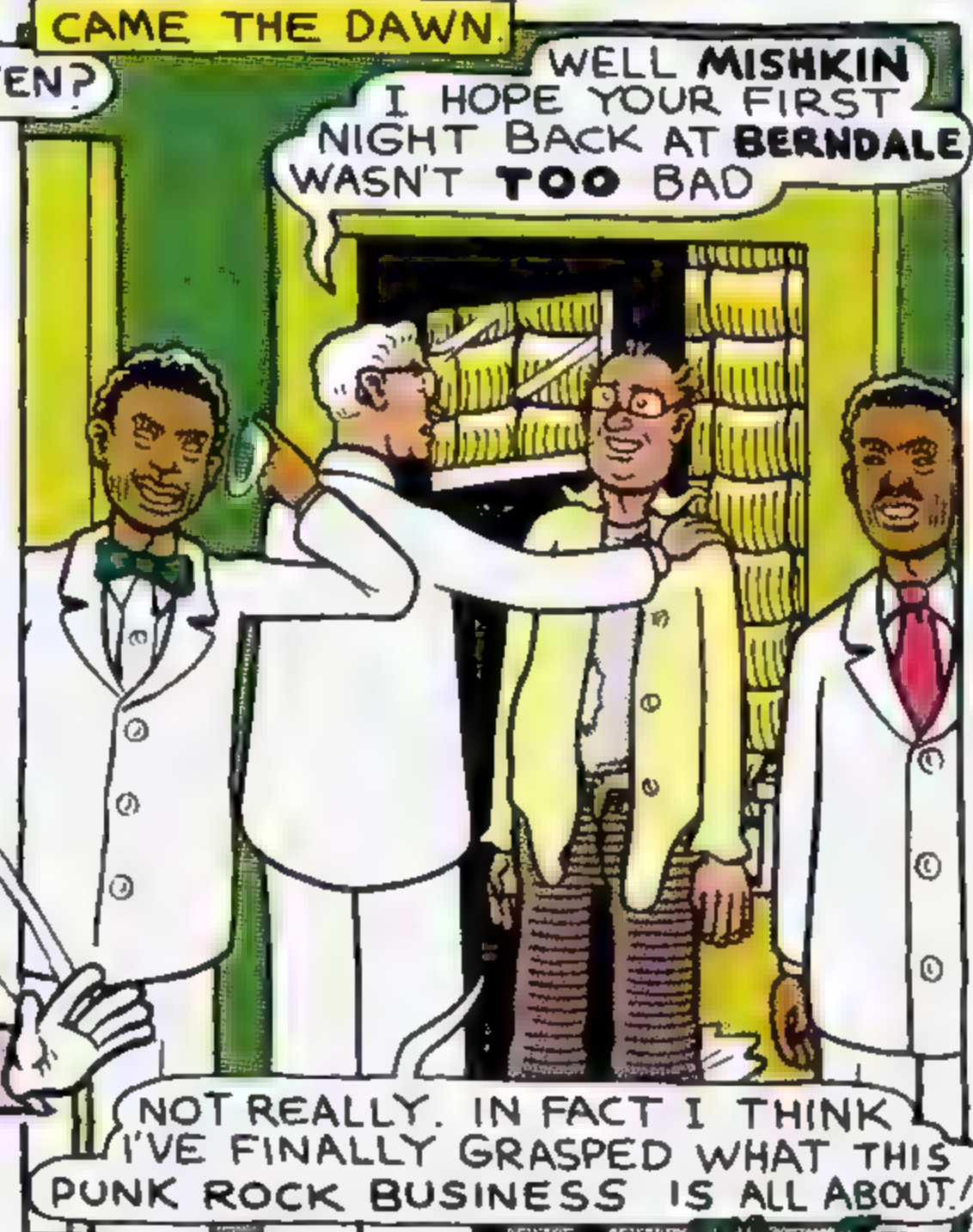
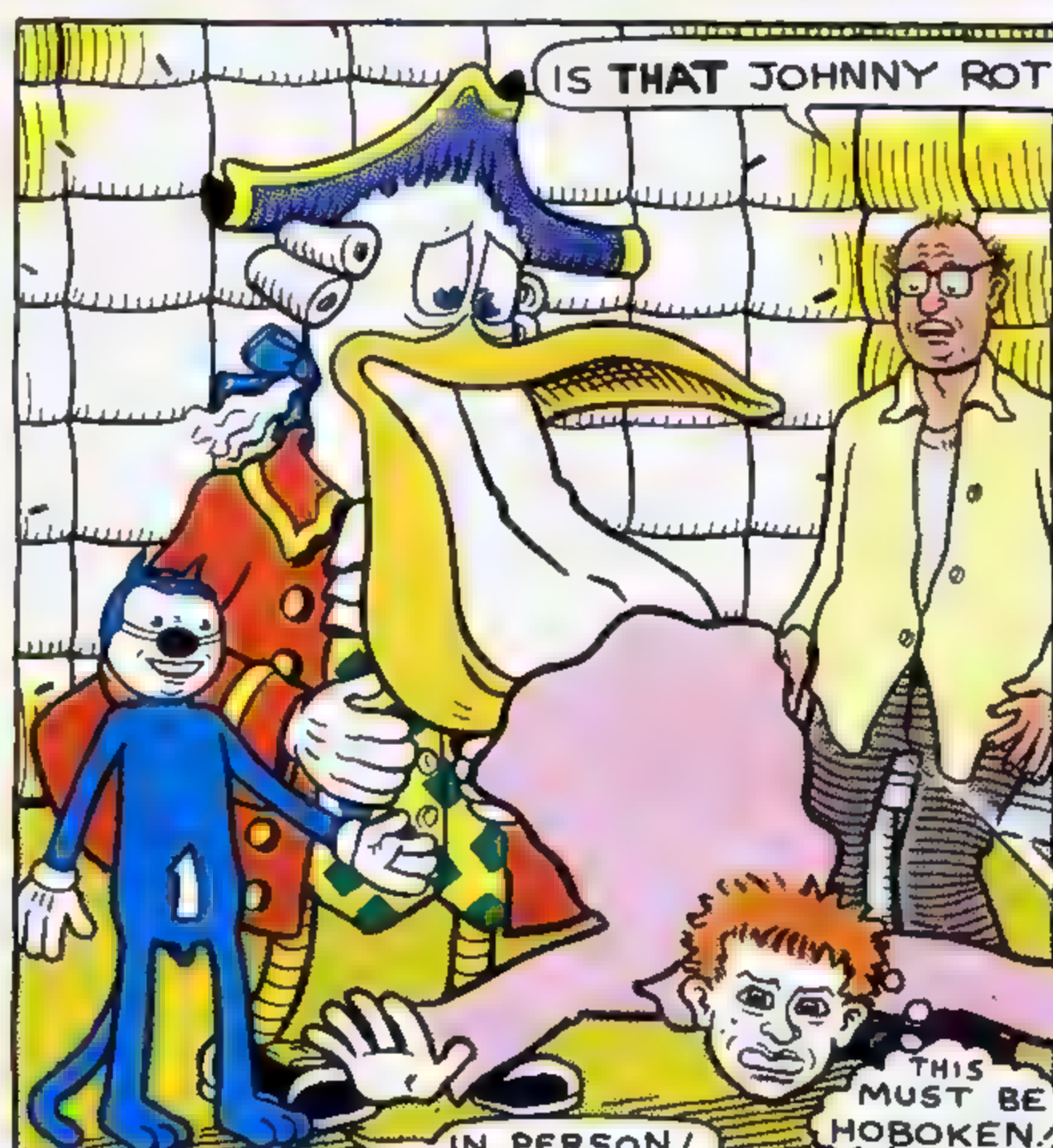
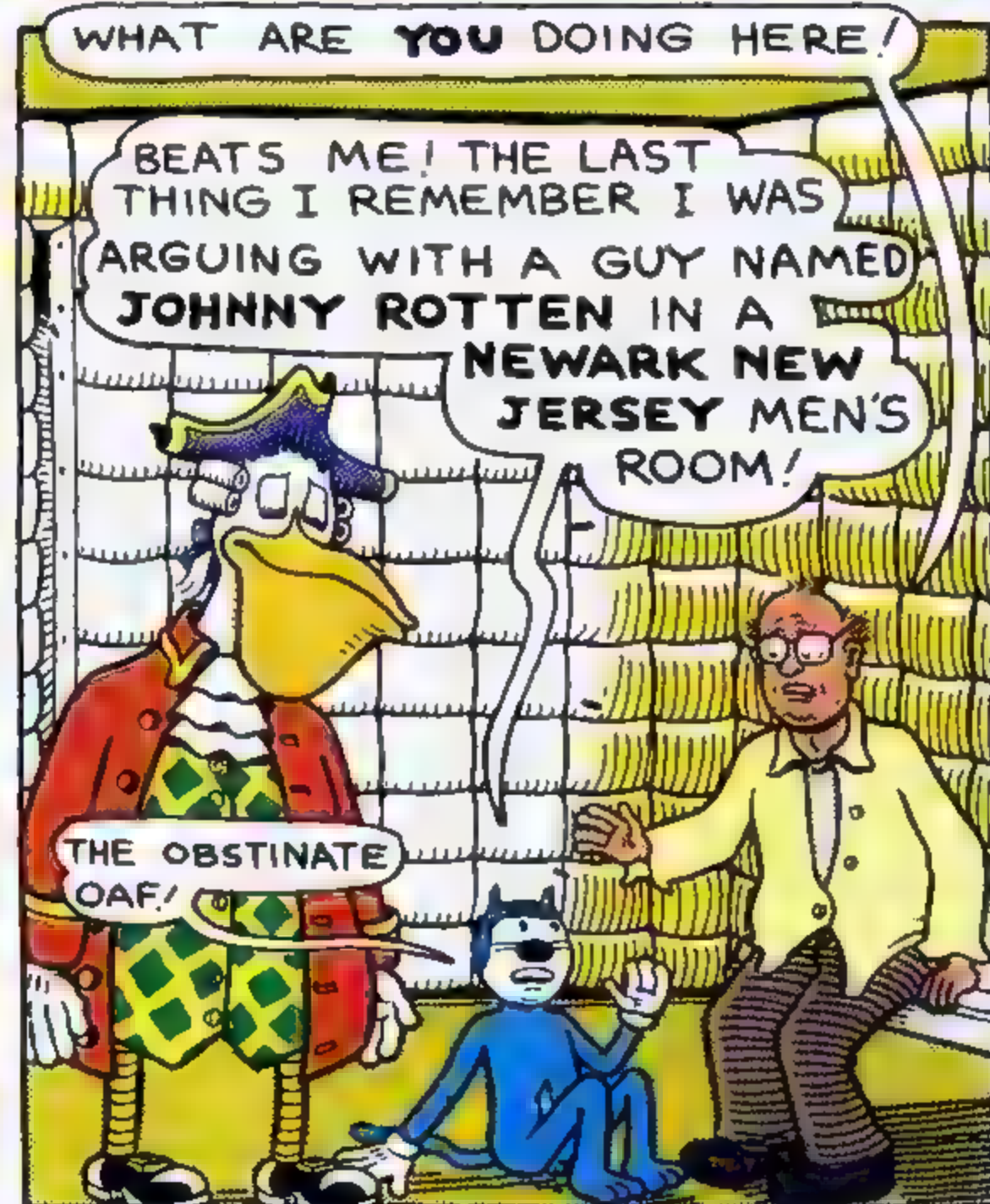


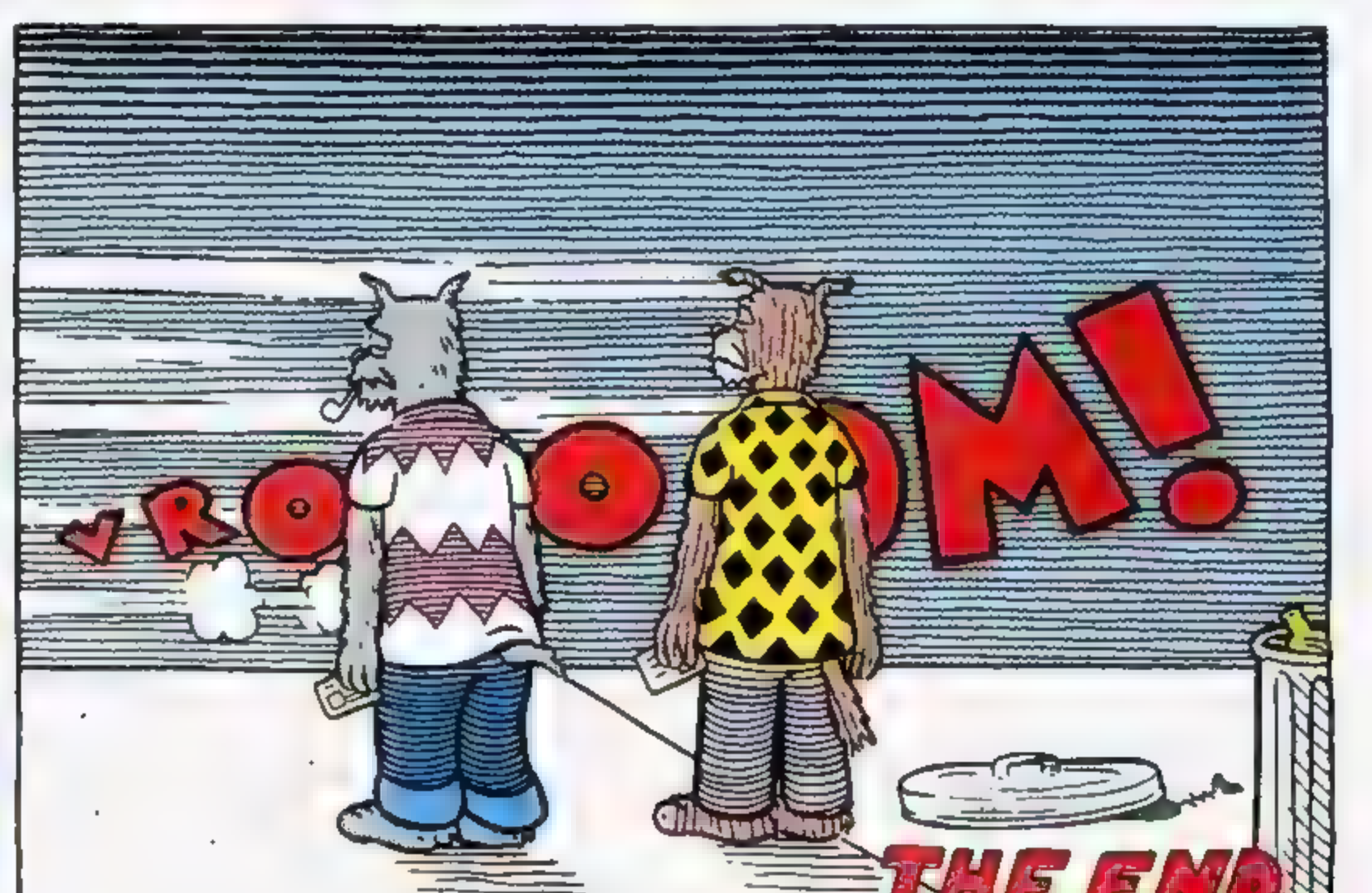
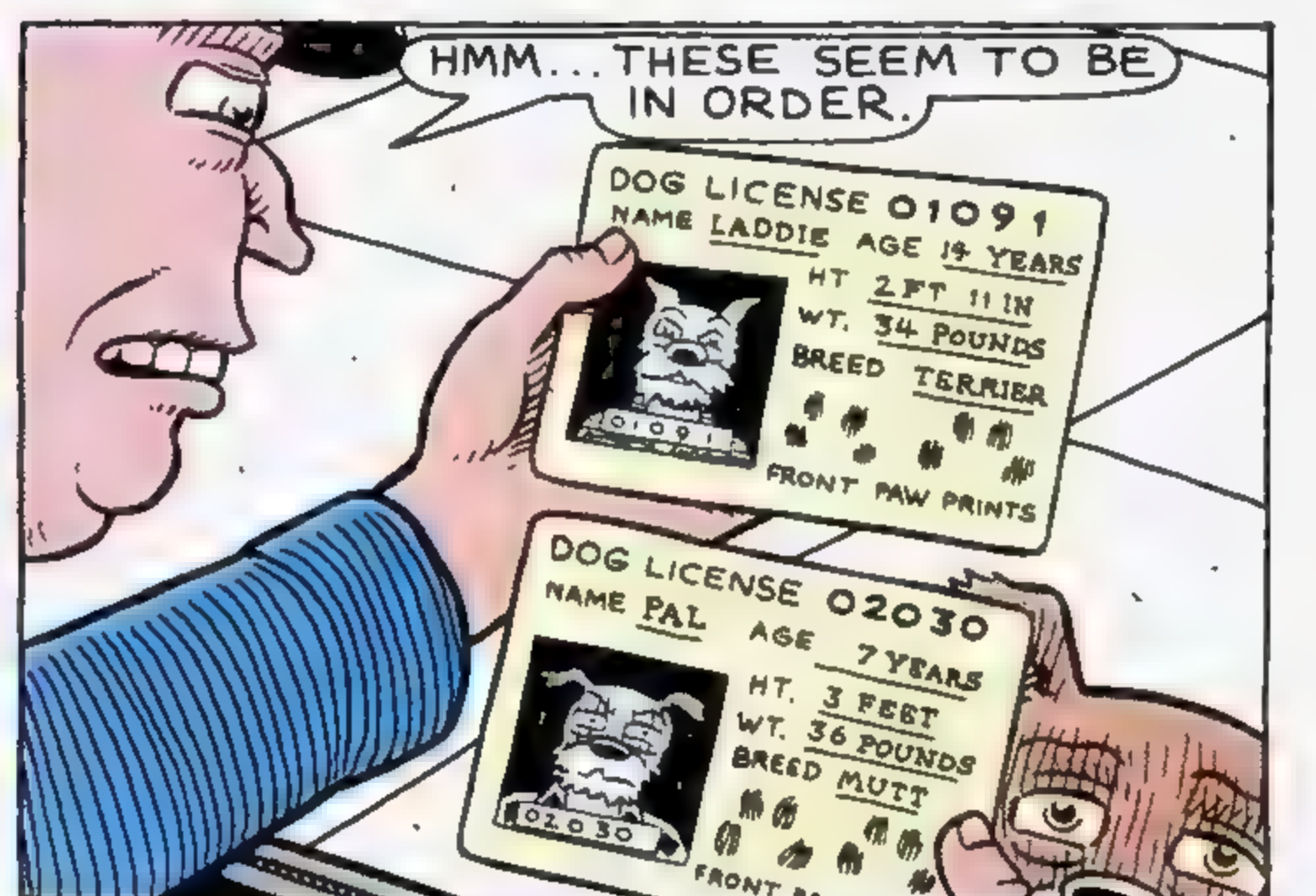
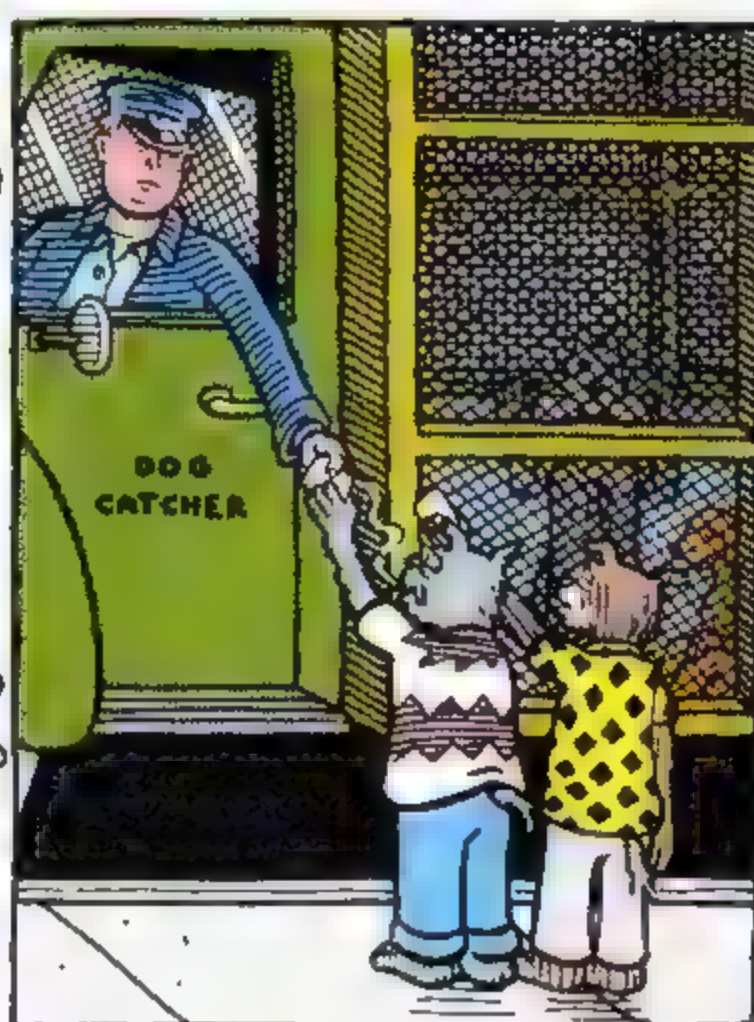
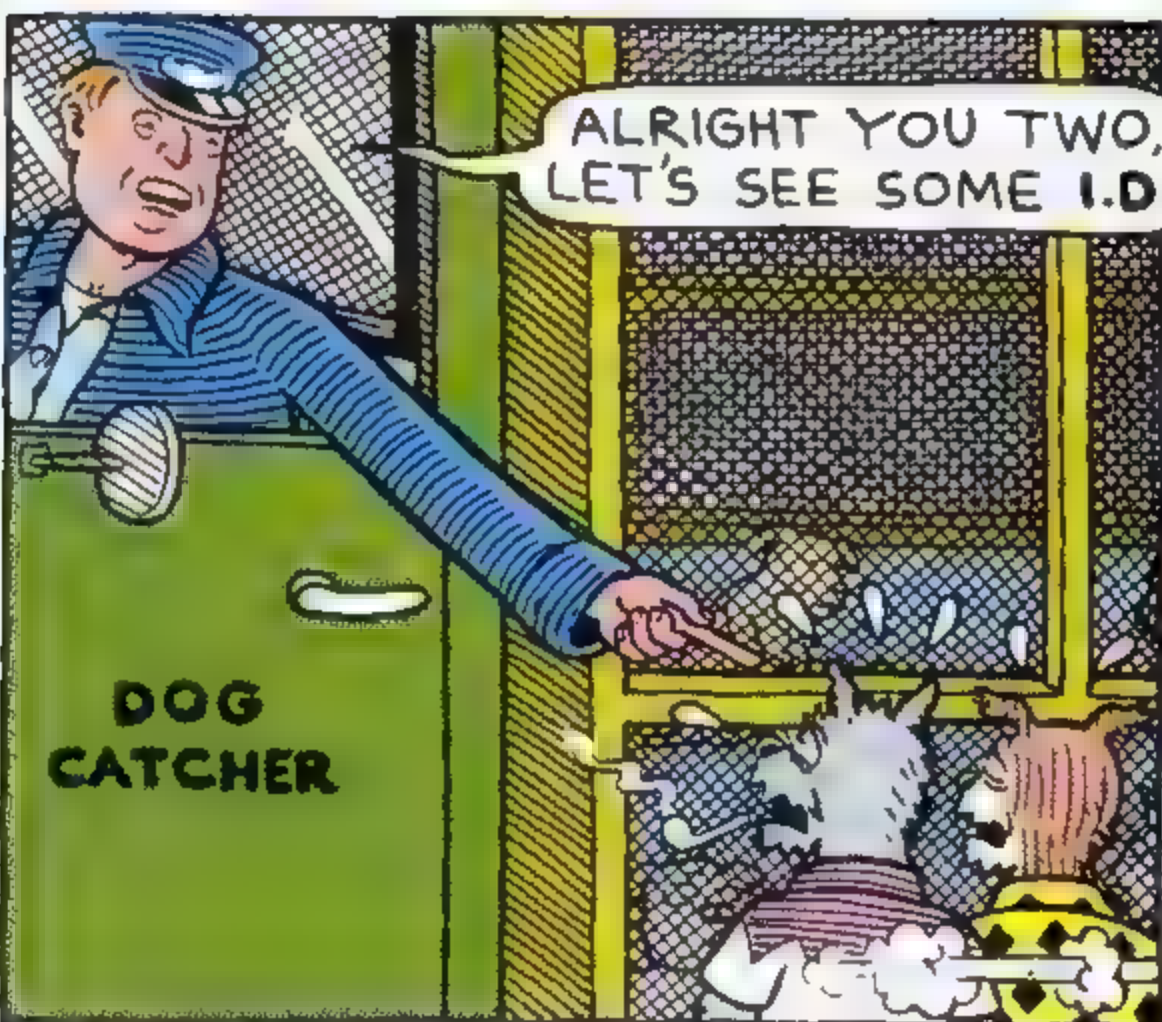
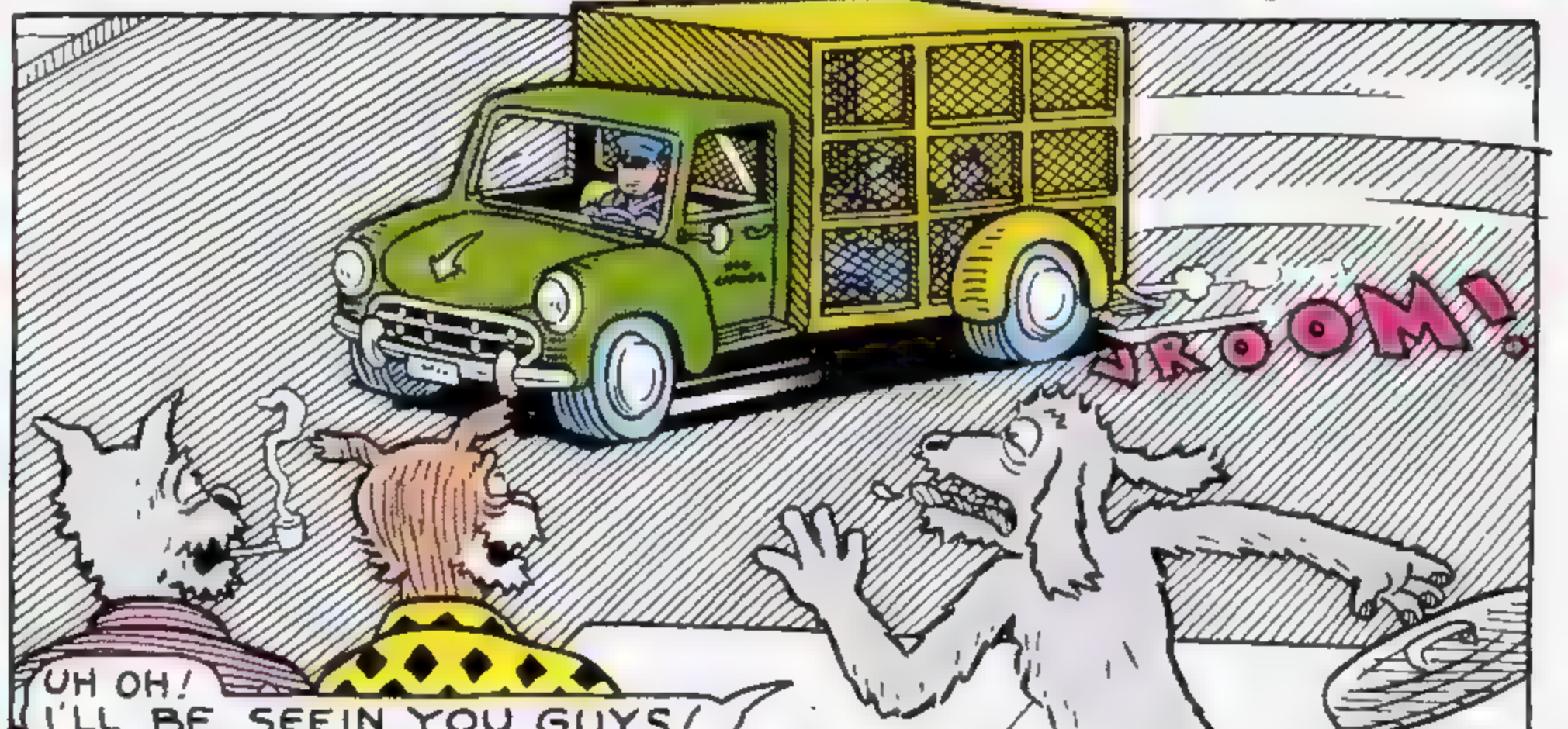
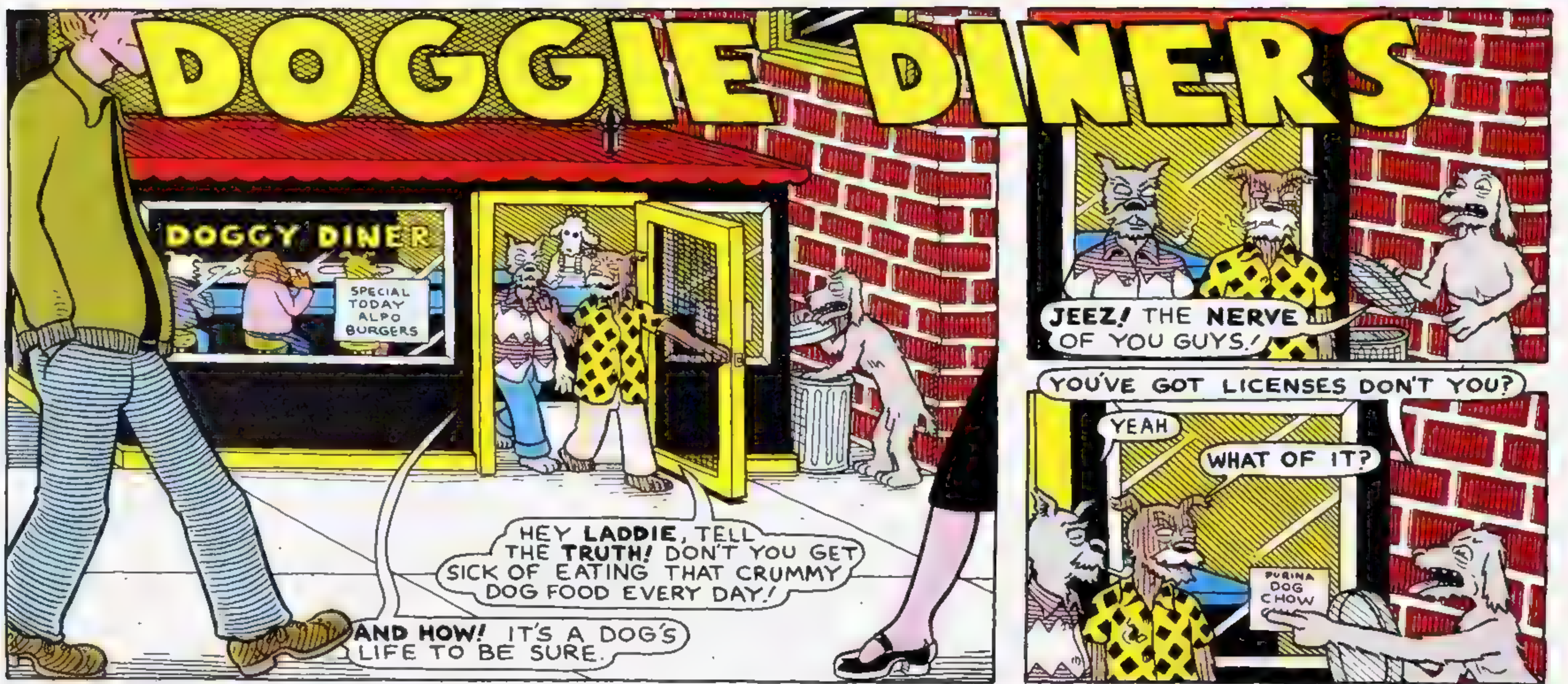
SUDDENLY, A BIZARRE VISITOR MARCHES MAGICALLY THROUGH THE PADDED WALLS!



Kim Dutch

From Bad To Rotten!

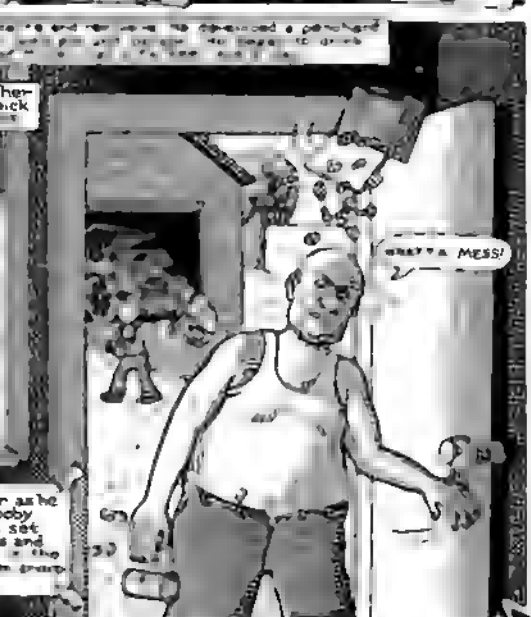
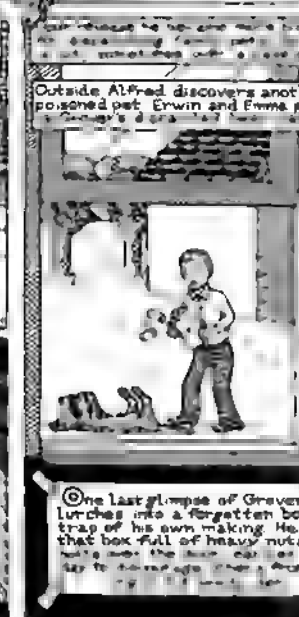
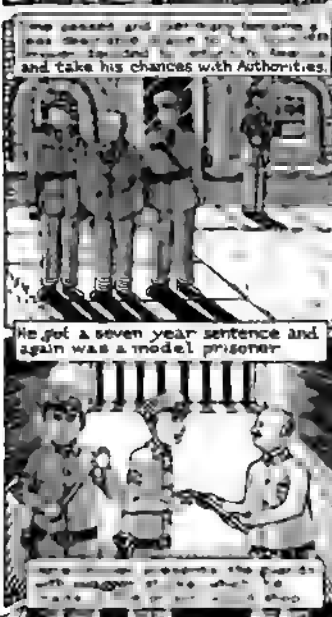
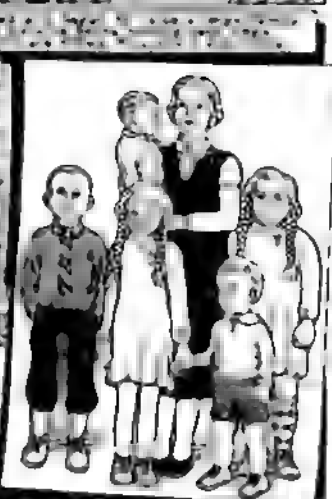




Kim Deitch



GROVER C. BERGDOLL



MISHKIN'S LAST JUDGEMENT

DATELINE HEAVEN. JAKE MISHKIN'S LIFE IS BEING REVIEWED AND THINGS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD...

DOES HIS NAME APPEAR IN THE BOOK OF LIFE?

IT DOES NOT MY LORD.

JUST THEN

WALDO! NEW ARRIVALS

THINGS GO A BIT DIFFERENTLY FOR WALDO.

ENTER THOU INTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

PING!

ALL RIGHT!

B-B-BUT I DON'T GET IT!

IT'S SIMPLE MISHKIN; I REPENTED AT THE VERY END.

IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ALL ALONG MISHKIN; YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANGLES.

COME ON YOU! THIS WAY!

NEW ARRIVALS

ALLRIGHT, IN YA GO!

NO!

HEY! HOLD IT A SECOND WILL YA?

LATER

GOOD NEWS MISHKIN. I FIXED IT UP FOR YOU TO BE REBORN. HERE'S YOUR PAPERS.

THANKS WALDO.

LATER MISHKIN.

REINCARNATION CHUTE

THE LAKE OF ETERNAL FLAME!

AND SO...

WAH!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! IT'S NOT MINE!!

HUH!

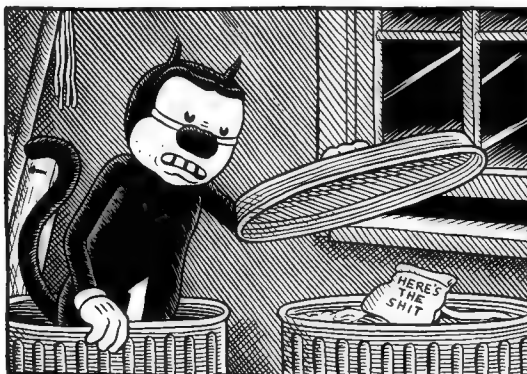
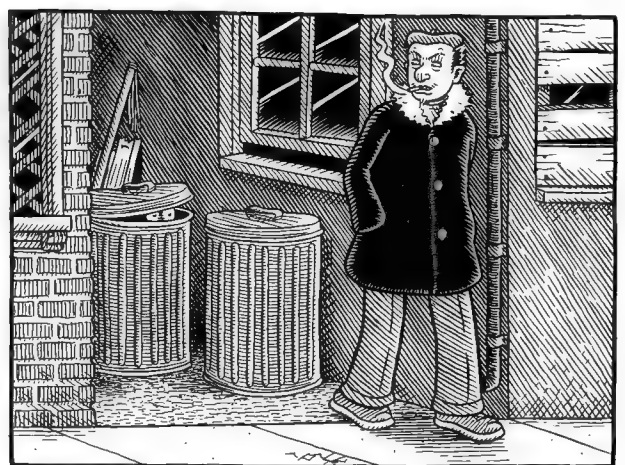
JESUS SAVES

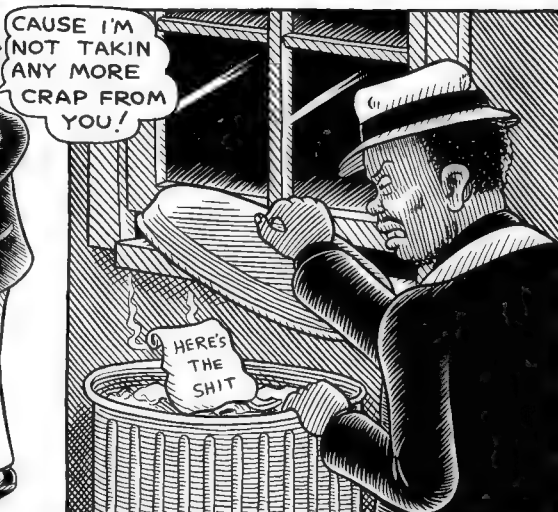
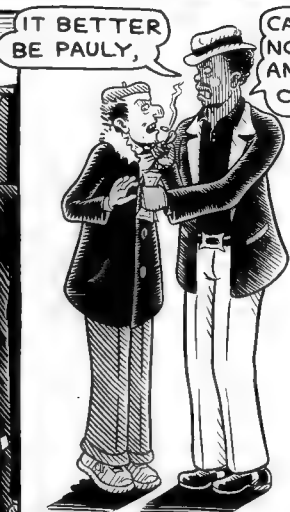
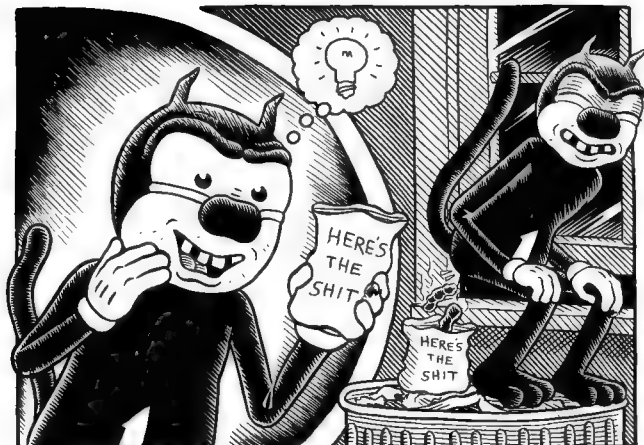
POP

HEY MISHKIN, WAKE UP! THE SERMON'S OVER! NOW WE EAT!

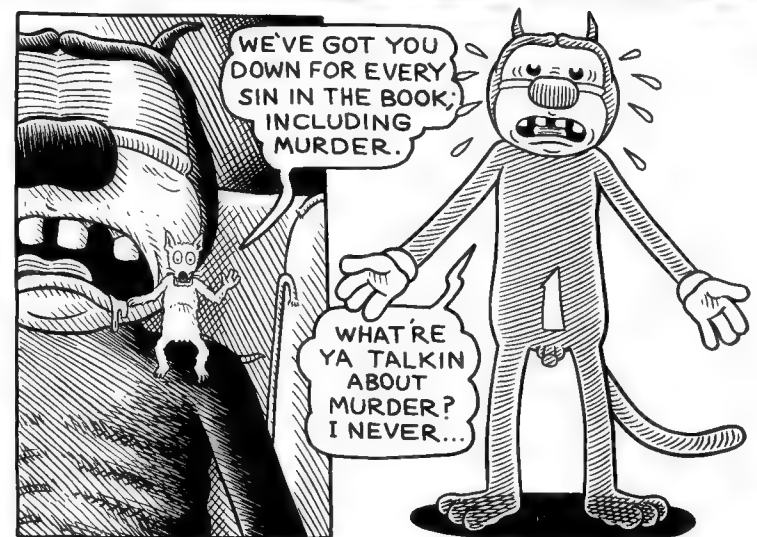
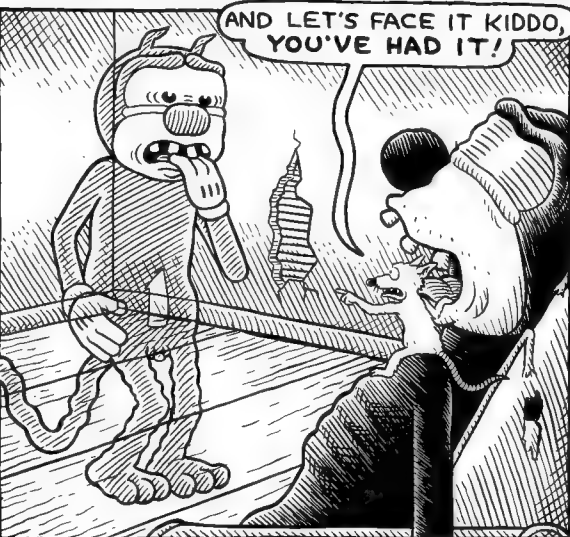
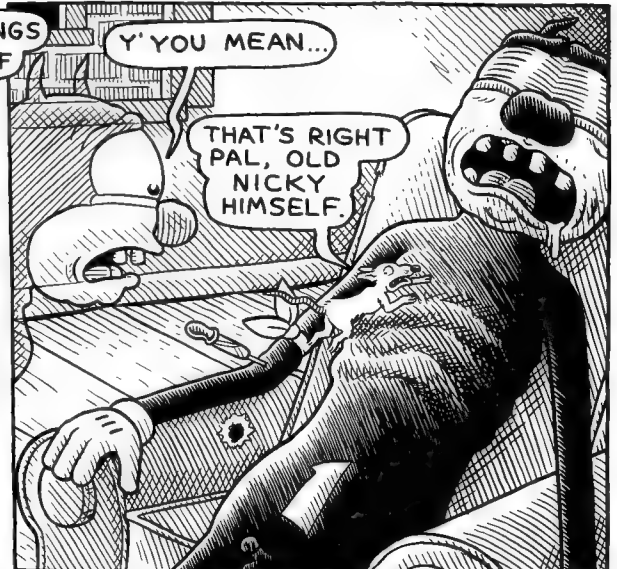
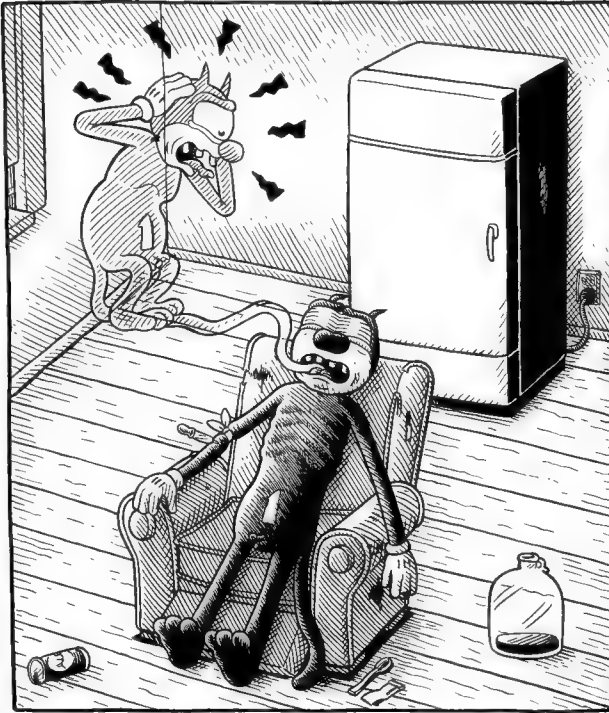
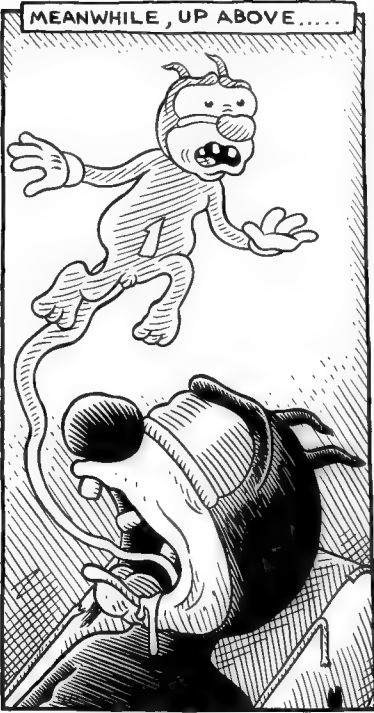
KITCHEN

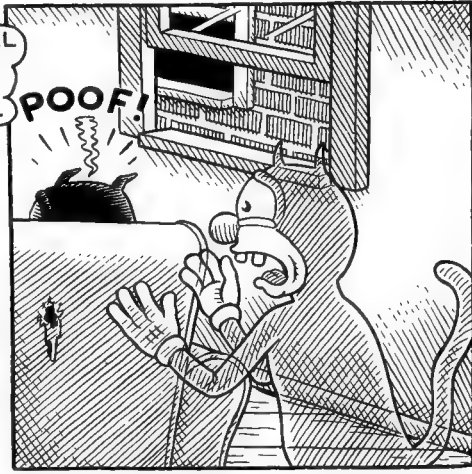
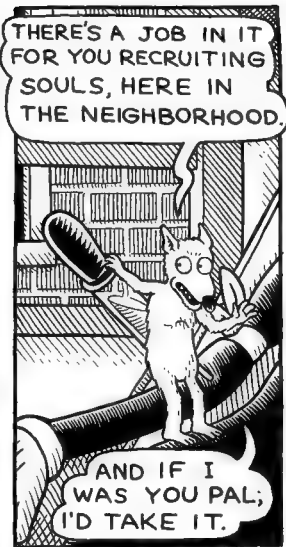
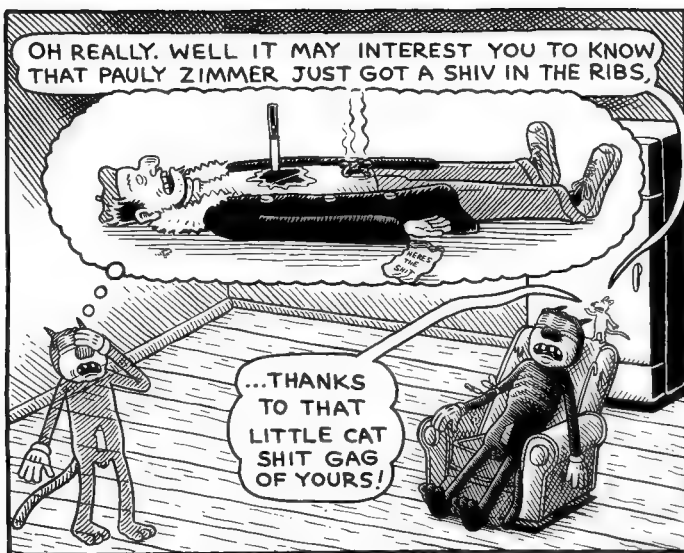
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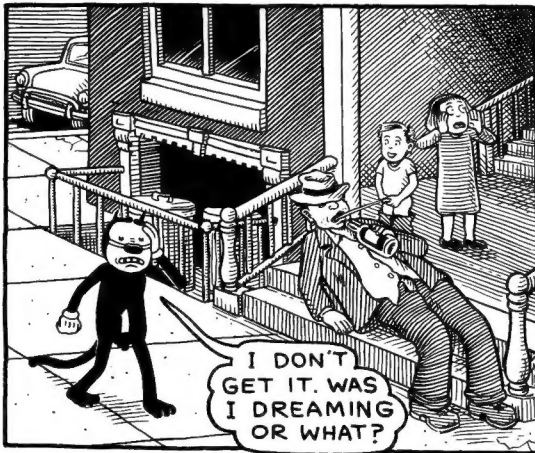
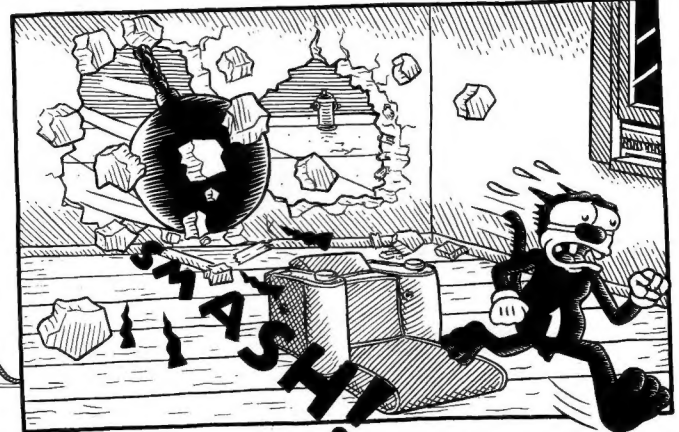
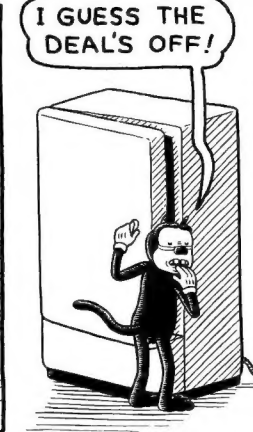
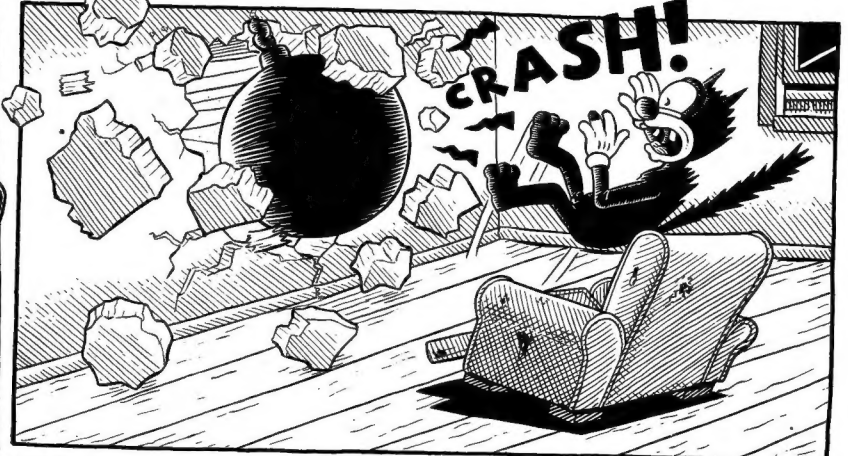
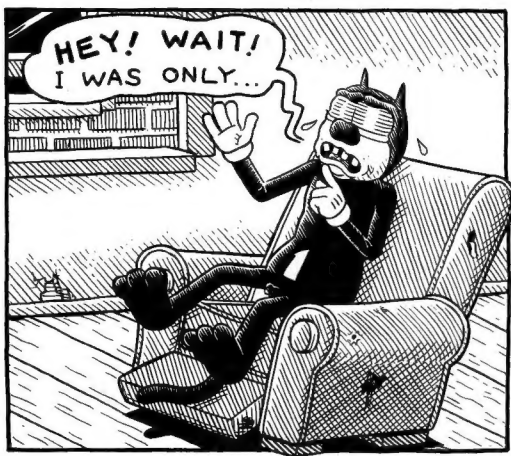




MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE.....







I GUESS THAT'S PRETTY SICK HUH?

OH I DON'T THINK SO GWEN, NOT IF YOU ENJOY IT

BUZZ ME WHEN MARSHA BILLINGS ARRIVES WILL YOU GWEN?

DR. WANDA VON TREU
SEXUAL COUNSELOR

DR. WANDA
VON TREU
SEXUAL
COUNSELOR

MARSHA BILLINGS, YOUNG WIFE OF A RISING STATE SENATOR.

MARSHA, WHEN YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND HAVE SEX, DO YOU EVER FANTASIZE?

WELL...

THERE IS ONE...

THERE IS ONE...

...BUT IT'S SO WEIRD!

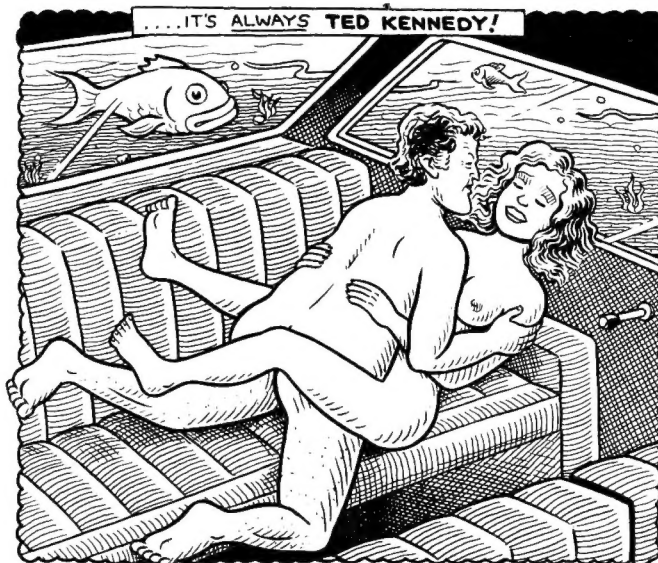
PLEASE MARSHA, TRUST ME.

WELL.... SOMETIMES WHEN WE'RE HAVING RELATIONS, ... I IMAGINE I'M DOING IT IN A CAR.... UNDER WATER....

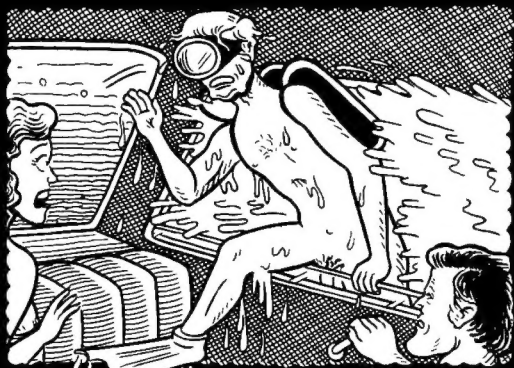


... ONLY I'M NOT DOING IT WITH MY HUSBAND

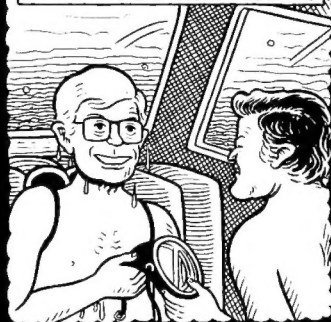
... ONLY I'M **NOT**
DOING IT WITH
MY HUSBAND.



BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'S THIS?



WHY IT'S REP. JOHN ANDERSON!



AND SOON...



BUT NOT TOO SOON....



AH AH! °°°°°OH!
°°°°°OH! OH! °°°°°H!

MARSHA! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

AND! HOW!

THANKS TO
DR. VON TREU



Kim Deitch

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